

PHOTOPLAY

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movie

MIRROR

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FEBRUARY



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TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

Eyes Glow with Enchantment

WHEN LASHES ARE
DARKENED TO
LONG SWEEPING
LOVELINESS



Rita Hayworth
Columbia
Motion Picture Star

Bewitching eyes—who can resist their spell? How well Hollywood Beauties realize that eye make-up is all-important . . . that the effect must be soft and lovely . . . and that Maybelline is always flattering — never obvious!

Rita Hayworth subtly accents her exotic brunette charm. She knows that even the duskiest eyelashes fade out lighter at the ends . . . so they need Mascara that goes on divinely and *doesn't smudge off*. As she darkens her lashes to the very tips, she

sweeps them upward with the Mascara brush—to make them look longer, lovelier, more luxuriant. Her expressive brows are tapered gracefully with the famous smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Her eyelids shimmer with a touch of exquisite Eye Shadow.

You can glorify *your* eyes just as easily this very day with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—and be *sure* you get genuine MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Aids. At Drug and Department Stores everywhere.

Attractive Purse Sizes at All Ten Cent Counters



Maybelline

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



HE THOUGHT:

"YOU'RE LOVELINESS ITSELF!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—help protect your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM her beauty was flawless—almost unreal in its perfection of form and color. He thought, above the swift pounding of his heart, "Why, she's the loveliest—the most exciting thing I've ever seen in my life! I *must* meet her at once!"

And when he did, his eyes held hers and whispered, "You're loveliness itself!" But then—right at that breathless moment—she smiled. And in just that instant his eagerness faded.



POOR TEETH—DINGY GUMS ARE A TRAGEDY.

A ruined smile is a tragedy to anyone. But it is a particularly tragic handicap to a woman. So don't YOU be as foolish as this poor girl, and ignore the warning



of "pink tooth brush"! To do so is to risk your winning smile—your charm.

NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH." When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist and see him promptly.* It may not

mean serious trouble ahead. It may simply mean that today's soft, creamy foods have robbed your gums of work, left them tender, sensitive, weak. And, often, your dentist's advice will simply be more work and exercise for those lazy gums—"the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is especially designed not only to clean the teeth but to

aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Feel that delightful *tang*—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It flashes the news that gum circulation is improving—strengthening gum tissues—helping to make gums healthier. So get an economical tube of Ipana today. Join the charming women who have found Ipana and massage one way to a more attractive smile.



WHEN YOU BUY IPANA, ask your druggist for the new D. D. tooth brush. Designed with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, the D.D. brush is more effective for gum massage, more thorough cleansing.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S **LION'S ROAR**

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Good morning! We hope you've had a Happy New Year.

We bring you a recipe to start 1941 off right.

It's "The Philadelphia Story". Let us tell you about it.

Once upon a time (are you sitting comfortably on my knee?) there was a girl who was good in the Three R's.

She was Rich, Rare and Racy. *The 3R's*

She also was a Ravishing Redhead.

She was claimed by three men. They were the Three H's. Hero, He-man, and Heel.

They were all Handsome. *The 3H's*

The Three H's loved the Ravishing Redhead. They wooed her on horseback, in swimming pools and at champagne parties.

They Fought for her, Flew to her and Framed her. It all happened in Philadelphia. *The 3F's*

Now that's just a hint of the most delightful New Year's gift you or your friends or your family ever got.

We cannot open the book further on "The Philadelphia Story". You must see it, not hear about it. You cannot afford to miss Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart.



Paraphrasing the well-known poem, only God can make a trio like that.

"The Philadelphia Story" (shh!) is directed by the incomparable George Cukor. M-G-M's own Joseph Mankiewicz is the producer.

Now there are many plus values—think of adding to Grant, Hepburn and Stewart—in the cast.

For example—in fact, for six examples—Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash and Virginia Weidler.

Endowed with a script by Donald Ogden Stewart from the well-known Broadway hit by Philip Barry, M-G-M proudly, buoyantly, happily presents—

"The Philadelphia Story"

—Leo

Another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer advertisement for "The Philadelphia Story" appears on page 3.

PHOTOPLAY *combined with* **movie** **M I R R O R**

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

FEBRUARY, 1941

VOL. 18, NO. 3

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COVER: Bette Davis, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

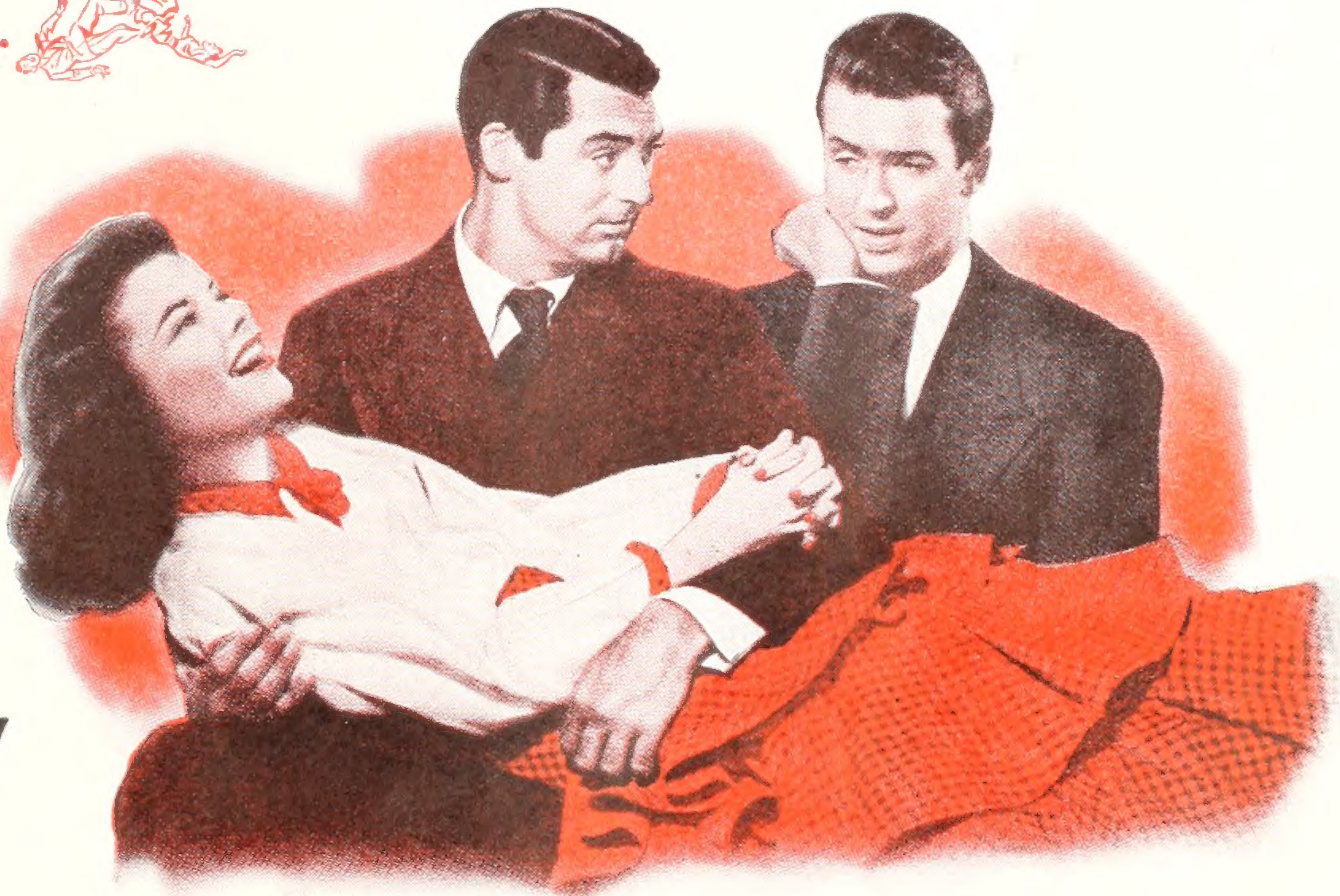
Once upon a cockeyed time...

there was a ravishing **redhead**  who was very, very elegant and fancied herself as a kind  of goddess. (*Imagine!*)... And she was all set to marry a truly **stuffy** guy  ...when her ex-husband showed up. Now *he* was a regular fellow  with many human frailties such as  and  and you-know-what. **This** time he brought with him a handsome reporter with  candid camera and candid **girl friend** by means of which he hoped to snare many snappy morsels for his **Scandal sheet**.  So-o-o-o things got **hotly** mixed up. There was a **midnight** bathing party for two  ...and a fight  ...and a wedding  ...and how it all comes out makes THE PHILADELPHIA STORY the funniest film in years...which should cause **you** to roll in the aisles with **laughter** 

Cary
GRANT

Katharine
HEPBURN

James
STEWART



THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

with **RUTH HUSSEY**

JOHN HOWARD • ROLAND YOUNG • JOHN HALLIDAY • MARY NASH • VIRGINIA WEIDLER

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry

Produced by The Theatre Guild Inc. • Produced by **JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ**

Directed by **GEORGE CUKOR** • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

There's more about "THE PHILADELPHIA STORY" in the Lion's Roar Column on Page 2



Fred's Best Yet...!
'Cause He's
Got Paulette!



FRED ASTAIRE • PAULETTE GODDARD

"SECOND CHORUS"

with Arie Shaw and His Band

Charles Butterworth • Burgess Meredith

Produced by BORIS MORROS • Directed by H. C. Potter



**THE
PARAMOUNT SEAL
IS YOUR SEAL OF
ENTERTAINMENT
THIS WINTER**

YOU CAN TELL A PARAMOUNT PICTURE BY THE APPLAUSE!



Conrad's Great South
Seas Love Thriller!

FREDRIC MARCH • BETTY FIELD

in Joseph Conrad's

"VICTORY"

An Island Tale

with SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
and Jerome Cowan • Sig Rumann

Directed by John Cromwell



The Year's Most
Beautiful and
Exciting Picture!

MADELEINE FRED
CARROLL • MacMURRAY

in

"VIRGINIA"

(in Technicolor) with

Stirling Hayden • Helen Broderick
Marie Wilson • Carolyn Lee

Produced and Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Director Mitch ('Arise,
My Love') Leisen Brings
You First Drama of
America's New Air
Defense Forces!

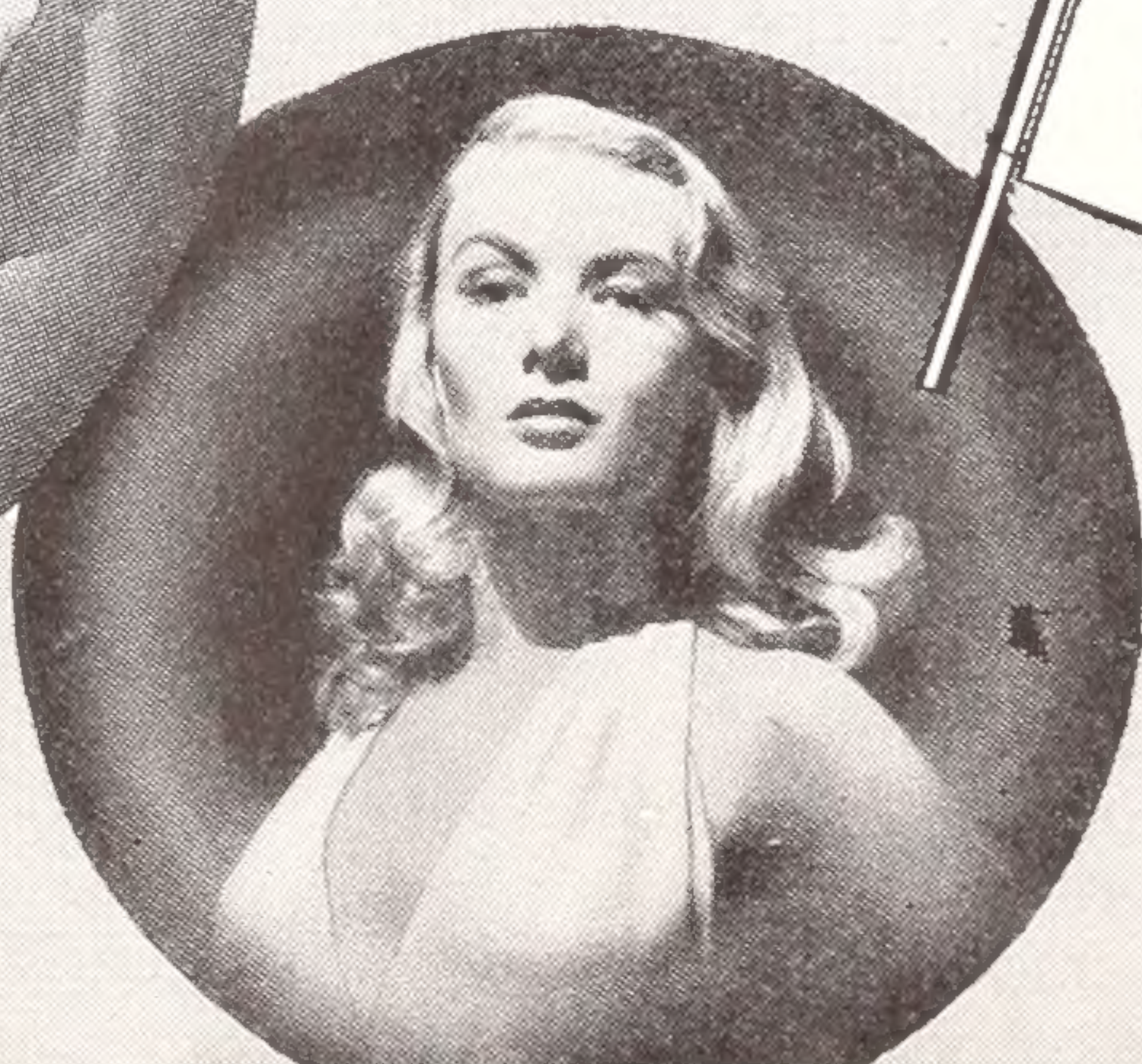


"I WANTED WINGS"

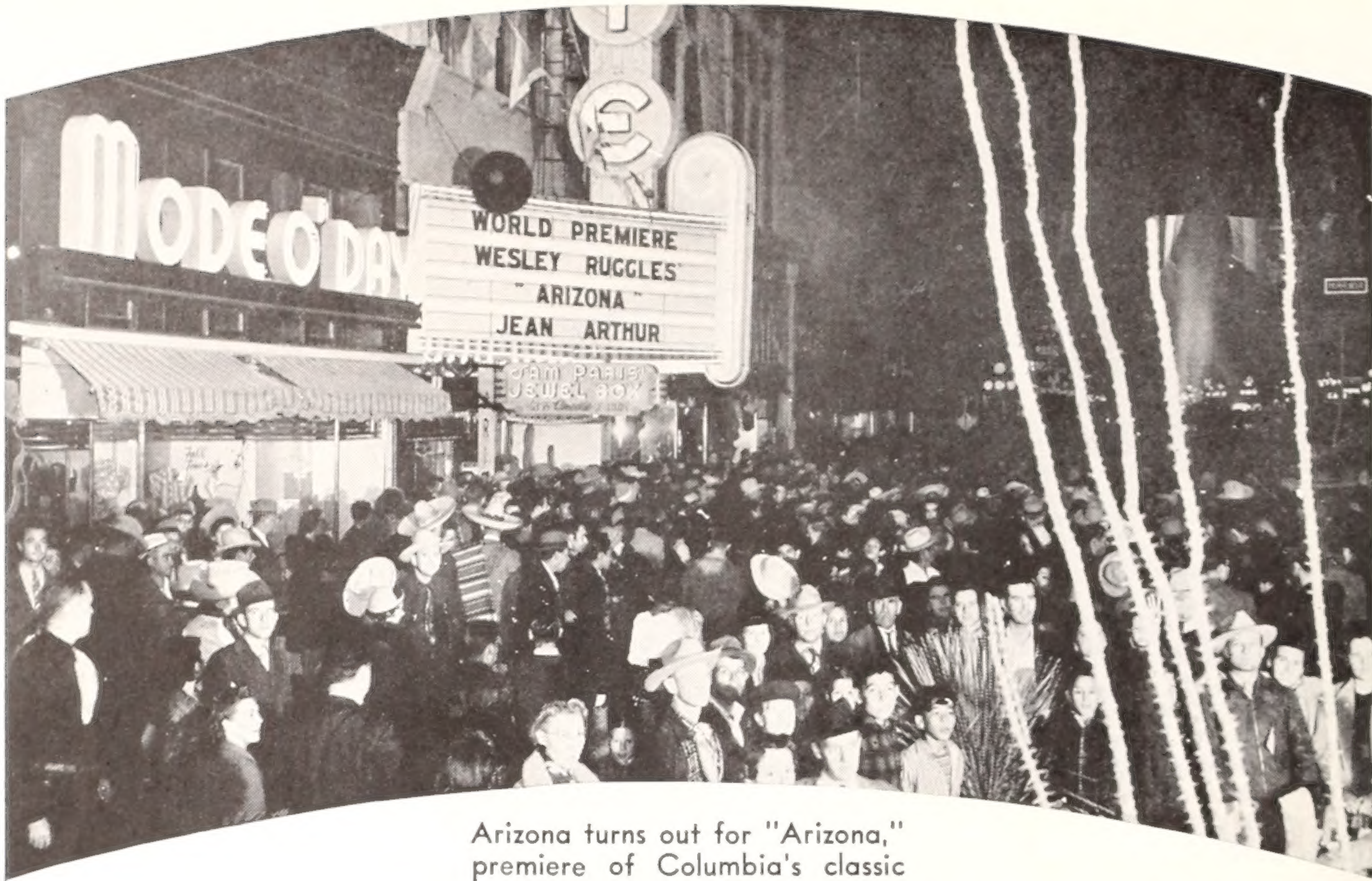
starring

RAY MILLAND • WILLIAM HOLDEN
WAYNE MORRIS • BRIAN DONLEVY

with Constance Moore • Veronica Lake
Hedda Hopper • Directed by Mitchell Leisen



Paramount's
Glamorous New
Star Discovery
VERONICA LAKE



Arizona turns out for "Arizona," premiere of Columbia's classic

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

A VERY happy thing is taking place in Hollywood's increasing discovery of America . . . and in America's increasing acquaintanceship with Hollywood and its people . . .

In September, 1939, when France and England declared war on Germany . . . that act was practically a declaration of failure for Hollywood . . . the previous years' steady influx of English, German, French, Italian personalities in our films, not only as stars but as producers, writers, directors and the like . . . had not alone been because these personalities were talented and could bring great gifts to the screen . . . their advent in Hollywood was also for the purpose of holding the so-called "foreign market" and many a film was given a definite English or Continental slant under the assumption that it would go in America, anyhow, and that its foreign sale would bring in the velvet . . . the war declaration knocked out that prop to the profits. . . .

It made the end of 1939 and the beginning of 1940 the hardest season Hollywood has ever endured . . . months in which some of Hollywood's shrewdest thinkers prophesied that pictures could never survive . . . "Gone With the Wind," the most expensive film ever produced was released during that period . . . it was generally conceded in movieland that Selznick might have got his money back if it hadn't been for the loss of



BY RUTH WATERBURY

the European market but that now it was obviously impossible. . . .

You know, of course, what did happen to "Gone With the Wind" . . . how today, before it has even once played at popular prices, it has made well over \$25,000,000 . . . or, in other words, how it is even today, when the end of its earnings are still nowhere in sight, the most successful picture financially that has ever been created . . . it is not at all impossible that it may eventually make \$50,000,000. . . .

THE money that "Wind" made, however, is not what I'm thinking about here . . . there is another side to the story of that film's success . . . there is the visible benefit that its premiere at Atlanta, Georgia—with its miles of attendant publicity—had in stimulating that success . . . a premiere which was much benefited, I believe, by the fact that the Metro press boys had learned greatly from watching a similar debut that the Warner praise factory had created for "Dodge City" in

the Kansas city of that name. . . .

Since that time Warners have had "Virginia City" in the ghost village up in the old gold rush land . . . they have had, too, "Knut Rockne, All American," at South Bend, Indiana . . . Twentieth Century-Fox has had "Brigham Young, Frontiersman" at Salt Lake City . . . and now even little Columbia has had "Arizona" at Tucson, Arizona, where the film was made . . . and as a result of all these, every chamber of commerce in the United States is crying for some film to preview . . . and stars and directors are finding out about the customers who are being quickened into a new interest in movie players by seeing them face to face and by talking to them, man to man. . . .

I went, for instance, on the "Arizona" trek . . . went along with the stars and the writers Columbia transported some six hundred miles away from Hollywood for that dazzling occasion . . . and never, I assure you, did I feel that I got more benefit or knowledge or excitement or zest out of two days than I did out of those crowded, noisy, hilarious, exhilarating days in this glowing city of our great West. . . .

I was among those who went out by chartered plane from the Burbank airport late one Thursday afternoon . . . (we had our choice between a three-hour plane trip or a twelve-hour railroad (*Continued on page 85*))

"This is the most exciting story I know!"

says Newspaperdom's ace story-teller
MARK HELLINGER

HIGH SIERRA

by
W. R. BURNETT
Author of 'Little Caesar'

THEY call him 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good. Yet his dreams are every man's dreams: a fireside on a friendly farm, and the arms of the woman he loves... Then there's Marie, deep down just another woman with a hungry heart—to the world a hard-boiled taxi dancer and Killer's companion... (Now her man is trapped on the highest peak in the High Sierras, but he hasn't bowed to any law. He's trapped only because Man can climb no higher... Is this the end for the most dangerous criminal since Dillinger—or is it only the beginning? *It's all blazingly told in the new film success, 'High Sierra', hailed far and wide as 'the peak of screen excitement'!*...

HIGH SIERRA' is the sensational new success produced by **WARNER BROS.**... For both their brilliant performances it skyrockets to the top-most star ranks

IDA LUPINO

The star whose startling performance in *'They Drive by Night'* made her an overnight sensation! Here's the big role she earned!



HUMPHREY BOGART

No characterization within memory has packed the power of this, the greatest performance in the career of Humphrey Bogart!



RAOUL WALSH,

DIRECTOR



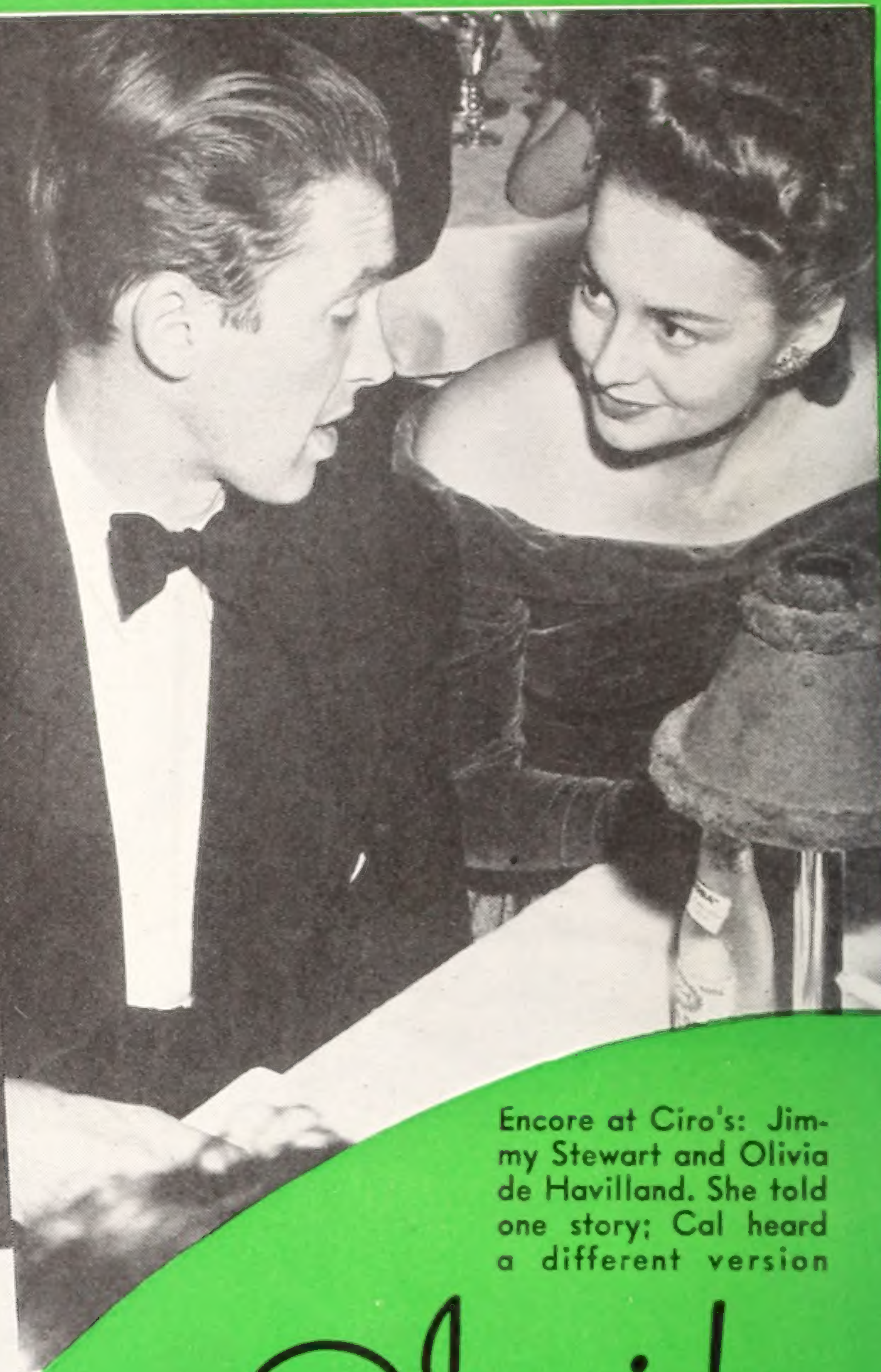
Of all his screen successes, from *'What Price Glory'* to *'They Drive by Night'*, this film stands supreme!



MARK HELLINGER'S high tribute to *'High Sierra'* is a rare one, and mighty well-deserved!

with ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE • HENRY HULL • HENRY TRAVERS
Screen Play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett • From a Novel by W. R. Burnett

Duet at Ciro's: Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. She's taking steps in the right marital direction



Encore at Ciro's: Jimmy Stewart and Olivia de Havilland. She told one story; Cal heard a different version

Inside Stuff

THE Brave "In Heart": The life of a Hollywood producer is one of worry, worry, worry, where the younger set is concerned. No two ways about it, these boys and girls have minds of their own and, alas, hearts as well. To the confusion of the bosses, the call of the heart is much louder than the bawl of the studio these days. No longer do these youngsters listen obediently to what Papa Hollywood says concerning love, marriage and wrecked careers. They go

right on with their romantic plans, unconcerned and unafraid.

For instance, M-G-M has gone to great pains to put over Judy Garland as a blushing baby starlet. Long after she'd outgrown them, Judy had to wear heelless slippers and stand child-like on the sides of her feet. Her dresses hit too plump knees and those hats—well, no kindergartener would have been caught dead in those hats.

Judy suddenly grew tired of the whole masquerade. So overnight she

grew up, got herself glamourified like other girls her age, made no bones of her love for Dave Rose, the ex-husband of Martha Raye—and that was that.

Even then her studio didn't give up without a struggle. When Judy was cast opposite George Murphy in "Little Nellie Kelly" and received her first screen kiss (excepting the Mickey Rooney pecks) the studio quoted Judy as opening wide her eyes and exclaiming, "Is that all there is to a

Wedding-bell business: Judy Garland and Dave Rose. His ex-wife Martha Raye spoke plainly



Apron-string tie-ups: Joe Brown Jr. takes Jane Withers (top) to a premiere; Mrs. Withers goes along too. Right: Mickey Rooney squires Linda Darnell at Beverly Hills Hotel; Mother Darnell sets 11 p.m. deadline



What you do know about Hollywood doesn't matter. It's what you don't know that counts. Here it is in intimate items

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

kiss?" Whether Judy or Hollywood groaned the louder is problematical.

Now the star has begged to be allowed to wear clothes befitting her age in "Ziegfeld Girl." "They just won't or can't seem to grasp the idea I'm growing up," she says.

Now comes Martha Raye's announcement from New York to the effect that Dave and Judy have been in love a long, long time and will marry when Martha's divorce is final.

Despite all studio protests, friends

maintain that Judy will do just that.

Deanna Durbin, now 19, has been engaged to Vaughn Paul for a year and neither Universal nor a career will deter her when she gets ready to marry Paul in the spring.

"It's the trend of the times," a prominent director explained. "The world moves awfully fast these days and the younger generation is keeping pace with it. It's only we older folk who are out of step."

No amount of frowning can keep Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville from a "steady company" duo. No Hollywood producer can keep Linda Darnell silent about her real heart, Jaime Jorba. At 22, Anne Shirley has been a wife three years and is now a mother and Anne wouldn't trade that happiness for all the careers in the world.

Yes, in the game of hearts it's the babes in arms who display courage and conviction in Love. They leave

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Chief activity of Charlie McCarthy at Edgar Bergen's Lakeside Golf Club party was running a stand. Sign reads "Lemonade, 1c—with lemon, 3c" Guests came costumed according to their childhood aspirations. Above: Edward G. Robinson with street-car conductor George Burns, French maid Gracie Allen and pierrette Ida Koverman



Left: Host Edgar Bergen always wanted to be a magician, an aspiration echoed by protégé McCarthy. Bette Davis' costume revealed all her ballerina hopes

the quibbling to the Olivia de Havillands, the Roz Russells, the Jimmy Stewarts and the Cesar Romeros. . . .

There's a moral in all this somewhere. But we'll let you figure that out for yourselves.

Chaplin's Bad Boy: Two darkly handsome boys walked down the canopied walk to the Carthay Circle Theater to see their famous dad perform in "The Great Dictator." The boys, Sydney and Charles Chaplin Jr., smiled proudly as the grandstanders called their names. But, of course, the fans don't really know much about these two boys, except the fact they both resemble their Spanish mother, Lita Grey, and both attend Black Foxe Military Academy.

But Cal happens to know Charles Jr. is his father's favorite. He is a quiet, sensitive boy who loves books and music and is preparing for a musical career. Sydney is the imp and cut-up that keeps his father in a constant state of disapproval. Some time ago, after one particularly upsetting event, father Chaplin stated Sydney could not come home the next week end but must remain at school as punishment. But stepmother Paulette Goddard, whom the boys adore, could not endure the punishment and begged to be allowed to bring Sydney home.

Chaplin melted and Sydney, all promises for good behavior, was allowed to come home.

The next morning the youngster was discovered selling Charlie's finest champagne down on a near-by corner for 25c a bottle. Sydney went back to the Academy in a hurry and only emerged in time for the premiere.

Cupid Plays a Return Engagement: "Reggie Gardiner and Hedy Lamarr appeared together at the Hollywood premiere of 'The Great Dictator.'"

Behind those quoted lines lies a story.

Before her marriage to Gene Markey and practically up to its very surprising eve, Hedy Lamarr and Reggie Gardiner were inseparable. At that time, no one knew Reggie for what he was. As a matter of fact, no one really paid much heed either to Reggie or Hedy.

Then came "Algiers" and the world knew about Hedy. Reggie remained in the background, simply the favored escort of Miss Lamarr.

It was no secret in Hollywood that Hedy's marriage was a blow to Reggie. Rumor had him admitting life seemed hopeless without her. But unhappiness brought him the success that had been denied before, for suddenly he was in demand at parties, at benefits, shows and for pictures. He became



Rocking-chair dream of Dick Powell was to be a motorman. Above: With Gracie Allen, Joan Blondell as a Tahitian attraction and George Burns

the most sought-after man in town, a popular guest, a suave master of ceremonies.

Then came Hedy's deep unhappiness; it was her turn to suffer. Now, suddenly, here they are again together, with so much behind . . . and who knows what ahead.

Those Warner Romances: Georgie and Annie: George Brent turned the color of Ann Sheridan's red hair during a scene with Ann for "Honeymoon For Three." According to the script, George should have said, in

(Continued on page 12)

Joe!..in the
HOSPITAL?...

why, he only had
the sniffles when
we went dancing
Saturday!



YOU have probably known several cases like that . . . the medical records report lots of them. And they all lead up to this warning:

Don't take a cold lightly. Don't neglect it. Take care of it at once.

HELP NATURE EARLY

If you feel a cold coming on, or your throat feels irritated, go to bed. Keep warm. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly. Gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic every two hours.

All of these simple measures are aimed to help Nature to abort a cold quickly. Rest and warmth build up reserve. Juices and water aid elimination. Food restores strength. And Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . the very types of germs that many authorities claim are the cause of many of the distressing aspects of a cold. Tests showed germ reductions on tis-

sue surfaces ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

9 YEARS OF RESEARCH

And in tests conducted during 9 years of research, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. This success we ascribe to Listerine's germ-killing action on the mouth and throat surfaces.

We wish we could say that Listerine Antiseptic so used would always head off a cold, but we cannot. We do say that as a first aid it is deserving of your most serious consideration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

At the first symptom of a Cold or Sore Throat
LISTERINE . . . QUICK!



Offer good only
in Continental
U. S. A.

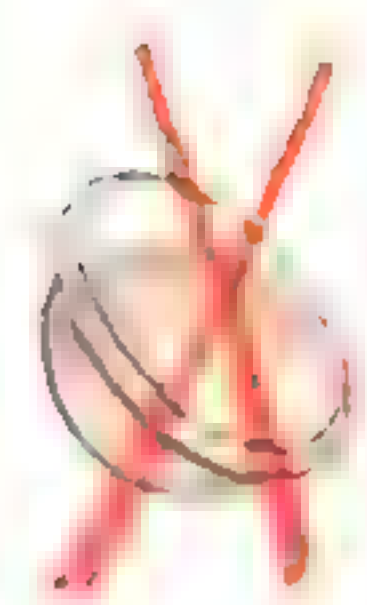
Bargain Offer! TO INTRODUCE
LISTERINE THROAT-LIGHT
INSTANT EASY TO USE GARGLE
75¢ SIZE LISTERINE AND
75¢ LISTERINE THROAT-LIGHT
\$1.50 VALUE
BOTH FOR
98¢

At all Drug
Counters, now!

Goldilocks SAID:
"all porridge is
bad for bears"



Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.



But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."

"But it's nice porridge," wailed the big bear.



"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."

"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and extra good."

"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."



Moral: Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a flavor-tite package today.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Star-studded sideshow at a Relief fete: Joan Fontaine in cahoots with the strong man and the clown. The gay male gallery: Brian Aherne, Basil Rathbone, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Reginald Gardiner

(Continued from page 10)

dictating a letter to his secretary (played by Ann), "Due to the fact I have a fever of 102 I will be unable to be present at your bookstore this afternoon."

Instead George said, "Due to the fact I have a temperature of 201."

After the same mistake three times in a row, Director Lloyd Bacon suggested, "Try looking at me instead of Ann and maybe that fever won't be so high!"

Grand Mix-up: Imagine the surprise of Mrs. Preston Foster when she picked up her morning paper and discovered her handsome actor husband had married another woman. But, like a modern and civilized wife, Mrs. Foster dispatched a telegram to her husband, who had departed for the studio not one hour before.

The wire read: "Congratulations, dear, but I do think you should have told me."

Of course the whole town joshed Mr. Foster all day long even though they knew the paper had meant Robert Preston, who had married Kay Feltus, and not Preston Foster. But leave it to our Hymie to get these four grand people together in the picture on page 13, and insist Foster stand beside the bride, Mrs. Preston, and Preston beside Mrs. Foster.

Hollywood Horseplay: The charm of Hollywood is its ability to laugh in the midst of its deepest emotion. From the sidelines of "The Letter" set we watched a little incident that proved our point. The scene called for Bette Davis to walk over silently to Gale Sondergaard, regal and exotic in Chinese robes, and then to kneel and pick up a piece of paper Gale had dropped disdainfully at her feet.

We were told it was the key scene of the picture.

We watched carefully as Bette knelt silently. Dropping her head, she gazed at the piece of paper. Then she grinned. Then she laughed out loud.

The piece of paper she held in her hand was one of her own laundry bills snatched from Bette's dressing room. Across it Gale had scrawled in imitation Chinese lettering.

"Long time no see You pay up now mebbe. No tickee, no washee. No money, no panties."

My Sainted Aunt! Cal is beet-red to his hairline. We've just discovered our nicest glamour girls are wearing their nightgowns to Ciro's. No kidding, mind you, they are dancing in their—er—sleeping thingamabobs and Cal never knew it until he happened to compliment a sweet young thing on her beautiful frock.

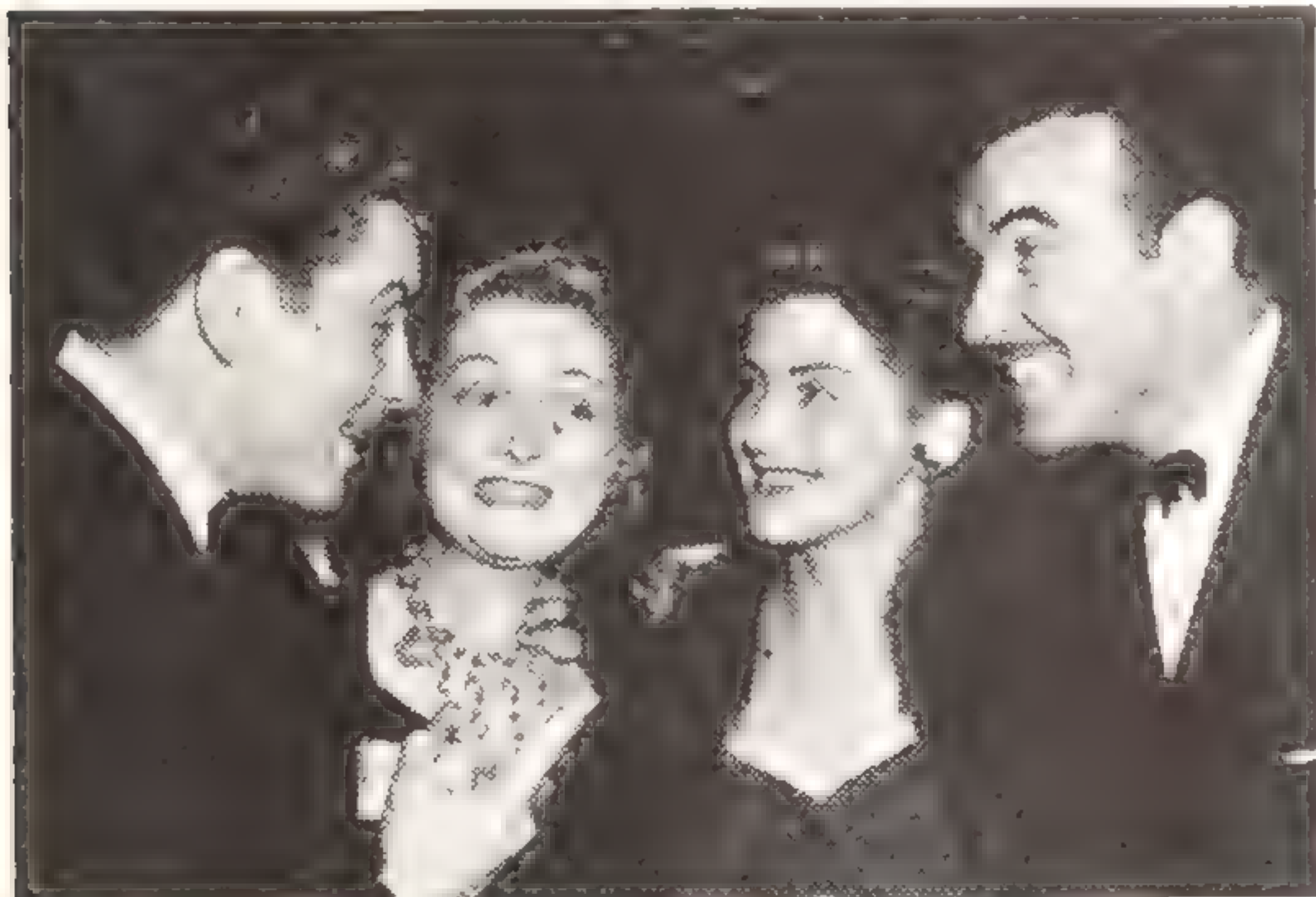
"It isn't a frock," she smiled. "It's a nightie. It was given me as a gift and I decided it was much too beautiful to sleep in. Don't look so shocked," she laughed. "All the girls wear their nice nighties as dancing frocks."

Shades of grandma's pantaloons and bustles. What is this world coming to? But we must say our little friend looked even more covered than several young ladies who wore formal dresses. So, thinking it over, why wouldn't it be a good idea, girls, to wear the nighties in public and sleep in those strapless affairs.

Old Cal wouldn't suffer so much from high blood pressure at that.

Fads and Fancies: Now that conscription and soldiers have become the topic of the day, Marlene Dietrich is appearing right in public in a feminine edition of a marine's uniform—and does she look snappy!

That ermine bow sewed to the full black velvet skirt worn by Deanna Durbin in "Spring Parade" has really started something. There isn't a glamour girl in town that hasn't showed up at Ciro's with an ermine-bowed skirt.



Marital mix-up: Similarity of names in this quartette has Hollywood holding its head. Seen at Ciro's: Robert Preston, Mrs. Preston Foster, the new Mrs. Preston and Preston Foster

Cal Wonders: If Alice Faye's sudden desire to co-operate with studio departments is because Betty Grable is suddenly getting all the breaks . . .

If Joan Crawford meant it when she said she was no longer vitally interested in her screen career, and what HIS name can be . . .

If Loretta Young will finally persuade sister Georgiana to forget her screen ambitions because she, Loretta, knows the reward isn't worth it . . .

Salute To Love! Surely there has never been such a pair of lovers, on or off the screen, as English Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. They have
(Continued on page 64)

It's always August underneath your arms!



Underarms perspire in Winter as in Summer. Use Mum daily to guard your charm!

OUTDOORS, winter may bluster. But outdoors or indoors, it's always August, always 98 degrees, under your coat and dress, underneath your arms.

So don't let winter fool you. Remember, even when you see no moisture, odor can and does form, and winter clothes especially, are apt to carry tales about any lack of daintiness.

That's why Mum is so important to you right now. Just smooth Mum on and you're safe from odor, sure of your popularity, for a full day or evening.

Use Mum daily, for even daily baths

can't prevent risk of underarm odor. But Mum's effectiveness *lasts*. Winter or summer, Mum is the word for charm.

FOR CONVENIENCE! Smooth Mum on in 30 seconds and you're fresh for hours.

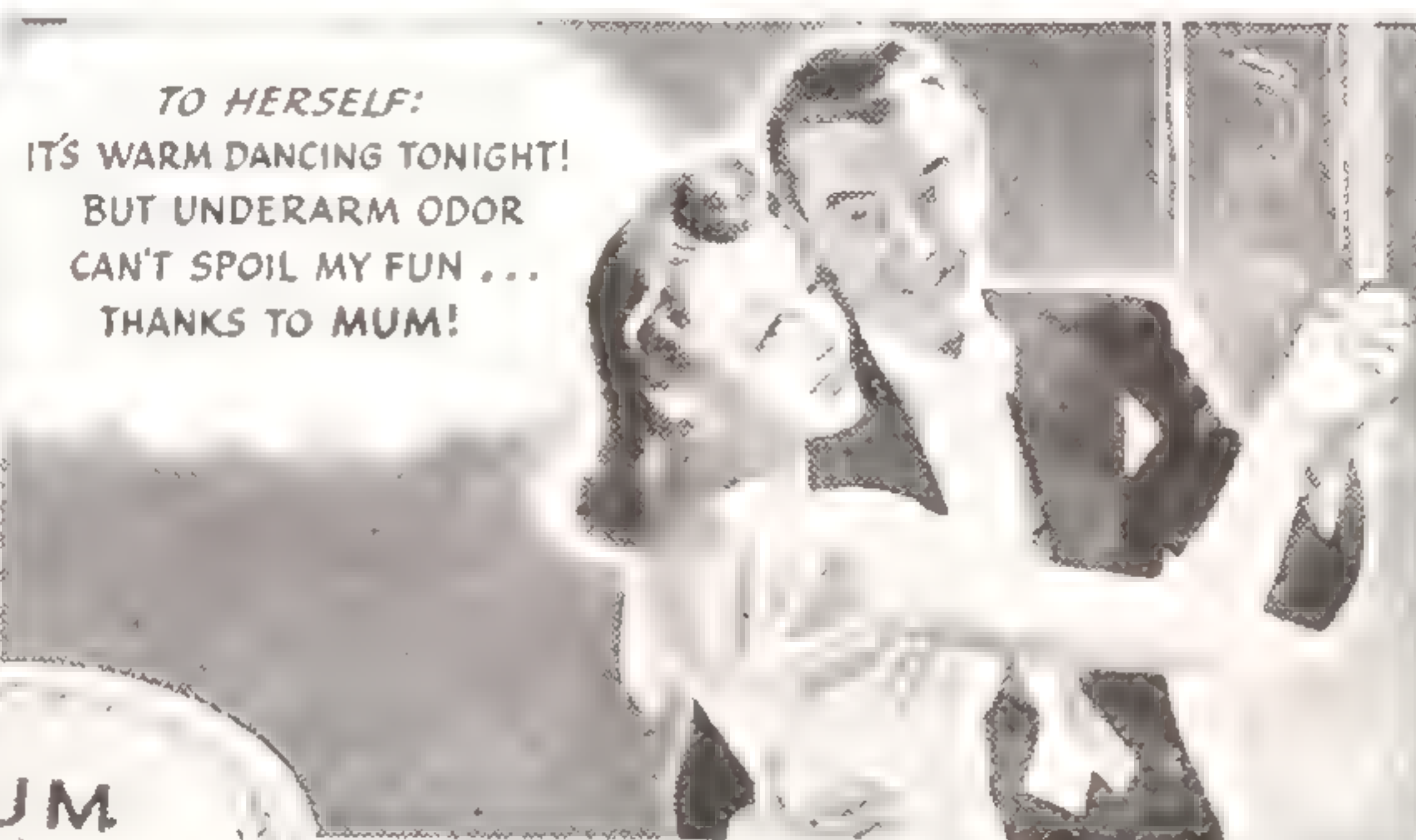
FOR SAFETY! Is your skin sensitive? Mum won't irritate even *after* shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

FOR CHARM! You're dainty always, when you make Mum a daily habit. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has faded, Mum goes on guarding your charm.

WINTER AND SUMMER...MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM!



BUT PEG, IT'S ALWAYS SUMMER TEMPERATURE UNDER THE ARMS ... SO I USE MUM EVERY DAY!



TO HERSELF: IT'S WARM DANCING TONIGHT! BUT UNDERARM ODOR CAN'T SPOIL MY FUN ... THANKS TO MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins
Napkins need Mum, too. For this important purpose, thousands of women use Mum because it is always so gentle, so dependable.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

THE SHADOW STAGE



Magnificent in scope, epic in theme: Jean Arthur and William Holden in "Arizona"



Smart-set comedy: Cary Grant, Kate Hepburn, James Stewart in "The Philadelphia Story"

✓✓ Arizona (Columbia)

It's About: The settling in Arizona of the first American woman.

MAGNIFICENT in its breadth and scope, epic in theme and stirring in its historical authenticity, "Arizona" emerges not just another super-duper Western, but a symbol of today's great screen advancement; a picture that combines history and drama with sacrifice to neither. A gripping hellcat of a story is this movie telling of the coming to Arizona of Phoebe Titus, the first American woman to settle in the territory, of her struggles throughout the Civil War, Indian uprisings and outlaw riders to maintain a semblance of order and provide a place for future pioneers to live and work and make their lives. Jean Arthur as Phoebe surpasses anything she has yet done and proves herself one of the top actresses of the screen. William Holden is mighty good as the young hero and can now take his place among the finest young actors in Hollywood.

But it's the story itself, with its terrific emotional grip, rising into a thundering climax of stampeding cattle, that remains the star. To producer and director, Wesley Ruggles, we give the laurel wreath of praise.

Your Reviewer Says: Terrific.

✓✓ The Philadelphia Story (M-G-M)

It's About: A society divorcee who almost marries the wrong man.

MY word, how clever! How very voguish are everything and everyone in this star-littered story of a "smott" society divorcee (Katharine Hepburn), who admits to no human frailties and will tolerate none in others. Don't you just loathe her?

Katharine (who brings her New York

stage hit to the screen) is about to marry John Howard, a big-league coal miner. But at the pre-wedding party Katie drinks too much champagne, goes swimming at dawn with reporter Jimmy Stewart, gets spurned by Howard for her misconduct (he thinks the worst—tch! tch!) and is grabbed off by the eagerly waiting Mr. Cary Grant. More thrilling people keep springing out of the plot like that. It's too wonderful.

Ruth Hussey, Virginia Weidler and Roland Young are there, too, to listen to Katie's final admission of her many faults. Don't you just love her?

Your Reviewer Says: A perfect honey of a picture.

✓✓ Trail of The Vigilantes (Universal)

It's About: Murder in the old West.

YOU'LL be surprised to find suave Franchot Tone whooping it up in this exciting super Western, but he does all right for himself with the able assistance of Broderick Crawford, Andy Devine and Mischa Auer who provide most of the laughs in this riotous film. Tone, a newspaper reporter, is sent out west to investigate the killing of another reporter. Arriving there he gets into a fight with cowboys Crawford and Devine, but they get him a job as cowhand for Charles Trowbridge. Trowbridge's daughter is boy-crazy Peggy Moran who makes a violent play for Tone.

Franchot gets in a fight with Warren William; rustlers steal cattle, there are violent brawls plus stage holdups; and the whole thing is very exciting indeed. Mischa Auer is very funny as a cowhand who is alternately a medicine-show Indian and a Mexican matador; Crawford and Devine contribute greatly as Tone's pals. Peggy Moran is very cute.

Your Reviewer Says: Riotous action out west.

✓✓ The Letter (Warner Brothers)

It's About: A neurotic wife who kills her lover.

IN a long succession of triumphs for Bette Davis, chalk up still another victory, for in this suspense-packed story of a woman who kills her lover Bette is superb; unbeatable in her repressed fire and amazing in her ability to project her very thoughts into the minds of those watching her. Beholding Bette is a fascinating event, you'll agree.

The assignment, to those who remember the performance of the late Jeanne Eagels in the role, is a difficult one. Comparisons are inevitable, but Bette need have no fear. Her performance is in every way the equal of Miss Eagels'. Furthermore, it's one that lingers on in the memory long after the screen has gone dark.

James Stephenson, a newcomer, is news in neon type. As the sympathetic lawyer, Mr. Stephenson almost, not quite, but almost, steals several scenes from Pop-Eye the Magnificent, as Hollywood fondly terms Bette.

Herbert Marshall, who played the same role (that of the husband) in the silent film, is excellent. It's grownup, dramatic, sophisticated fare and the screen at its best.

Your Reviewer Says: Drama, haunting and magnificent.

✓ Second Chorus (Paramount)

It's About: Two perennial college lads who try to go professional.

THE dancing of Fred Astaire is, of course, tops. The music is lilting and the performances swell, but—and this must be a great big "but"—the story is wrong from the beginning and definitely gets weaker as the yarn progresses. Nobody believes Fred Astaire and Burgess Meredith flunk college year after year in

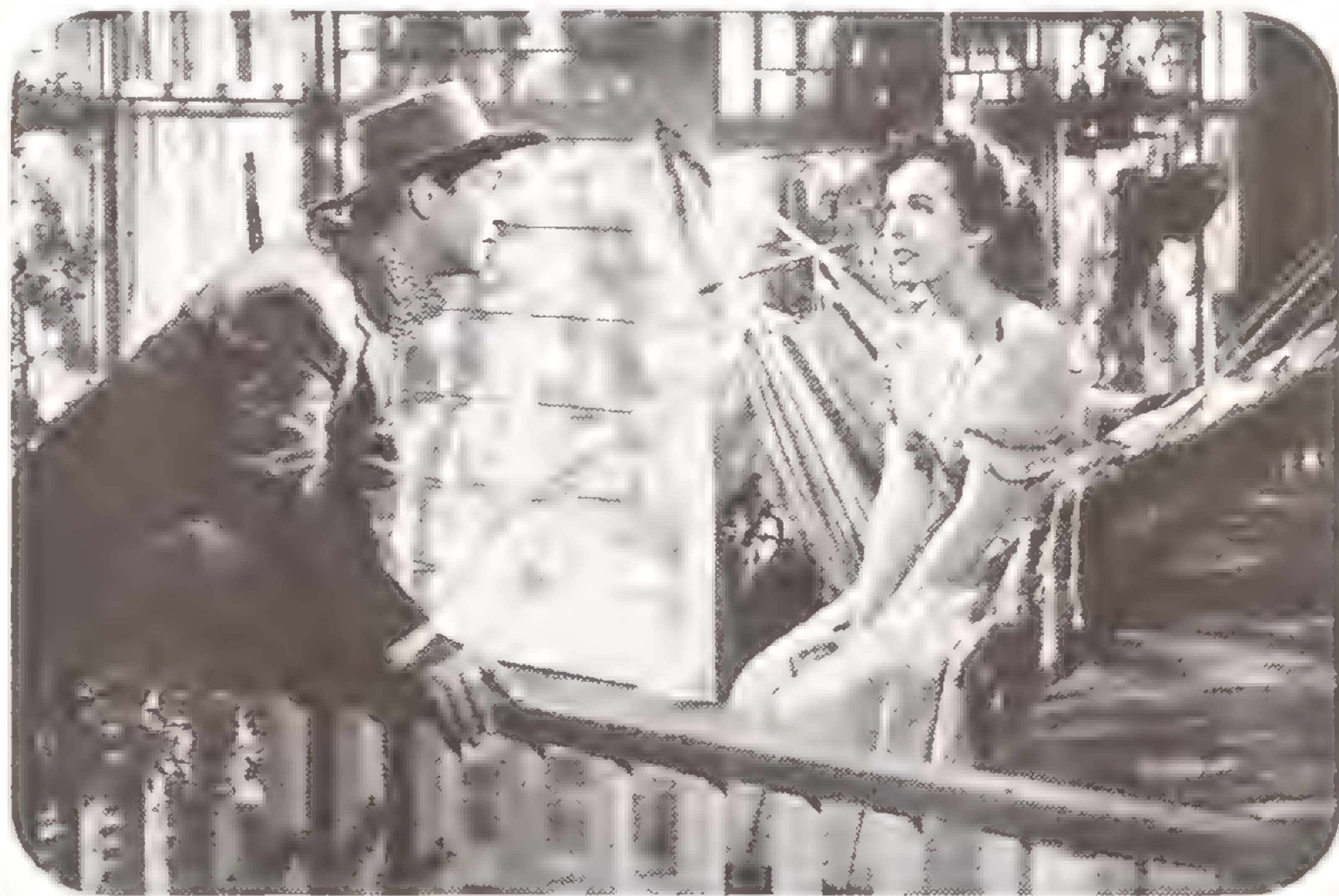
See Pictures In The Cutting Room on Page 103. For Complete Casts, See Page 104

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Tops in taps: Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard and Artie Shaw in "Second Chorus"



Super Western excitement: Franchot Tone, Peggy Moran in "Trail of the Vigilantes"

order to play in the school orchestra. Nor would they believe the two lads could keep up a feud that constantly ruins their chance with Paulette Goddard and Artie Shaw's band. Wouldn't they catch on sometime, for goodness sake? At any rate, the film has bright moments. Shaw's music is "Shawfull" catchy, Paulette is beautiful, Fred and Burgess amusing. Outside of that, one chorus would have been sufficient.

Your Reviewer Says: Nonsense in tap-dance rhythm.

✓ Lady With Red Hair (Warner Brothers)

It's About: The life story of Mrs. Leslie Carter.

TWO beautiful performances by Miriam Hopkins and Claude Rains and one outstanding directorial achievement by Kurt Bernhardt lift this biographical story of a woman famous in the nineties into the category of fine motion pictures.

No happier choice could have been made than Miss Hopkins to portray the fiery-tempered, highly emotional Mrs. Carter who lost custody of her son through the divorce court and who embarked on a stage career in order to get money to fight for her child. Running parallel with the story of this woman is that of the man who helped her to fame—David Belasco. Claude Rains plays the great theatrical impresario with the touch of true genius.

What the story lacks in dramatic climaxes, it makes up in smoothly flowing continuity. Helen Westley as the board-house keeper is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: An "arty" gem.

✓✓ Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The love story of a young song publisher and a vaudeville lass.

RIGHT into the socko class of film fare leaps "Tin Pan Alley," laden with

melodies of nostalgic memories and packed with events that stir the heart, tying together yesterday and today into one grand package of entertainment.

Back to the days when song publishing was at its glorious height goes this story, weaving into the tale the grand songs of yesterday, "America I Love You," "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France," "Moonlight Bay" and "The Sheik of Araby."

John Payne and Jack Oakie are an ambitious pair of songwriters who become famous publishers and then lose out—to march overseas as doughboys. Alice Faye and Betty Grable are sisters, struggling along in vaudeville, until Alice, losing her heart to Payne, becomes a song plugger for the boys and then leaves them when her heart has been double-crossed. Betty, in the meantime, goes on to stardom.

Alice and Betty are outstanding as a team, believe me. John Payne becomes an important leading man and Oakie walks off with one of the best musicals of the year.

Your Reviewer Says: A hit.

✓ Escape To Glory (Columbia)

It's About: A British freighter carrying Americans home in the early days of the war.

DANGER from submarine attack provides the drama aboard an English freighter crowded with passengers going to America when war is declared in Europe. When the freighter is crippled by a submarine, the true natures of the assorted passengers assert themselves in the face of imminent death.

Pat O'Brien is an adventurer; Constance Bennett, the secretary of corrupt district attorney John Halliday; Alan Baxter, a gangster; Marjorie Gateson, a society woman. How they all meet danger provides a well-rounded, exciting drama.

Melville Cooper, Erwin Kalser and the rest of the cast also lend credibility to their roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Tense and dramatic.

✓✓ Fantasia (Walt Disney Productions)

It's About: Music and its pictorial interpretation by the Disney studios.

PEOPLE who take their music very seriously are shocked by the idea of mixing any other art with it.

Walt Disney and Leopold Stokowski, the great conductor, have joined hands to challenge the purists. You are offered a concert of eight classic masterpieces, each one interpreted musically by Stokowski, the Philadelphia Orchestra and the new multiplane recording device; interpreted graphically by Walt Disney and his superb, if erratic, group of artists. Deems Taylor appears as commentator.

At first, in the Bach "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor," the pictorial illustrations are pure design without any story. Here you come as close to the emotions of taking an anesthetic as you'll ever find in the theater. The interpretation of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" will remind you of that first marvelous Silly Symphony which introduced Disney's real genius to us.

Most shocking is Disney's interpretation of Mount Olympus which illustrates Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." Although the characters of Bacchus, the centaurs and the centaurettes are amusing, they are far from appropriate to the superb music of the deaf musician.

The origin of the earth is the subject of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" and it is appropriately horrifying. So also is the morbid charade illustrating Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain."

Our old friend Mickey Mouse is the central character of a delightful fantasy telling the story of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," who puts on his master's cap and teaches the brooms to carry water.

You must see this because it is one of the most important pictures ever made. You must be prepared to be bored by some of it, shocked by some of it and delighted by much of it. But don't miss it.

Your Reviewer Says: Important.

(Continued on page 99)

TWO GREAT HITS
HERALDING YOUR *Greatest*
ENTERTAINMENT YEAR!



GLORIOUS ROMANCE IN
GLORIOUS *Technicolor!*

HENRY FONDA
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LINDA DARNELL

CHAD HANNA

by Walter D. Edmonds

featuring
Guy Kibbee • Jane Darwell
John Carradine • Ted North
Roscoe Ates • Ben Carter

Directed by **HENRY KING**
Associate Producer and Screen Play
Nunnally Johnson

Printed in
**THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST**
as "Red Wheels Rolling"



PAUL MUNI

... in a role unlike any
he's ever had!

HUDSON'S BAY

with

GENE TIERNEY
LAIRD CREGAR • JOHN
SUTTON • VIRGINIA FIELD
VINCENT PRICE • NIGEL BRUCE

Directed by Irving Pichel
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

Adventure! Action!
Drama! Emotion!
ENTERTAINMENT!

From
20th CENTURY-FOX
... the hit-makers who've
already begun to make it a
very happy 1941 for you!

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Girl on the cover

SHE sells magazines. I don't mean that she actually stands on the street corner selling our wares, but it amounts to that. Here's why: Many people ask why an editor of a motion-picture magazine puts a star on a cover. Is it friendship? A desire to give a promising girl a break? The influence of the producing company? No, it is none of these. Box-office appeal is what matters, just as it does on a marquee. And Bette Davis on the cover of a motion-picture magazine means that that issue will sell more than if any other girl were on the cover.

Although that is true, I am fortunate to be one of Bette's friends. We met first in her platinum blonde days when she got her first break with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." I remember that she, Herb Crooker (then with Warner Brothers, now one of the important executives of this company) and I scurried through the rain to sit for hours in our favorite speakeasy and talk of many things. Today Bette is no different, unless perhaps more mature, more understanding.

She has that characteristic of great actresses: Intense preoccupation with her own work. And yet there is this difference: She always has time for yours; always makes it as much her problem as your own. When we planned to merge PHOTOPLAY and MOVIE MIRROR, she wanted to talk about it; she wanted to be helpful—and in one long recent discussion we had was very helpful. She was the first to wire me when the first merged issue arrived. She said, "Just previewed the copy you sent and enjoyed every page of it." While under ordinary circumstances I might



suspect such a wire, since Bette sent it I believe every word of it.

ALTHOUGH in my opinion she is America's greatest movie actress, this is not her chief pride. On the contrary, she has said about one job: "This is the only thing I've ever done I'd like my grandchildren to know about." She was referring to her performance on the radio of the little Arch Oboler masterpiece, "Alter Ego."

The newest gossip rumor is that Bette will reconcile with her former husband, Harmon Nelson. I have never asked Bette about this, and I don't believe I need to. Every action of hers all her life contradicts the rumor. She and Harmon Nelson as intelligent people are good, close friends who see each other whenever they have an opportunity. I don't believe they will go back together because thus far Bette Davis has never gone back—she always goes forward. This is to me the secret of her greatness.

And wherever she pioneers it is always with an intensity and a sincerity that get results. Perhaps it is the raising of funds to buy a Seeing Eye dog for an unfortunate blind person; perhaps it is the slow, painful process of helping a young protegee find success; perhaps it is a game of charades—and I have seen her perform her part with all the spirit of a Big Scene. Always these things are done by Bette Davis with a whole heart.

I have admitted that she is on the cover of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR because "she sells magazines," but besides all that I am proud to have her there because I consider her the first lady of Hollywood.

Ernest V. Heyn



STIPATIONS BY CARL MUELLER

City of

"I accuse!" says "Fearless." The crime—loneliness; the victims—ten thousand girls serving time in the glittering prisons of glamour; the guilty—Hollywood men

MORE girls pay off in loneliness here in the capital of glamour than in any other city in the world. There are those who say that Hollywood is no worse than any other town, human behavior running fairly true to form wherever it is. But "Fearless" begs to differ. I can name several specific reasons why our town isn't like a lot of other "our towns" throughout the country and even more specific reasons why our men aren't the same as those of other communities. Most of these add up to the fact that they're spoiled.

To begin with, there's the over-supply of women, beautiful women, gorgeous women! You might almost say that Hollywood's like a mining camp in reverse. It's human nature for the men to become a little spoiled in the face of so much demand for them.

Furthermore, the picture industry is based of necessity upon personal recognition, from cameraman to star to studio head. Often the rivalry becomes intense. I well recall the classic example of an important wo-

man star who was delighted at being given a popular leading man for her current picture, figuring the chances for the film's success were thereby strengthened. The man was no fool. He made it his business to play up to the lady and matters were trembling on the verge of a romance when she suddenly discovered that while he was carrying on a delightful courtship to

her face, behind her back he was waging a fierce battle with the front office to have his name billed before hers. And he won—that is, the billing. However, the critics evened matters up by lauding her and ignoring him.

The economic equality of the sexes, you see, acts as a boomerang. A woman star makes just as much money as a man star; an extra girl, just as much as an extra boy—or just as little, if you want to put it that way. Thus the men lose their sense of protectiveness. It's every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Of a sobering nature, because of its potential dangers, is the case of Mildred (for obvious reasons that isn't her real name), who came to Hollywood as clean and fresh as the wind-swept prairies of her native state. Oh, yes, she had won the inevitable beauty contest and learned how very bored Hollywood is by such proceedings. But just before the flurry of photographers, floral offerings and Chamber of Commerce luncheons was over she



She loaned—and he lied



Lonely Girls

BY "FEARLESS"

was lucky enough—or unlucky enough—to bag a part in a picture featuring a beauty contest. Hers wasn't a big role, but it was plenty to make the girl decide she'd cash in her return ticket and try for a career.

All too soon the picture was over. Weeks dragged into months, but still no more parts. Of course, she didn't know how to play the Hollywood game and had no one to advise her, no one even to talk to her. The beauty-contest affiliates made no bones about their boredom at her plight. This was an old and dull story to them. Desperately she walked up and down Sunset Boulevard, fighting with her pride which wouldn't let her go home a failure. But it was no use. From the sharp-eyed man with the three balls on his calling card she obtained enough money on her wrist watch to buy her return ticket.

Headed for the station, she ran into a boy with whom she had worked in her one and only picture. He was an attractive lad, clean and fresh-looking. They'd had a lot of laughs together

at the studio. It was so good to have someone to talk to that she found herself pouring her heart out to him; how the flight to glory was over—she couldn't even pay her room rent any longer.

He hesitated a moment, then said casually, "Well, if that's all that's worrying you, why don't you cash in your ticket again and come up and

stay at my place for a while?"

"Oh, that's awfully ni—" Mildred began and stopped suddenly. "You mean spend the night there?"

"Sure. Spend a lot of nights there. That's what you're looking for, isn't it? A roof over your head and something to eat?"

"Oh, but I couldn't!" she gasped, adding hastily, "I mean, I don't want you to think I'm a prude. It's just that I'd be such a millstone around your neck."

"A very pretty millstone," he laughed easily, his eyes remaining for a fraction of a second on the curve of her neck. "But don't worry about that. I'll carry you while you're out of a job and probably a month from now you'll be carrying me. A lot of the girls and boys around here pool their expenses like that. You might call it—economics!"

We'll draw the curtain there with just this comment: I think we're all agreed it's a mighty dangerous theory of economics.

Another (Continued on page 94)



They danced—on her money!

Ma Hardy

MA knows best. During the last two years I have had many opportunities to learn this.

When I first became ill I was terribly lonely and a little afraid. Many times I longed for the mother who had been taken away from me in my childhood.

Then Fate intervened. Ma Hardy (Fay Holden), hearing I was ill, came to see me. Since then, she has done the million and one thoughtful things for me that only a mother would think of. Her regular phone calls at six o'clock each evening are the bright spot of my day.

On many occasions, we have discussed the perplexities that have been brought to her by young girls either in person or by letter. The tact and wisdom with which she has handled these problems impressed me so that I asked her if I might record some of her advice for the readers of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. She graciously agreed.

On this particular day as we sat talking, Ma industriously crocheted a white shawl for the heir of Cecilia Parker (*Marian*, her screen daughter). I knew Ma had been Cissy's adviser through her exciting romance and subsequent happy marriage to Dick Baldwin, so I asked her what advice she had given Cissy. She told me that, fundamentally, she had given her the same advice any mother would

Pictured at the left is one big reason why so many promising dates end up very disastrously



Advises

give her daughter: That marriage concerns only two people—the two people involved. Each one must try to understand the other and never expect too much. Each should try to adjust himself to the other's point of view. It is a relationship where little things can become so valuable—and this goes for all marriages, in every walk of life.

"For instance, two friends of mine who are picture stars recently moved from their ranch home to a house in Beverly Hills. The day they moved, the husband unexpectedly started work on a new picture. The house was topsy-turvy—new furniture and interior decorators all over the place. All in all, it was hardly a peaceful place for the husband to return to after a hard day's work before the cameras. But the wife, being a kind and thoughtful person, immediately disregarded all else and gave all her attention to her husband's room. That night when he returned from work he had a peaceful place to rest in, despite the fact that the rest of the house was in complete disorder. If the situation had been reversed, the husband, I am sure, would have done the same thing for his wife. It is things like this that go into the making of a happy marriage."

Cissy's romance isn't the only one in which Ma has had her finger on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. There

was a young stock player who was quite smitten with a certain young man, but he paid little attention to her. Then, one day, the girl came to Ma with breath-taking news: The boy had asked her for a date! That very evening they were going to dinner and a movie. The date, however, turned out very disastrously, for the boy never asked her again. The girl was heartbroken.

Ma, anxious to help, made her tell about the evening. She thought over the girl's recording of events but failed to find a reason for the unfortunate situation. Then, by chance, she discovered that the girl had worn a new light angora sweater and the boy a dark suit. Well, you know how those angora sweaters shed! Ma said she couldn't help laughing at the mental picture she had of the boy furiously trying to brush the hairs off his suit. However, the girl's unhappiness was more than Ma could bear, so she invited both of them over to her house to play badminton and made sure that the girl did not wear angora. Result: Another romance.

"I think that little incident," Ma continued, "should prove the value of dressing with consideration for the male species. I believe implicitly that every girl should strive to be well-groomed, because first impressions are extremely important under all circumstances. (Continued on page 97)



Fay Holden in a typical "Ma Hardy" act: She cheers up the invalid author, Miss Cosby

Said a man-about-town after reading this article, "If girls know all these things, a guy won't stand a chance!"

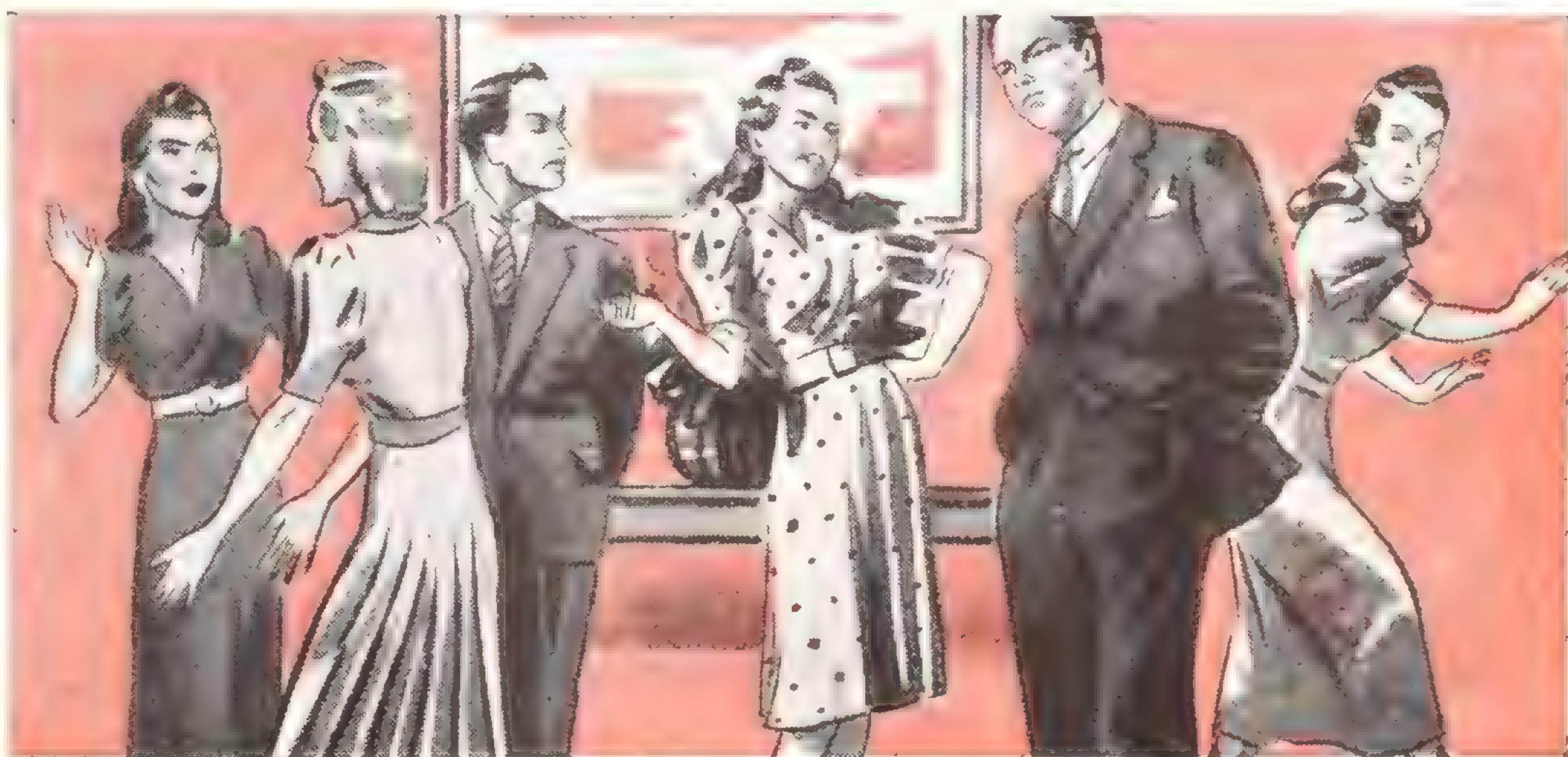
BY

VIVIAN COSBY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARRONE

Asked by a conservative friend to meet his mother, this girl pulled a trick that cured the romance forever

People rushed this girl, then made hasty exits. Ma sums her trouble up thus: "Who wants to make wisecracks at a wienie roast?"





This is about a smart girl who knew how to get places fast, one Rita Hayworth. The technique is yours for the reading

BY
HELEN HOVER

THE 1941 brand of Cinderella buys her own glass slipper. She's impatient and practical. Waiting for the prince too often pays off in nothing but a pair of flat feet.

That's the way Rita Hayworth figures it. That's why Rita, an unknown Cinderella extra girl five years ago, today is glamorous—"may-I-have-your-autograph-Miss-Hayworth" movie celebrity today. No flesh-and-blood prince effected the transition. The prince was her own horse sense.

Rita was no wide-eyed yokel when she started work as an extra at the Fox studios five years ago. She knew and felt her ignominy intensely. One of three hundred on a night-club set, she watched Loretta Young, the star, come on the set accompanied by her maid and a hairdresser. Saw her sink into a luxurious limousine at the end of the day.

The little Cansino girl—for that was Rita's pre-picture name—saw her as a rival, not an idol. She realized that so long as there were beautiful women in Hollywood, gorgeously gowned, her own natural assets would mean nothing. She knew she had ability that, given a chance, could be of value to a studio. But in her franker moments, she knew also that she was only one of hundreds of extra girls who felt the same way.

Something else Rita knew. Her family had been in show business for three generations. The Dancing Can-

Today she is the photographers' darling, with her face on six magazine covers in one month

Yesterday she was Rita Cansino, little nobody no one ever looked at on the Fox lot



You could do it, too!

sinos, the family troupe had been called and they created a sensation wherever they went. They wore breath-taking costumes, red velvet boleros, gold sashes, and their tambourines were powdered with rhinestones. Papa Cansino used to explain it to his wife and Rita heard it often. "Showmanship," he would say. "That is what the public likes. Showmanship sells. And it pays off, too."

Rita remembered Papa Cansino's words five years ago when she started her campaign to get out of the extra ranks. Today, she is well on her way to be a top-ranking star, one of the few extras ever to have done it.

The reason is a simple, matter-of-fact business principle. You have to spend money to make money.

"My bank account looks sick compared to the money I've earned," explained Rita, face suntanned, wearing an elegant white slack suit as though it were an evening dress. Most of my money has gone into

Hayworth smartness: She sends photographs like this to men; reserves tailored-suit poses for her female followers



my campaign to become a star. I never once let up on it.

"I tried to be honest with myself when I worked as an extra. No use kidding myself. I looked around at the hundreds of other girls like myself, living from day to day on the fringe of the movie industry, with only one chance in a million of becoming a star. We all looked alike, we dressed alike, we talked alike.

"I took stock of myself and realized that I was pretty much in demand as an extra because I could dance and I had some dancing costumes. That meant I made about \$11 a day and my weekly earnings were sometimes over \$50.

"I figured things out and decided that if I was to get anywhere I needed two things immediately: Training and clothes. My earnings couldn't accommodate both, so I thought some more and decided that getting the clothes first would be putting the cart before the horse. First, self-improvement. Second, self-display.

"I went over myself critically. My voice was thin and singsong, didn't have enough resonance. My diction was forced and unrhythmic. My acting, of course, needed the works since I had had so little experience. Because I was self-conscious, I didn't know how to walk.

"I enrolled with the best teachers in Hollywood. My diction and voice lessons were \$10 a session. Dramatic lessons were even more. I took as many lessons as I could possibly afford. I made a few Western pictures at \$200 a picture. I took more lessons with the extra bonanza. As I earned more, I spent more. At one time I was taking diction and voice lessons four times a week and dramatic lessons five times a week. It came to \$90 a week! And I was earning \$100.

"I had to put new clothes out of my mind because I just couldn't afford them. But I didn't make the mistake of being seen around town looking as I did. If I couldn't be seen at my very best, I wouldn't be seen at all.

"Columbia Pictures was looking for a dark, Latin-appearing girl who could speak Spanish to appear in some of their 'C' pictures. I got the job. The salary was \$200 a week, which was good and steady. Now I could afford to graduate to Step No. 2—to wit, the clothes. Of course, I was still keeping up the dramatic and voice lessons and I didn't have very much left over for clothes, but I decided to save until I could sink a good sum into a knockout outfit.

"The first clothes splurge took the breath out of me! I could hardly believe I had done it. It was a gray caracul coat, form-fitted, pinching my waist in snugly and flaring from the

thighs down. The dress was a dream. Three shades of grey, and it fit like silver fluid poured over my body. The hat was one of those tall startling things that was meant to be carried on a head held high. I paid \$500 for the outfit and I had a few uncomfortable moments thinking of my extravagance. Not a cent in the bank—and \$500 for one outfit. But when I saw myself in the mirror, I felt reassured. I had never looked like that before.

"THE first evening I wore it I went to the Trocadero. That was no accident. It was done deliberately. At that time the Troc was the hangout of the stars and the star-makers. It was the beauty-jaded moguls of Hollywood I was trying to reach. It was up to me, and my \$500 investment, to make them aware of me. So aware that they would say, 'There goes a girl the public will enjoy looking at because I enjoy looking at her.'

"When I walked in, I felt eyes turning towards me. Marlene Dietrich was at one table, Norma Shearer at another. The most glamorous, most highly paid stars in Hollywood there, and people looked at me!

"I noticed Howard Hawks, the producer, and Harry Cohn, the president of Columbia Pictures, at a ringside table. I tried to be nonchalant and not stare at them. Toward the end of the evening Mr. Hawks came to my table and introduced himself with a charming compliment I shall always remember.

"I noticed you as you came in and you look lovely in that outfit. You seem to stand out from the others. I'd like to talk to you about a part in my new picture. Will you please get in touch with me in the morning?"

"Well!!! I learned later that this had happened: Hawks and Harry Cohn were going to put their combined talents into the film 'Only Angels Have Wings' and they were both at the Trocadero to get their minds off shop. When I walked in Hawks looked at me and asked, 'Who is that girl? I can use her in our picture.'

"Mr. Cohn stared at me, then nearly exploded. 'That girl! Why she's on my lot. Never noticed her before, though.' And then it happened."

Rita was screen-tested and got the part. It was that role of the sultry wife of Richard Barthelmess and ex-flame of Cary Grant that made Hollywood notice her.

"Now that I had my first big chance, I had to go on with my campaign even more than ever," continued Rita, lighting a cigarette with long flame-tipped fingers. "I was encouraged. My clothes investment had attracted the attention of the Big Producer, my investment in dramatic lessons had cinched the screen test. But I had to

keep my name, my face before the producers and the public. I had to make them know me and want me.

"That all took money. It takes money to buy evening dresses that won't be seen on every Thomasina, Dixie and Harriet. It takes money to buy furs and cars so that people will turn around and say, 'Who is that?' It takes money to make people remember you if you are a nobody. It takes money, and some shrewd thinking."

First, Rita hired a press agent, one of the best, at \$75 a week.

"Because he is an expert in his business, I followed his orders and asked no questions. Only once did I balk at a publicity assignment. A national picture magazine wanted me to pose in a series showing college girls how not to behave on a date. I wouldn't let myself be photographed looking drunk or disheveled. I didn't think it was wise."

AN example of the Hayworth tact in dealing with the public is the type of photographs she sends to her fans. There are two stacks of pictures reserved for this occasion. One is Rita in a bathing suit, bursting with smiles, legs and S.A. This goes to the men. The female fans receive a picture of Rita in a smart sport outfit walking her dog. This is what the French call "finesse."

Her wholehearted willingness to co-operate with photographers and the press has paid unmistakable dividends. She has a scrapbook that bulges with 3800 separate stories, her photos have been reproduced more than 12,000 times, she was the face on six magazine covers in one month and 36 magazines have devoted entire pages to her wardrobe, her career and her beauty. When you consider that she has appeared in only four big pictures and has played (Continued on page 86)

Frame for Fame

GINGER ROGERS

as

KITTY FOYLE

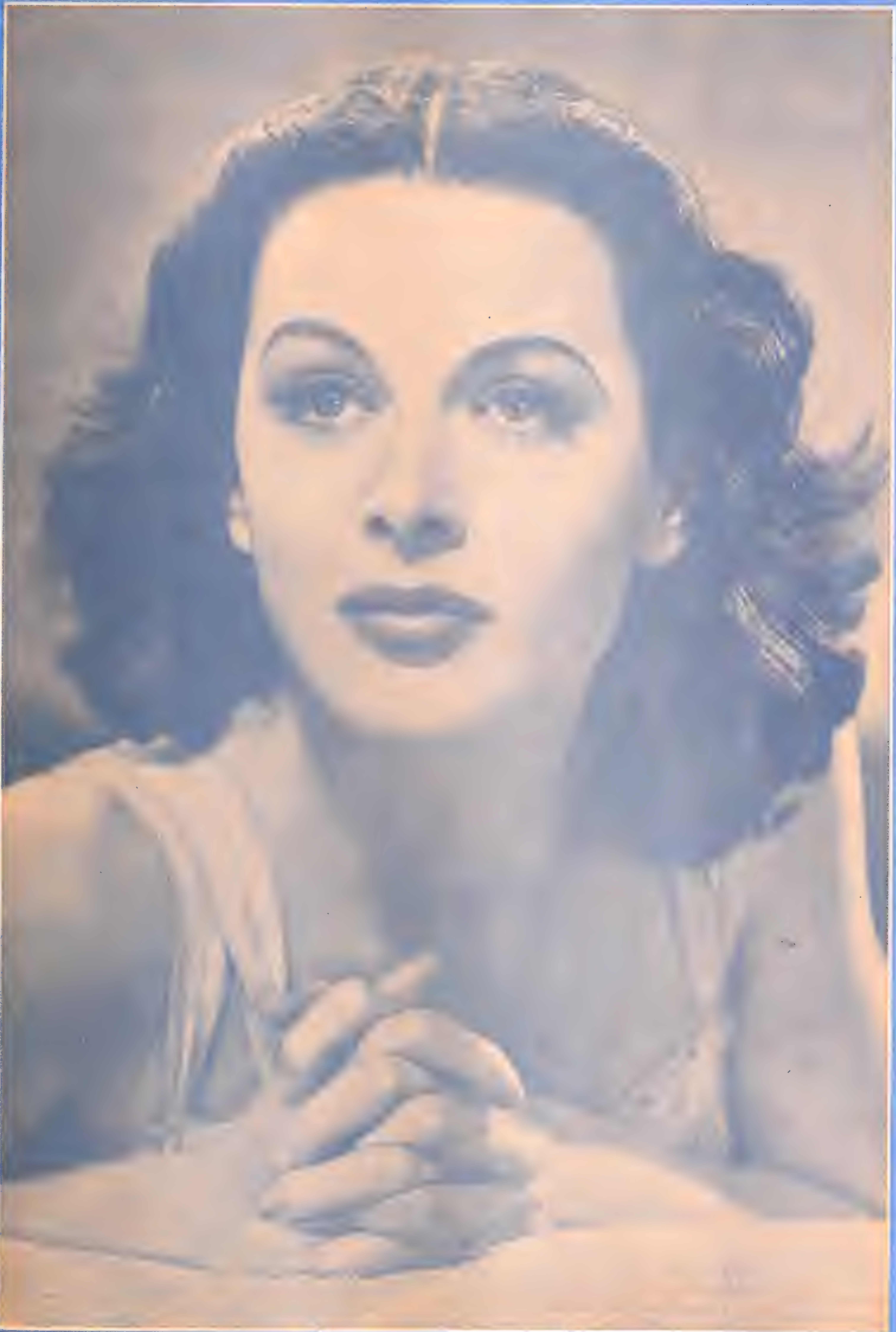
Another in our series of full-color star portraits, appearing exclusively in PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

Angie Rogers





Madeline Carroll



Hedy Lamarr

Styling by M. E. G. "Dorothy" and "Dorothy" W. H. H.



Tyrone Power

But Ruth Hussey, the girl from Rhode Island, believes success is not an accident but a plan

By

HELEN LOUISE
WALKER



ACT OF PROVIDENCE

RUTH HUSSEY gave a party not so long ago. Maybe that doesn't sound to you like a particularly breath-taking bit of news. But it was a breathless occasion for Ruth. It marked several milestones for her, some beginnings and some endings. They were thrilling and important milestones in her life and her career.

In the first place, it was her very first party of her own in Hollywood. The day before it happened she was suffering from far worse stage fright than she had for her first picture test, her first radio audition or her first tryout for a stage role—and she didn't mind saying so.

"It's a test of something, this party," she said. "You see, I know now that I want to be a part of Hollywood. I want the people to like me and I want to fit in. This party is so—important. I feel, somehow, that if I can pull this off, I can pull all the rest of my Plan off!

"The Plan? Oh—well, it's a sort of method of getting a perspective on myself. I have to draw up a campaign. Have to think about marriage and children and work and how to fit them together. It's taken me all these years to find out exactly what I want. Now that I know, I've got to figure out how to get it!"

Ruth, you see, is a New England gal who believes in the good old New England tradition of taking inventory at least once a year, knowing exactly how you stand and proceeding accordingly. Since most of her assets at this point seem to be contained within herself (and a very pretty package, too!) this bookkeeping involves a great deal of introspection.

She had a modest patrimony so she felt that she could take her time about thinking things out. She knew it would take time because she realized that by nature she was a vigorous

person who has always been torn between conflicting emotions and enthusiasms and ambitions.

Sometime during her teens, for instance, she was caught up in some sort of mental whirlwind which tossed her from school to school, from the beginning of an acting career (in preparatory school) to the beginning of a career in art (a year or so later). Then suddenly, without any warning, she took a degree as Bachelor of Philosophy, which sounds awfully impressive. But that only led to her studying diligently the arts of shorthand and typewriting. Right afterwards she began designing frocks in Providence, Rhode Island, and then, with the same lack of logic, came a job acting in a summer stock company in Michigan.

Right at this point, though, things began to jell. She got a job as fashion commentator on a radio show and contrived to (Continued on page 69)

1939-40

Alice
Faye

Robert
Taylor

George
Brent

Deanna
Durbin

Ty
Power

HOLLYWOOD BEWARE IN 1941!

HOLLYWOOD Beware! That is what I called my previous article which warned the stars of what would befall them during 1939 and for several years to come. Just for fun, before I draw aside the curtain to give you a glimpse into 1941, let's cut back to 1939 and see how many of the earlier warnings have come to pass.

I quote from *MOVIE MIRROR*, May, 1939:

Clark Gable: "For Clark Gable comes a change in home conditions."

At the time the article was written he was still married to Ria Gable. There followed the divorce and later on his marriage to Carole Lombard, of which I will tell you more when we come to the predictions for 1941.

Bette Davis: "Within the year Bette Davis will have a hectic love affair, but if she marries this man it will only mean a second divorce."

Her love affair with George Brent received world-wide publicity and did not end in marriage.

Tyrone Power: "For Tyrone there is an outstanding love affair which will probably end in marriage. He has already met the girl and there is much gossip about them . . . He will make a definite change in his home conditions if he has not already done so when you read this."

Tyrone's marriage to Annabella, which everyone, including Tyrone, insisted would not take place.

John Garfield: "John Garfield streaks across the cinema sky like a

comet and next year finds him among the top-ranking players . . . This acclaim will continue for four years, at which time, according to an abrupt slump in his fate line, his career hits a snag and his downfall will be as spectacular as his rise to fame."

He streaked across the sky all right. For a time everyone was Garfield-conscious, but unless he gives a remarkable performance in some picture soon it looks as though I had either been given the wrong age or slipped up on the time I allotted him for great popularity.

Robert Taylor: "Robert Taylor's period of unfortunate criticism is over. I believe that he will marry within two years."

Married Barbara Stanwyck and you



James
Stewart



Claudette
Colbert

— AND 1941



Cary
Grant



Shirley
Temple



Errol
Flynn



Myrna
Loy

The astrologer whose astounding 1939-40 predictions appeared in these pages offers startling warnings that every star and his admirer will want to read

BY
MATILDA TROTTER

all know how much speculation there was as to whether this marriage would come off.

Olivia de Havilland: "Olivia de Havilland will soon meet a man who sweeps her completely off her feet. When he comes into her life, the sensible Olivia will not pause to analyze or quibble as to the merits or the outcome of their love . . . She will be just as thrilled as any other young girl in love and will marry him and surprise everyone in Hollywood, including herself."

How about Jimmy Stewart? More about these two later.

Janet Gaynor: "Janet Gaynor will marry within two years. She has met the great love of her life, but if she marries him (Continued on page 72)



Hollywood: Jeffrey
Lynn, model romantic
lead at Warner Brothers

LIFE OF LYNN



Worcester, Mass.: A fire-side hero with his family. Left to right: Jeff, Mr. Lind, Mrs. Margaret Lind Benson and Judith

Light-light business: He requires Dana Dale to a white tie and tails premiere

BY
JOHN R.
FRANCHEY

It happens even in the best American families: A boy starts out to be President and ends up a movie idol. A "nothing sacred" story about Jeffrey Lynn

ASK Jeffrey Lynn how come he's the Warner Brothers' four-star meteor (male model) not to mention the object of general feminine sighing and swooning and he shrugs his shoulders. He might even ask you in that merry, crisp voice of his what you think of skirts cut on a bias, or, maybe, Chinese poetry.

He doesn't know.

He never toddled out at the age of 6 before a Sunday-school audience to recite Robert Louis Stevenson's "I Have A Little Shadow."

He never used to harass his family and neighbors by staging tent shows during his adolescence.

He emphatically was no parishioner of the Drama when he was a high-school man of affairs.

The plain truth is that he started out to be a lawyer and wound up a movie idol, in spite of himself.

By all odds Jeffrey Lynn—Ragnar Lind's his real name, although he doesn't like it—should have reached journey's end as a top-flight lawyer.

His background is in the great-lawyer tradition or perhaps that of a U. S. senator, but definitely not that of a cinema sensation.

He was born on a small farm in Auburn, Massachusetts, the second eldest in a brood of eight, the son of a Swedish immigrant who ended up in Massachusetts, found it fair, married a true New Englander and settled down to wrest a living from the soil.

The second-born of the Linds burgeoned into a bright-eyed lad who romped through the grades like nothing and was ready for high school at 13.

"It was quite a ritual," he'll tell you today, "this business of enrolling for higher education. I had never been to Worcester, the county seat, and my older brother was commissioned to go along to see that no ill befell me. The metropolis was dazzling. I used to lie awake nights thinking of it."

Every morning he walked a couple

of miles—books and lunch under his arm—to the streetcar which whizzed him into Worcester. It took four hours out of every day, this commuting, but Master Jeffrey didn't mind it. As he walked home afternoons he doped it all out. He'd make a distinguished lawyer out of himself. Then he'd annex the Presidency.

He was ready for college at 16. There was a quiet powwow between his parents. Lind père had an affection for Harvard. Mrs. Lind scotched that entry in short order. Hadn't she read in the papers that Harvard boys were hellions?

It was finally decided that young Jeffrey would go to Bates College pending the arrival of an A.B. degree. After that, once he had reached maturity, he could go on to Harvard and enter the law school.

He remembers his first descent on his alma mater with more than nostalgia. That September morning when he arrived at Lewiston, Maine, the trees were (Continued on page 81)

Dancing School

Conducted by HOWARD SHARPE

You supply the partner and we do the rest—
i.e., give you some simplified, easy direc-
tions for the Rhumba. Desi Arnaz and
Lucille Ball get you into the swing of things

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Basic step: Count 1—Boy
steps left on left foot.
Girl steps right on right

If you've ever seen the Dance of the Seven Veils done by a side-show Fatima or by a Maharajah's houri, you'll remember one thing especially: The feet didn't move very much at all. It was what the girl did with the rest of her that made it a dance.

Bearing that in mind—with, of course, proper modifications for a public American dance floor—mix it with a variation of the old waltz step, serve with a Latin-American inflection—and you have the Rhumba. Or rather, you have the *Son*.

"The *Sohn*," Desi Arnaz pronounced it that afternoon when we took the pictures

We had asked him if he would pose for Rhumba illustrations with Lucille Ball, and he'd said he would be delighted. But the extremely lively routine he embarked upon looked anything but familiar. When we demurred, Desi laughed. "Oh,

you mean the way the Americans do it! That's the *Sohn*."

So all right, here's how you do the *Son*. It may not be the Cuban Rhumba, but if you tried the McCoy in public the way Desi did it, you'd summarily be given treat-

ment for St. Vitus dance, if not something worse.

To do the *Son*, alias the *Rhumba de Los Estados Unidos*:

Play a record of "The Peanut Vendor," because it's the greatest Rhumba ever written. Stand in starting position and wait until you hear the rhythm of the music.

It goes BOOM, two, three, four—BOOM, two, three, four.

Only the first three counts are actually walking steps. The fourth is a pause in which the free foot is brought up to the foot holding the weight—simply brought up, without stepping on it. On the Pause, or "at ease" beat, if you are pausing on your right foot, you simultaneously give a little shrug with your right shoulder. When it's the left foot, it's the left shoulder.

No matter what you do—whether you pause for a few beats or whirl or do

variations—you must always hear those three counts and the pause that is for your "at ease" movement and shoulder shrug. Count under your breath, if you have to.

(In interpreting the accompanying ground plan for

If you're the boy, Desi says:

Do—

Relax your knees. You dance with your shoulders, torso, hips and knees—especially when you rhumba. Keep your heels on the floor. Hold your left hand high, even if it looks affected. Keep your girl at arm's length.

Don't—

Slump. No matter how relaxed you get, your posture nevertheless is "At Attention."

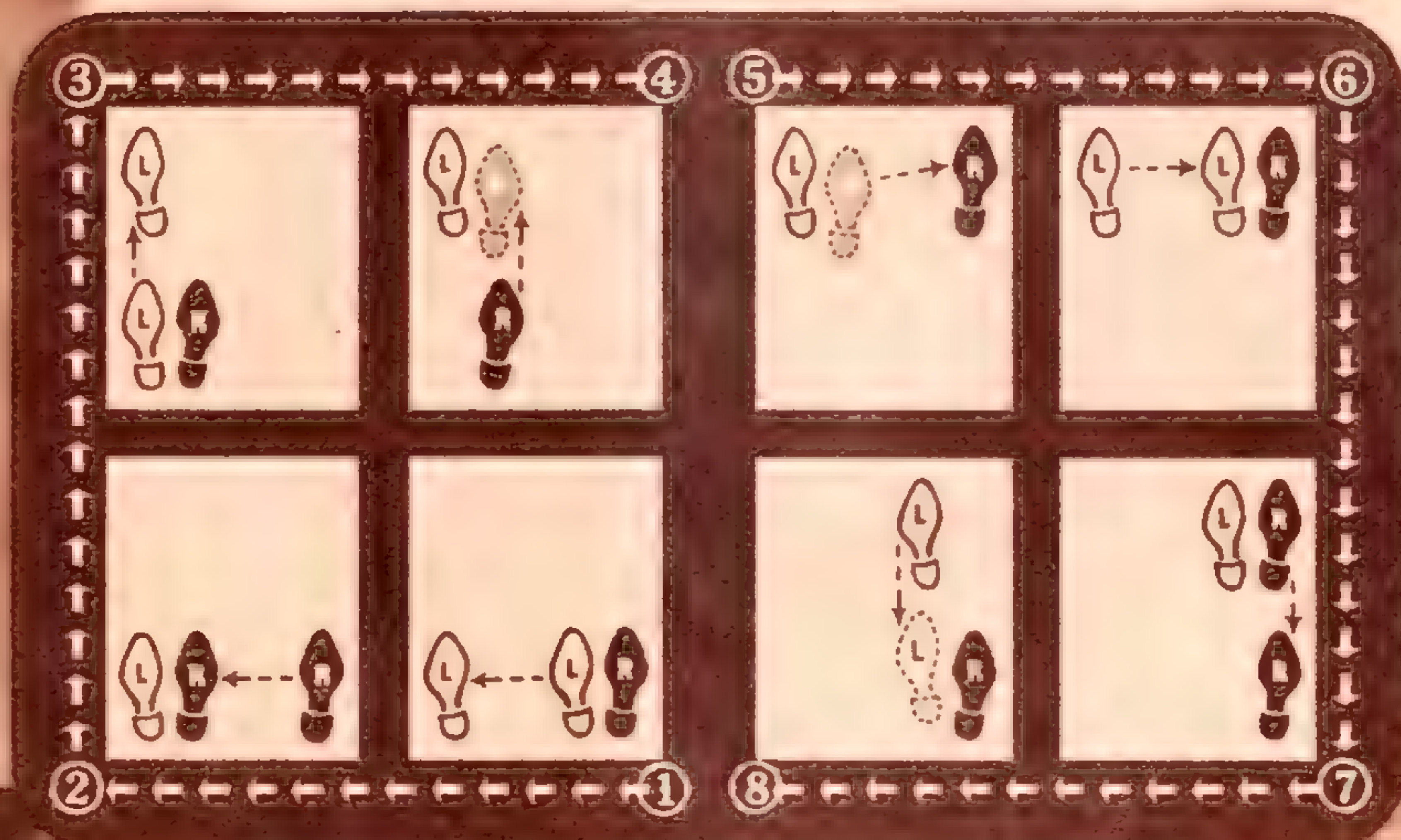
Don't dead-pan. The Rhumba isn't a funeral march—it's supposed to be fun.

Don't mince your steps, or dance stiff-legged.

Don't for one minute forget the Rhumba beat: Boom, two, three, four.



For the basic step of the *Rhumba*



Boy begins here

Above is the ground plan of the Rhumba, as described in the text and pictured here. Girl does the opposite of the boy



Count 2: Boy brings right foot to left, placing weight on right. Girl does opposite

Count 3: Boy steps forward with left foot; girl steps backward with right

the feet, note the outline of the square is the true waltz pattern, not the two-step waltz.)

Count 1—Boy steps left on left foot.

Count 2—Brings right foot to left, placing weight on right.

Count 3—Steps forward with left foot.

Count 4—Brings right foot up to left *without* placing weight on right. This is the pause, or "at ease" step.

Count 5—Boy steps right on right foot.

Count 6—Brings left foot to right, placing weight on left.

Count 7—Steps back with right foot.

Count 8—Brings left foot back to right *without* placing weight on left.

The girl does just the opposite. In other words, she substitutes right for left and left for right, back for front and front for back.

The body position for both the girl and the boy during this step—and, in fact, throughout the Rhumba—is as follows: The legs, which carry the characteristic movement of the dance, are relaxed *below* the hips. (Smooth

Rhumba dancers do not throw their hips around. The hip movement is a secondary movement only, resulting from the action of the knees.) The knees, relaxed to a slightly bent position and held close together, operate in

a sort of rotary motion, following the steps taken by the feet. The feet move close to the floor, virtually flat-footed, *and the steps taken are very short*, allowing just room enough to bring up the other foot to the spot vacated by the preceding foot. The top of the body is bent slightly forward from the waist, shoulders back, chest high, stomach drawn in, hips thrown forward so that there is no protrusion from the rear. Balance is maintained by the slightly bent knees.

The boy leads by placing his hand on left side of the girl's back, above waist. His left arm breaks at the

elbow to carry the hand almost directly up and in front of his left shoulder. The girl matches her right arm to his left. For her left arm, here's a little trick of which Lucille might have taken advantage. If the girl, instead of

If you're the girl, Lucille says:

Do—

Let yourself go. Flirt with shoulders, hips and eyes. Keep your mind on what you're doing. Since you're at arm's length from your partner, the lead is not so strong as it usually is.

Wear clothes that swirl attractively.

The Rhumba is a teasing, heavy-lidded, come-hither-but-not-too-far dance. Remember this while you're dancing.

Don't—

Collapse on your partner. Keep your distance. Don't dance with your feet far apart. They must be together.

Never swing your feet or legs.

Don't give up if at first you don't get the step. Keep counting and suddenly you will find yourself doing it. That's what happened to me—and I'm still surprised!

High lights of special routine described in text: The boy rhumbas in place and the girl dances in a circle around him, passing to her left

II



The circle she makes (left) is very wide. The boy holds her right hand with his right as she passes around him until ...

I



... they reach this position (right). Then he puts left hand back to catch her right. Thus they finish rest of the circle

Directly below: As they look at the three-quarter point

III



IV



letting her hand lie aimlessly on her partner's right shoulder, will place it squarely in the hollow just in front of the boy's right shoulder, she'll give him a far better brace with which to lead her. *It must be remembered that in the Rhumba you do not dance close together.* The top of the girl's body must offer a definite, though mild, resistance to her partner. Through that resistance he puts her through the paces like a marionette. As Lucille says, "Stand up and keep your distance." We might add, "And make him keep his." It's that subtle push between the two which adds to the provocativeness of the dance.

So there you have the basic step. If you want variety, do not sidestep, but continue forward (girl going backward), allowing feet to pass one another. This is called the running step. If you want to turn, simply follow around as you would in an ordinary fox-trot step, always remembering that on the fourth beat you must pause

If you never do any more than just this, you will be doing the Rhumba.

The "kick out": On the fourth count, the boy kicks out with his right, the girl with her left, giving a very small hop at the same time on the other foot



But we kept Desi and Lucille in RKO's hot still gallery for another hour that afternoon, working out a simple but awfully impressive-looking routine that any good dancer can learn. Here it is, step by step:

A. Desi has started turning to his left, backward, with Lucille following him, doing the running step 1-2-3-pause, etc. He has executed about 16 counts and is about to come out of it.

B. On the fourth pause count they are standing side by side at a slight distance from each other, holding hands.

C. While (Continued on page 93)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Girl who's making a name for herself: Constance Moore of Paramount's new "I Wanted Wings"

Engstead Higgins

Romance of the Rio Grande



Intrigue: The Cisco Kid makes love to the beautiful Rosita (Pat Morison)

EVENING was coming to the Arizona hills. The descending sun, in a last desperate fight against darkness, filled the skies with dazzling reds and golds and purples, forcing the scrub cedar, whose fragrance filled the freshening air, to cast swollen shadows on the high slopes.

In a canyon above the stagecoach road, a canyon so hidden that only one who knew of its existence could find it, two riders halted their horses, dismounted and threw themselves gratefully onto the springy cedar needles, stretching to relieve muscles cramped by long hours in the saddle. They were unlike in every respect; one was long and lean and bronzed, his brown eyes which could in turn be as tender as a saint's or as smiling and fearless as a devil's hinting at the blood of Spanish conquistadors which ran in his veins. His eyes were laughing now as he watched the antics of his shorter companion.

"What do you do, Gordito *mio*?" he asked. "You are a baby, that you leap about to catch the lizard?"

Gordito held up a small wriggling pink creature. "See?" he exclaimed in delight. "Now we have the luck. Mama Lopez she tell me, 'Catch the pink lizard and you have the luck.'"

The Cisco Kid, he galloped in
To steal two hearts and right a wrong.

The Cisco Kid, he rode away
And left a caballero's song

THE CAST

Cisco Kid.....	Cesar Romero
Rosita.....	Patricia Morison
Maria.....	Lynne Roberts
Ricardo.....	Ricardo Cortez
Gordito.....	Chris-Pin Martin
Carlos Hernandez.....	Joseph McDonald
Don Fernando.....	Pedro de Cordoba
Mama Lopez.....	Inez Palange
Carver.....	Raphael Bennett
Manuel.....	Trevor Bardette

Fiction version by
Lee Pennington

Story version of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Romance of the Rio Grande." Screen play by Harold Buchman and Samuel G. Engel. Based on the novel "Conquistador" by Katherine Fullerton Gerould. Copyright 1940 by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation



Enchantment: He meets the gentle Maria (Lynne Roberts)

"So," the tall one teased, "a minute—two minutes—ago we are the Cisco Kid and Gordito, with marshals and sheriffs on our trail. Now you have caught the pink lizard and—pronto—we are grandes señores with many pesos, good wine to drink and beautiful señoritas to love us. Better you let the lizard go, Gordito, before we spend the pesos, drink up the wine and the señoritas find other hombres to love."

He was interrupted by the sound of a shot, then another and another, until the air was filled with thunder. Wordless, because words were not needed between them, the two men sprang into their saddles and dashed down the mountain trail. Where the road curved around the foot of Razorback Mountain they came upon the stagecoach now nearly at the end of its daily run between the small settlements which marked the beginning and the end of the great plains. It was swaying dangerously behind the horses which, riderless, were frantically racing to destruction. With their own steeds at a gallop, the Cisco Kid and Gordito caught the frightened creatures and brought the coach to a stop. Two motionless figures were the only occupants.

"This one, this driver, he is dead," the Cisco Kid indicated the first figure. "What about the other one, Gordito? Turn him over."

Gordito did as he was told, then, at sight of the face he had revealed, he stepped back in fear. "Madre Dios," he muttered, crossing himself.

"What's-a matter you?" the Cisco Kid asked. "You afraid of dead man?"

"This man—he is no dead, Cisco," Gordito stammered. "This man—he is —you!"

"You crazy, Gordito?" Cisco demanded. "That man is not me. I am me!" He bent down to look at the man, then said in awe, "Dios, Gordito, you are right!" Line for line the face of the unconscious man and the face of the Cisco Kid were identical. Cisco studied the replica of his own features for a moment, then he snapped, "What you wait for, Gordito? Get him on your horse."

Gordito hung back. "Leave him here, Cisco," he implored. "This man who look so much like you make Gordito afraid."

Cisco shook his head. "I can't leave him to die," he explained. "He look so much like me that if he die, I die too, inside. We take him to Mama Lopez. The rest," he indicated the

coach with its dead driver and the now subdued horses, "we leave for the sheriff. Since the bandits have got away, sheriff will say the Cisco Kid is the robber—so why should we help him?"

MILES away across the plateau, evening found the Rancho Santa Margarita, the hacienda of Don Fernando Davega, in a fever of activity. Soft-eyed, swift-footed servants sped from room to room, making everything ready to do honor to the guests who were expected. In the kitchens a giant feast was in preparation; many bottles of wine lay cooling in the wine cellars and from the patio came the soft pulsating music of guitars. It was to be a gala night, for it would see the arrival of Don Carlos Hernandez to the home of his ancestors and the traveler was awaited eagerly by Don Fernando, the grandfather he had never seen.

Don Fernando observed critically the scene about him. Everything was as it should be and he sighed with contentment. He was an old man, Don Fernando, though he carried his years with distinction and it was good to know that he would soon turn the affairs of the rancho over to his

grandson. He had been troubled about the rancho lately; raids against his cattle, his vaqueros in danger of their lives from the thieves—such things might bring ruin, though the Davega fortunes still were vast. He was troubled about his nephew, Ricardo, too; Ricardo had hinted more than once that the old man was growing soft, that Ricardo himself should take over the management of the rancho, that he should even take the law into his own hands and track down the Cisco Kid who, Ricardo believed, was the thief of their cattle. Yes, it would be good to leave everything in Don Carlos' hands, the old man thought. He might even live to see the day when Carlos and Rosita, Don Fernando's ward, would marry and raise children. He sighed again as he thought of Rosita. If only she were more like Maria, his gentle little goddaughter who had made her home on the rancho since her father, Don Fernando's old friend, had died. Rosita, he told himself, was too bold, her eyes too full of invitation, and he did not like the sly, significant glances she so frequently exchanged with Ricardo. Well, marriage would stop all that. . . .

Even as he thought about them Rosita and Ricardo were whispering together in a dark corner of the patio.

"Are you sure everything will be all right?" the girl asked anxiously.

"Quite sure," Ricardo replied. His voice was soft, assured, but it held overtones of desire, desire for this tantalizing girl who stood so close to him but who, when he would have drawn her into his arms, eluded him.

"What is it, Rosita?" he demanded. "You are so changed. Not once today have I felt your arms about me, your lips on mine."

"You're imagining things, Ricardo," she answered lightly. "It's only that I'm worried. Suppose something should go wrong?"

"Nothing can go wrong, my dear one. An hour ago Manuel rode away from the rancho. By now he has joined Carver where the stagecoach road curves at the foot of Razorback

"Tomorrow Don Carlos will be dead," said Ricardo, "and the rancho and you, my Rosita, will belong to me!"

Mountain and where the good saints have placed a clump of trees behind which they may conceal themselves. And in an hour—all our worries will be over, my Rosita." His arms reached hungrily for her again, and this time she did not elude them.

To the tiny Cantina Lopez tucked away in the mountains the Cisco Kid and Gordito brought the wounded man. Fat, kindly Mama Lopez put him to bed and made him as comfortable as she could. "Ver' sick," she answered Cisco's inquiry. "Maybe not wake up for two—three days—maybe not at all."

Cisco scarcely heard her. He was examining the stranger's bags which he had brought with him from the stage coach. "Eh, Gordito," he said, "this man who look like Cisco is important hombre—with much gold and silver. Look," flinging a handful of coins onto the table. "And he have papers," Cisco waved them in the air, "which say he is Don Carlos Hernandez, grandson of Don Fernando Da-

vega. Don Carlos' mama was Don Fernando's daughter. She marry Señor Hernandez and live in Spain and Don Fernando never forgive her. But now she is dead and he is sorry, so he have sent for this man, his grandson."

"All this you get from the papers?" Gordito asked. Cisco nodded. "Then, please, we take him away from here," Gordito urged. "To have his grandson here make Don Fernando very angry—make us much trouble. We take him away," he repeated, "but first we take his gold and silver, no?"

"No!" Cisco was emphatic. "Gordito, you are fool. This money is nothing. But Don Fernando have much money—and his grandson will have much money, too. No, we not take Don Carlos away. We leave him here, safe with Mama Lopez. And we go away. To Don Fernando. And Cisco, with these papers, will be Don Fernando's

grandson!"

That was the beginning of new adventures for the Cisco Kid. Dressed in Don Carlos' clothes, carrying Don Carlos' papers, he went to Don Fernando's rancho, the Rancho Santa Margarita, followed by the dubious but faithful Gordito. Don Fernando, dazed by the report that his long-awaited grandson had been killed in the holdup, was overjoyed at beholding him and accepted his masquerade without question.

PROUDLY the old man introduced his supposed grandson to the other members of his household and Cisco, whose adventurous life had given him the power to judge men—and women—at sight, took the measure of each one. Rosita, with her flashing eyes and midnight hair, was tantalizing; with a little finesse she might be a conquest. Ricardo—that one was not to be trusted. He was obviously infatuated with Rosita, but more than jealousy for her favors would make him Cisco's enemy. Then there was Maria. Sweet and gentle on the outside but slumbering fires within. A man, Cisco mused, would find it easy to love Maria (Continued on page 77)



February Fashion Fiesta

BY GWENN WALTERS

Glamour starlet Linda Darnell of 20th Century-Fox's "Chad Hanna" chooses some exciting clothes for girls under twenty. Her rule is: "Choose flattering colors, include contrast styles and, above all, don't try for too much sophistication." She starts off with a top-coat of amber-colored tweed plaided in brown and bright blue. Designed reefer style in the front, it has a swinging bias-cut back that is held in by a half-belt, and bias-cut pockets to match. Linda wears it over a blue angora wool frock. Her hat and accessories are brown





Linda proves a point: A contrast between a softly feminine evening effect and daytime casual classics is achieved by this natural kasha sport frock. The dress has a bloused top and box pleats at the front and back of the skirt. There are two flap pockets and a detachable brown and white silk shirt.

If it's a "don't dress" date, Linda suggests this gay young frock of pomegranate red crepe that's good for teas and luncheons, too. Tiny ruffles edge the shaped neckline and the shirred pockets. Linda adds a coronet of shaded red flowers set on a skullcap of red straw. Fashion addenda are brown accessories and an ultra-ultra baum marten scarf



A full-length photograph of a woman with dark hair, smiling, wearing a long, flowing, pale pink damask taffeta dress. The dress has a heart-shaped neckline that rolls forward in a cuff effect. She is standing next to a dark, upholstered chair. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Lush contrast for dark beauty is this pale pink damask taffeta. The lines of the dress are extremely simple because of the richness of the fabric, but note the heart-shaped neckline that rolls forward in a cuff effect. All the clothes pictured here from Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Destined to make a man propose is this white tulle with its silver trim. The long bodice scalloped in silver joins a bouffant skirt spotted with an embroidered and paillette-studded spray of silver grapes. The taffeta slip beneath the dress subtly whispers the right things



Answer to a Gentleman's prayer

We quiz the gentlemen this month and find out what it is about women's clothes that bothers them most. Here are the complaints—and the quick cures!



SAYS ROBERT STACK:

1. When I take a girl on an outdoor date, I hate to see her all bundled up like a shapeless sack.
2. The thing that makes me mad is to be turned into a pet retriever—to be with a girl who's always dropping her gloves, or losing one, and then moaning about it all evening.
3. When I take a girl dancing, I like to have her look sort of soft and pretty—thumbs down on that sleek sophisticated stuff.

Our Cures:

1. A lamb's wool coat, perfect for outdoor sports. Keeps its shape and you keep yours. Get it in white with bands of red and green.
2. A special clasp that snaps your gloves onto pocketbook or belt.
3. ?

SAYS JEFFREY LYNN:

1. I wish women wouldn't get all toggled up before they know where they're going. I hate to have a girl look overdressed.
2. There's a nice blight on the evening for me if I see wisps of hair steeling down a woman's neck.
3. Instead of those tailored coveralls that some women go for, I like a girl to wear an evening dress that shows her shoulders a bit.

Our Cures:

1. A silk velvet suit, perhaps in bright red, perfectly tailored. It goes anywhere with calm assurance.
2. A lace mantilla, pinned at the back of your curls and hanging seductively down over the wisps.
3. Out of sight, out of mind.



SAYS JOHN CARROLL:

1. I don't like those silly hats—que shapes with whatnots on them.
2. When I take a girl out and the weather turns bad I hate to have her ruin the fun by worrying about what she has on.
3. When we go dancing, I like the girl to wear a graceful dress that swirls around the floor.

Our Cures:

1. A turban with fringed ends. When you're playing solitaire, you can wind it exotically with the fringed ends forming a side drape; when you're two-ing you can tuck in the blood pressure down.
2. A light beige corduroy coat, lined with warm wool. You can be two clichés at once in this: Light as a feather, warm as toast.
3. ?

Fashion Quiz

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



You may have noticed we no answer to question 3. reason is that we found dress that answered the clective prayers. It is worn Judy Garland in "Little Nellie Kelly." In case you'd like to be mobbed on the dance floor, we give you directions for making it on page 84

He is Ray Milland, most unpredictable man in Hollywood. He works for Paramount in "I Wanted Wings," sails boats and makes furniture on his day off. He is the father of 10-months-old Daniel David, the husband of Mal, a "swell person." He defines ideal wives as "good wives" and, what's more, believes the world is full of them



The Girl who learned

An invaluable manual on style offered by one of Hollywood's best-dressed women, Carole Lombard. Follow it and you'll wear clothes that will turn people's heads

BY JERRY LANE



CAROLE LOMBARD was on her knees shaving Robert Montgomery. Doing it expertly in devastating black satin pajamas with white coin dots, neatly topped with a black velvet robe.

She was talking about their marriage. Bob didn't talk at all—not with that razor slithering around so close to his throat! Then Director Alfred Hitchcock called "Cut"—and another scene for "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" was in the bag.

Now this film marks a special event for Lombard: It is the first time in three years that she has worn modern clothes in a picture. The cameraman nearly fainted when Hitchcock told him they would not need to make the customary dress tests. "Miss Lombard," explained the director, "knows clothes too well. She is one of the most skillfully dressed women in the world."

He didn't, of course, know the story of Carole and her clothes (r)evolution.

He had never heard the story of The Hat.

"It was that hat which taught me my first big lesson," said Carole. "I

Five years ago (below): Exaggerated splendor. Today the Lombard clothes credo is simplicity



"You have to be casual and easy in clothes to have them look well," says Lombard. "A few years ago (right) I was too formal in my outfits"

how to dress

thought it was such a *beautiful* hat."

She was Jane Peters then, just starting out on her career, and for weeks she had saved and skimped to buy a particular hat. Very carefully she brought it home and tried it on. Then came the climax: Away from the store it was so obviously the wrong hat. That was when Lombard learned Lesson Number One. You save and work for your clothes, but the real trick is to make *them* work for you. It's up to them to point up your personality, emphasize your coloring, high-light your best features. The job of a wardrobe is to help you to success.

The dress campaign Jane Peters began that day was a big item in making the star Carole Lombard. It's a campaign that every woman can plan for herself. Said Jane to Carole. "You're going to study colors and lines, my girl. You're going to experiment like mad." Because even if you're born with a flair for clothes, there are certain things you can learn only through experimenting.

Jane Peters, for instance, wore bright colors. Carole Lombard does not. She wears subtle off-tones in-

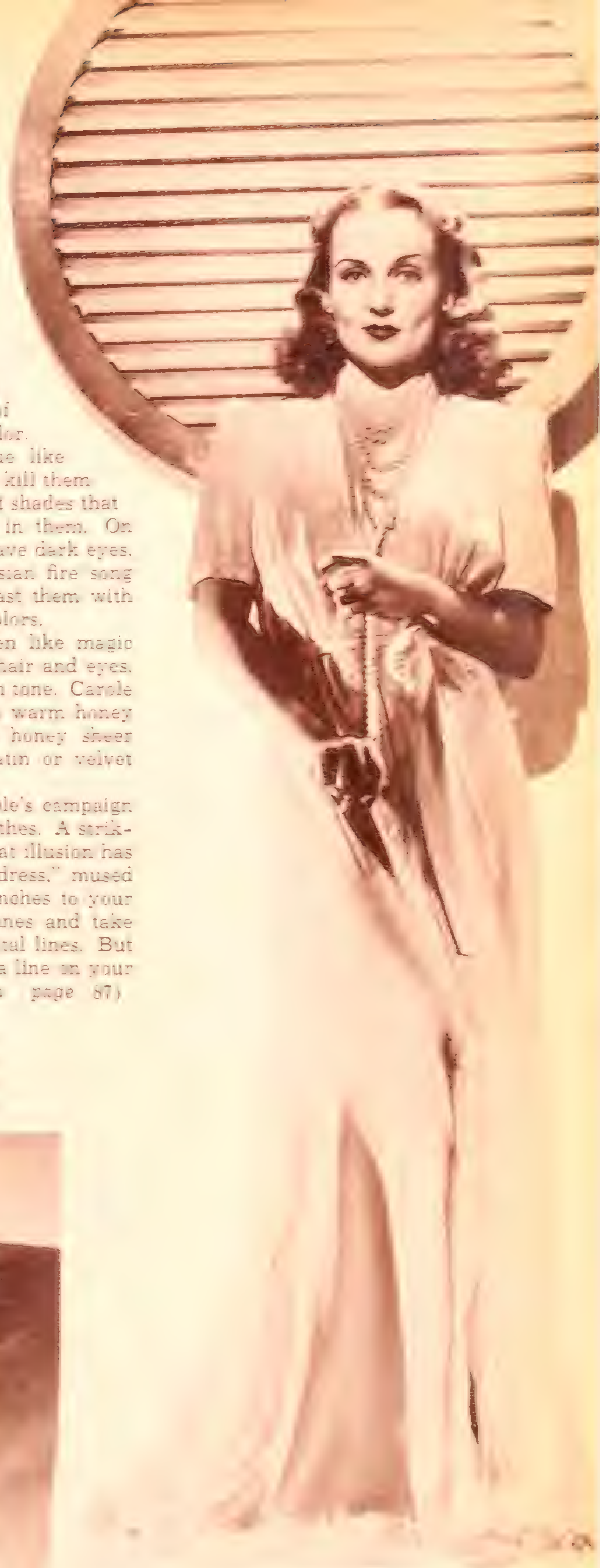
stead. Blue-grays, wine, Rembrandt green, coral, lots of black and white. She has discovered the secret of dressing the face, of dramatizing it with color.

If your eyes are blue like hers, for example, never kill them with high color. Use soft shades that will make pastel lights in them. On the other hand, if you have dark eyes, just remember the Russian fire song of that name and contrast them with brilliant colors, flame colors.

If you want to deepen like magic the shade of both your hair and eyes, wear a dress in your skin tone. Carole does that. Her skin is a warm honey tone. Often she wears honey sheer wools by day, honey satin or velvet by night.

The next step in Carole's campaign was getting a line on clothes. A striking line. "I found out that illusion has a lot to do with smart dress," mused Carole. "You can add inches to your height with sweeping lines and take them away with horizontal lines. But the main thing is to get a line on your outfit (Continued on page 87)

Black slipper satin is Mrs. Gable's choice for evening, with no vivid color contrasts, since that destroys the subtlety for a blonde. Distinction comes from an artfully draped black lace shawl



Further accent on simplicity: A coral hostess gown, untrimmed except for a hand-embroidered scroll. She gives it a fillip with heavy pearls



CUTIE-PUSS

When a girl wants something badly, she'd give the coat off her back to get it. Bunny did—literally

BY

ALBERT TREYNOR

THE Story So Far: She'd amazed the world at 8 as the child prodigy of Hollywood; she'd sailed through ten years of success and public adulation; and she ended up at 18 with no job, an "old" child star with nowhere to go. It would have broken any other girl, but Bunny Stanwood was not the type who gave in easily. That was why she'd determined to have a life of her own and thus had sent her stand-in, Natalie Irwin, in her place to a girls' school in the East in which her family had enrolled her.

She herself—unknown to her mother and father, of course—had gone East, too, to Broadway, to find herself a job. She'd had little success at that, until she'd met Johnny Morrison and Gilbert Gilroy, two young playwrights and, as plain Joan Brown, had gotten herself the leading part in their play by offering to be their "angel."

But she hadn't been able to turn the trick. Her desperate wire for \$5,000 to her father, sent through Natalie at school, had brought back nothing but an admonishing letter. She hated to face Johnny, for the cast of "High Olympus" was even then rehearsing in McIntyre's unused theater in a little Massachusetts town. But he had to know that there was no money forthcoming, even at the expense of her

own role in the play. And that was just what happened. When Bunny broke the news, she was out—her role was taken from her and her rival, Cissy Bolingsbroke, stepped into the lead.

Bunny was happy, though, to play a small role in Johnny's play, especially when that meant that Johnny himself took time off from his extra job washing cars to coach her. What was better yet—the play was still to go on. A group of old-time vaudeville actors, old friends of Mac's, rallied around and produced their lifetime savings to help him out of his pinch. The only trick was that parts would have to be written into the play for them—and Johnny and Gil shook their heads in despair at the thought.

It was then that Bunny took a hand. "If I were you and Gil," she said to Johnny, "I'd boil the play down to fifteen minutes and let Mac go hog-wild with the rest of the show!"

Johnny was soaking the mud off an automobile with a hose. He simply turned and, half in fun, half seriously, let Bunny have it full in the face.

Then—she didn't know how it happened, nor did he—they were in each other's arms and Johnny was croon-

ing over her, "Cutie-Puss, you little idiot, you little darling."

When she got back to the theater she was walking on air, Johnny had held her in his arms . . . would have kissed her if Gil hadn't come in right then. She hurried down to her dressing room, lighted the light. Then she stepped back abruptly. Somebody was rolled up in draperies, sleeping on Bunny's mattress.

It was a girl—a golden head. Bunny stared for an instant and then let out a couple of frozen sounds. "Nat! What the—Natalie Irwin!"

NOW Go On With The Story: The head of nuggetlike curls came up from the pillow and a pair of disapproving blue eyes blinked back at Bunny. "Well—if you call this being discovered by pictures—"

"What do you want?" Bunny gasped. "What are you doing here? Why aren't you in school?"

"I got kicked out of school." Natalie looked a little sullen about it, a little defiant. "They've wired your parents to take the brat home!"

Bunny had dropped in a lump on the mattress. "But—but Nat—how could you—when everything was so beautiful?"

"Beautiful?" Nat gaped around the cellar dressing room, at the cracked

Bunny rose from her seat and gave a wild glance at the microphone. She didn't dare wait—she had to do it right now

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK DOBIAS



mirror, the rust-stained basin, the scrofulous walls.

"Dad—he'll find out about everything now! And he'll—and Mother, she'll—Oh, Nat, how could you?"

Nat seemed to think Bunny was making a lot of fuss over nothing. "I guess maybe I got too fresh with the dean, or whatever they call that bossy dame. So I beat it and saw New York for a couple of days, and then—well, here I am!"

Bunny stumbled from her mattress, twisting her hands, pacing the floor. "Just when I was getting somewhere—and—and Johnny—" She caught herself, turned wildly on Nat. "Nobody's going to

stop me! Not you, or Dad, or Mother."

"Stop you what?" asked Nat.

"Come on!" said Bunny. "Get up! Get out of that!"

"But, Bunny—"

"Don't you call me that! I'm Joan—see? And you're my cousin—see?"

"Yes, but—"

"Get dressed, will you? I want to lie to Johnny about you and get it over with!"

"Ho!" said Nat, and looked askance at the strange little water-soaked figure that had come down from ermine to overalls. "So there's a Johnny, is there?"

Bunny smiled dreamily. Then she turned into a minor whirlwind. "Get 'em on!" She snatched up a handful of silken underthings, threw them at Nat and hauled her out of the covers.

Johnny wasn't at the parking lot—

maybe he was at the lunch wagon at the railroad station. She peeked in at the lunch counter, saw no one and then turned back down the station platform.

The place was deserted. There was a bundle of newspapers that evidently had been kicked off one of the owl trains from New York. As Bunny walked under the lighted shed, she glanced idly at the bale of newsprint—and stopped dead in her tracks.

It was smeared across the front page of a roped-up paper in the blackest of type—her own name. It whammed her between the eyes: Bunny Stanwood Disappears.

Bunny went limp. She dropped to her knees and tore the top newspaper out of the bundle. In a panic her eyes leaped down the double-ledged column. She (*Continued on page 66*)



Why the



Perfect Wife's Marriage Failed

These are the things Myrna Loy might have told you about her breakup with Arthur Hornblow Jr. They are things that make you wonder if romance is, after all, the right basis for marriage

BY ELIZABETH OWENS

WHEN it was announced a few weeks ago that Myrna Loy was to go to court and file her action for divorce against Arthur Hornblow Jr., even Hollywood, bitterly accustomed to separations and partings, was hurt in its secret heart. The marriages of Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr, Carole Landis—this year's crop of swift unions and swift dissolves—were all obviously madcap from start to fierce finish. Hollywood positively hoped that the Norma Shearer-George Raft romance would not last—and it didn't. Everybody knew, almost from the moment of the wedding, that Crawford and Tone would eventually part. But Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow Jr.! That was really a marriage, not just a flaming romance that had been solemnized with a ceremony.

Myrna announced that she would get the divorce because of incompatibility of temperament.

She let it go at that and, perforce, Hollywood had to let it go at that, too, for incompatibility is the cause of every divorce, if you want to put a fine point on it, and constitutes legal grounds in the state of California.

There were, however, a lot of things that Myrna might have told if she were not the kind of person she is. They were things that would have stirred people's hearts with tender sympathy. They were the things that make you wonder, sometimes, if romance is the right basis for marriage after all; that make you consider if perhaps it isn't smarter to base a marriage on practical reasons and to more or less count love out of it.

For Myrna could have told a story of a woman's love, if she had been willing to.

She could, for instance, have started back on the exciting, sun-drenched, exquisite day four years ago when she and Arthur Hornblow were wed. She could have told how they were so giddy and happy about the whole event that they completely

forgot about ordering her a bouquet.

They had gone just across the Mexican border to Tia Juana for the ceremony and in the moment before the binding words were to be read by a sleepy Mexican justice, Arthur climbed over the fence into a field of wild flowers they saw growing there and gathered Myrna a colorful bunch of them.

The gesture delighted Myrna. That wild, sweetly foolish bouquet was like a symbol of the marriage she wanted for herself and Arthur. She wanted their entire life together to be like that, uncalculated, never stuffy, always charming.

THE start of their romance had not been too happy. Arthur had been married then, married to Julie Hornblow, though long estranged from her. Juliette Crosby Hornblow had been an actress, too.

Myrna could have told that Arthur wasn't the first man she had loved, but that he was so surely, so wonderfully, the first man she had wanted to marry and to live with forever after. Almost from the moment of their introduction, she was in love with him, stimulated by his colorful intelligence, fascinated by his ambitions, touched by his loneliness. She wavered, in fact, between ecstasy and anguish for a couple of years, the ecstasy of her love and the anguished fear that he might never attain his freedom.

So it was not alone because of her love but also because he had already known one marriage, and that an unhappy one, that made her determine on that day in Mexico, when he was finally free and they were able to wed, that she would be a perfect wife. She would create a perfect marriage. She and Arthur, she swore, would be no average man and wife. They would be sweethearts forever, playmates and

partners in love forever. Theirs would be a romance that would never be allowed to die.

That, of course, would have been a wonderful start on Myrna Loy's love story. She could have made the story most thrilling if she had gone into how she and Arthur built their dream of a house. Its setting was a hollow hidden in the hills, an untamed spot that Myrna had discovered when she first arrived from Billings, Montana, and which she had loved ever since. The house they built was a white, rambling country affair. They put plain wire fences around it and surrounded themselves not with swimming pools and tennis courts and such show-off things but with the permanent natural things, fruit trees and massed flowers and tangled wild-woods where birds could safely sing.

It would have been sweet to have heard, too, about their first three years when they lived in that honeymoon house. They were rich, of course, rich with their combined salaries, rich in friendships, rich enough in every way to go in for a lot of things which are definitely chichi, but which are equally colorful and fun; wines at the right room temperature, exotic imported foods, flowers chosen to match the colors of Myrna's gowns and guests picked to match the mood of the host.

ARTHUR glowed over being lord of the manor and Myrna glowed over him in that role. Arthur was always a magnificent host and their parties were always correctly done, in terms of menu, wines and the like. They never gave big jamborees; they weren't apt to be formal, either, in the sense of everyone's dressing for dinner and all that. But the Hornblow parties were perfect in the aesthetic and gustatory sense.

As a result, about a year ago, Myrna was distinctly overweight. The studio murmured about it. Myrna smiled about (*Continued on page 71*)

REDHEADED

Rebel



As she is: Greer Garson, half wild Irish, half sedate Scotch, with a devil mixed up in the middle



As she was: The only early picture of Greer ever taken, now worn in a locket on her mother's neck

When a woman admits that she once proposed to a man you know she'll tell you a lot of other things. Greer Garson does

BY RUTH WATERBURY

SHE came into this world howling like a banshee, this Greer Garson who first stole the hearts of movie-goers with her gentle *Mrs. Chips* only to recapture them in her recent *"Pride And Prejudice"*; she who is now the distinctive star chosen by M-G-M to realize their higher hopes.

She came into this world in Ireland's County Down on the twenty-ninth day of September in that blessed lull just before the World War when even in Ireland all people believed that peace and permanent prosperity were guaranteed.

She made her debut into life resting grandly upon an excessively pink satin pillow, a ceremonial pillow that had been in the Garson family for generations for just such occasions. In her case she was supposed to be starting a new line of Garsons, a line of four at least, but instead of being an angel child about this honor she lay there howling, too long of figure and equally scarlet of face and hair. She made, in fact, such an unholy sight, clashing against that poisonous pink that her very young mother, sitting up on a trembling elbow, took one look at her, gasped, "Why, she has red hair," and then flopped down in bitter discouragement, her anguished face turned against the wall.

Today she swears that remark conveyed itself to her hour-old consciousness; for as she grew up a busy, serious and lonely little girl among the hedgerows of Ireland, she loathed her hair and automatically hated anybody who nicknamed her "Ginger," as every stranger was wont to do.

The family searched violently back into both lines of ancestry to justify her coloring. They couldn't reach a final conclusion as to which line of forebears that hair could be traced: to Eric the Red on her father, George Garson's side, or to the brigand Rob Roy McGregor (Roy means "red" in Scottish) on her mother's.

Either way, she came from fighters from way back, and a good thing that was, too, or she would not have survived at all. Because she was, as fate had it, to be the only Garson child, her father dying suddenly when she was less than four months old and

Unromantic childhood recollections of M-G-M's romantic star: "Every winter was a nightmare of long woolen underwear, colds, bronchitis and cod-liver oil"

she and her girl mother left with a tiny income of a very few pounds a year and a big gloomy house a few miles outside of London.

There was also a string of small, all-alike houses in a dull and dreary district near by, a half-forgotten investment that now presented an obvious economy. So into one of these they moved. Although they made the little house gay and charming inside, the locale was unlovely and uncongenial. "We had some kind neighbors," Greer says, "but we lived very much to ourselves and longed for the summer months when we escaped back to Ireland for heavenly long visits to my grandparents' home in the sweet green countryside.

"Ours was not a dramatic poverty," she confesses today as she sits in her charming Beverly Hills home, her beautiful mother close beside her, a punctilious butler serving tea from an exquisite silver tea service, the candlelight from crystal sconces flickering down upon bowls of fat red roses scattered everywhere. "Ours was that niggardly, cramping poverty of budget books gone over every week, of one pair of shoes supplementing one dress, of one pair of concert tickets weighed against paying the doctor's bill. We always had enough to eat, Mother and I, and we always were warm and housed, but there always was fear, too, fear that we wouldn't be able to make our money go quite around."

Her childhood, on the whole, was not a very happy one. She was always frail. "Every winter was a nightmare of long woolen underwear and colds, bronchitis and cod-liver oil," Greer confesses. "I was ill regularly, six weeks every autumn, six weeks every spring, ill enough to be put to bed for those intervals."

"People said I'd never raise her," her mother adds. "I thought, 'She'll never live to be 21.' By the time she was 15 she had had enough illness to fill most lifetimes."

At school, she was naturally good at hockey and tennis but not strong enough to play them and her weaknesses, combined with the blight of her red hair and the fact that she grew tall inches and inches beyond her small schoolmates, caused her agonies of (Continued on page 89)





Value of the Harold Lloyd house (living room, right) is so great the Lloyds can scarcely afford living there



On the way up, Marie Dressler loved cottages. Once a star, she built a mansion



Left: Claudette Colbert never expected to spend more than \$65,000 for her house. The final cost was a quarter of a million



The old snob tradition of an expensive home is on the way out. Example: The Gables, who live simply on a Valley ranch

THIS is the season of the year when Hollywood, having made, digested and spit out their New Year's resolutions, becomes social and class-conscious.

In bygone years, there was only one class of people in Hollywood—the working class. Everybody knew everybody else. If you weren't invited to a party and you happened to pass a house lit up like a gambling ship, you just parked your car and went in, because you knew you hadn't been intentionally overlooked; the hostess had simply been too busy to invite you. And you were received with open arms. That was in the good old days which, unfortunately, are gone forever.

Not until lately did a lot of Hollywood people know that there was a Los Angeles Blue Book, because there were so few motion-picture names in it. Among the favored few to break into the sacred pages were the Harold Lloyds, the Alan Mowbrays, the Eddie Robinsons, the John Boles, the Irving S. Cobbs and Bob Stack.

But this year, having Babs Hutton (the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow), Thelma Morgan (the former Lady Furness), Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt, Lady Mendl and scads of others among our permanent inhabitants, the Los Angeles Blue Book has begun to mean something to Hollywood, especially since in the 1941 edition a num-

WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD SOCIETY

A famous columnist and radio gossip exposes members of the caste in Hollywood to tell who hob-snobs with whom

By Hedda Hopper

ber of movie names are being added.

However, the Hollywood film colony society, which is separate and distinct from Los Angeles society, is still ruled only by the pay check, no matter how it is earned. From that standpoint, Hollywood is one of the most class-conscious places on this earth. You've never heard of a producer's marrying an extra girl, or a feminine star's marrying a stand-in. Some have married B actors and lived happily only long enough to fool the public, so the divorce wouldn't be too obvious.

People have torn their hair and cried "Shame!" over the cruelty of the caste system of Mother India, but it would take a wiser man than Mahatma Gandhi to bridge the chasm between a \$200 a week actor and the one who earns \$5,000.

In Hollywood, which is the last lap of free gold—and I don't mean the kind dug from the earth with pick and shovel—phonies and racketeers are considered gentlemen if they happen to be running with the right crowd and are not only invited to the best houses but are also asked to take the wives out dancing when the higher-ups are too busy to go themselves. They can get away with everything short of murder—and several have even tried to do that—simply because they know the right people in the right places and at some time or other in their lives were useful to them.

There are lots of things besides acting ability that determine your salary in this town. The first requisite is to find a successful agent. Agents cast almost as many pictures as producers and are among the only people here that producers fear. Also, it's never been known to hurt a star's standing to marry a producer. That immediately puts her right up in the aristocracy class. Being only human, after all, our salary aristocrats enjoy depositing the largest checks written anywhere—and who wouldn't? I'm sure I would, if I could get one.

However, this lasts only until a smart lawyer comes into the picture, for they never will realize that the bigger the check, the bigger the income tax. A few wise girls here are actually working for \$50,000 less per picture than they could get, thereby working more for themselves and less for Washington. Then, too, their success will last much longer, because the public won't grow so tired of their faces.

THE salary caste imposes many burdens. First of all, according to our snob tradition, the star must have an expensive home. Claudette Colbert told me when she started building her home she never expected to spend more than \$65,000 for it, but it cost her a quarter of a million, not because she wanted it that way, but because there are so many willing salesmen who

shove you into things you don't want, just because you're too busy or too tired to argue. It's so much easier just to say, "All right, go ahead—I'll take it." But the headache comes after you've paid the bill and it's a headache that lingers on.

There's the story of the Harold Lloyds. When they first moved into their Beverly Hills home (which at that time was way out in the country) it was so large, so imposing they felt lost in it and kept riding up and down in the elevator because it was the only cozy place they could find. Now they're trying to have their taxes lowered due to the fact that the house has grown so in value they can scarcely afford to live there.

Why have such expensive places when most of the guests rarely get beyond the swimming pool, tennis courts and dining room anyway? And the upkeep of these palaces equals that of a young hotel. Many of our former stars have landed at the bottom simply because of their foolish efforts to maintain the homes they believed their positions demanded.

Even with all Marie Dressler's greatness, she had the same complex. As you know, she arrived here broke and the first time she visited me in my little home, she said, "If I could only have a place like this to call my own!"

Time marched on, as it has a habit of doing, and (Continued on page 96)

Gin Rummy's —the Rage!

It rates ace-high at Hollywood parties: Below: Arline Judge, Jack Oakie, Louella Parsons and husband Dr. Martin. The Martins are Gin Rummy champs



They play it at home in bed: Anne Shirley and Constance Moore

They play it tête-à-tête at the Brown Derby: Mary Beth Hughes and Bob Stack



Everybody's playing it in Hollywood. It starts twosomes, makes marriages and keeps the divorce wolf away from the door

GIN RUMMY is played with an ordinary deck of cards. Only two may play.

Basically, this game is the same as ordinary rummy with only a few variations. Each player is dealt ten cards. The remainder of the pack is placed face down in the center of the table with one card turned up.

If the player opposite the dealer wants the card he picks it up. If he doesn't, the dealer may take it if he desires and the play begins from him, in that case.

Each player tries to get as many sequences, and three or four of a kind in his hand as he possibly can. One card at a time is picked up and one is automatically discarded.

This is important to remember:

Each player tries to get as many low-score cards in his hand as possible—thus aces, counting only as one, are at a premium, with twos, threes, fours, etc., very gratifying to have. Picture cards, of course, are persona non grata, if you are caught at the end without having them in sequence or in a bundle of three or four of a kind.

Here's where the real action begins: Regardless of whether or not a player has filled all the sequences and threes or fours of a kind, he may "lay down" his hand at any time he believes he has a lower score in his hand than his opponent has.

Thus a player may lay down: Three of a kind; a sequence of four, such as eight, nine, ten, jack of spades; and have an ace, a three and a four left over. In that case, only these eight points count against him.

But his worthy opponent, on this showdown play, may actually have

fewer points in his hand than the person who lays down the hand. For instance, this individual may have three fours, three nines, a six and seven of spades and an ace.

He is accorded the privilege of playing on the cards laid down by the first person. Thus No. 2 may play his six and seven of spades on No. 1's run of spades. Then, with only an ace left from his hand counting one point against him, No. 2 is seven points to the good over No. 1.

The most dramatic play of the game is "The Blitzkrieg," in which one player lays down a hand that has been entirely completed. In this case he gets not only all the points caught in his opponent's hand, but an additional bonus of ten points for "The Blitzkrieg" play.

Game is one hundred points. Cards are counted for their face value. Picture cards are counted ten apiece.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.
(FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)

MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY
(the former MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)

MRS. ST. GEORGE DUKE (the
former MRS. ANCIER BIDDLE DUKE)

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

AMERICAN PASSPORT

WHAT stamps you an American girl? Proclaims it in remotest corners of the globe?

That aura of bright, pervasive freshness. The conscious perfection of groomed hair, groomed nails, chic dress—*twice*—clean skin.

That cool freshness of petal-smooth skin is your American passport to Beauty. Cultivate it, as do so many members of leading American families—by devoted observance of the Pond's ritual:—

SMOOTH ON your face and neck clouds of tender, caressing Pond's Cold Cream. Then *slap* your cream-coated skin smartly for 3 full minutes. This deliciously slippery cream cleanses and softens. It mixes with dirt and make-up, the dried, dead cells on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with deft Pond's Tissues.

AGAIN SLAP with cream-laden fingers. And again clean off with caressing Pond's Tissues. These creamy spankings

enhance both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Lines seem less apparent, pores seem diminished.

FOLLOW with the COOL, WET FRAGRANCE of Pond's Skin Freshener.

COAT this freshened, dewy face with a layer of a distinctly other type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's distinguishing duty is to *disperse* remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, and leave your skin silky-smooth—pliant! Wait one full minute before wiping it off. Then see how it has left an indubitable mat finish on your skin. How competently it both receives and holds your powder!

Perform this ritual in full at least once, night or daytime. And in briefer form again whenever your skin and your make-up demand freshening. Keep your face ever cool, clean, sweet as a flower—as do millions of lovely American girls—with Pond's.

Send for Trial Case. Fill in and forward coupon below. Pond's, Dept. 8MM-CVB, Clinton, Conn.

So I may start my Pond's ritual at once, please send my trial kit of basic preparations I need, including the 3 famous Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. . . .

MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. ST. GEORGE DUKE . . .

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY . . . MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

names which represent six great American families of culture, wealth and distinction. Each follows the Pond's ritual



GUEST EDITOR
TOMMY BOND

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

Tommy Bond, Hollywood correspondent.
Arithmetic gets him down—way down

DEAR JUNIORS:

I've been reading MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR for years now, so it's quite a change to be writing it myself; and I'm awfully glad that now I have the chance to write you a letter, too, and maybe have you write to me.

The last picture I played in was "A Little Bit of Heaven" and I was Gloria Jean's boy friend in it. I think I enjoyed that picture more than any other because Gloria is one of my favorite actresses as well as being a simply swell girl, and Butch and Buddy are a lot of fun, too.

I came out to Hollywood six years ago when I was 7, to play in the Our Gang comedies. You see, we lived in Dallas, Texas, and my sister Jane, who's four years older than I, was going to dancing school there. They were planning to put on a play at the school and asked if I'd sing something, although I wasn't connected with the school. So I sang "Now's The Time To Fall In Love" and luckily a talent scout from Hal Roach studios was in the audience, so he told my family to bring me out to Hollywood.

My grandmother came out with me and then the rest of the family followed about three or four months later. She took me right to the Hal Roach studio and Mr. Roach put me right in the "Our Gang" comedies and there I was in pictures.

After two years of that, they thought I was getting too big to continue in the comedies. Gus Edwards was having an audition over at KFWB for his "Schooldays of the Air" over the radio, so I tried out for it and got on the program as master of ceremonies. It ran for thirty-six weeks.

Then I got the part of mascot on Nelson Eddy's team in "Rosalie." Mr. Eddy is a swell person to work with and that picture was fun.

After that I went into "Hideaway" with Fred Stone and then Columbia signed me up to play Joey in the "Five Little Peppers" series with Edith Fellows. That was swell and we all had a lot of fun. Charles Barton was the director and he was wonderful to us.



I'm in the 8A grade and go to school in Encino near where I live. We live on a ranch in Tarzana which is about ten miles away from Hollywood. We've got an acre of ground, with walnut trees and peach, plum, lime and other fruit trees, and two cocker spaniels. Jane has a white horse which she calls April, and Rocky is my horse. He's a cow horse and jet black.

IT'S swell going to public school. But the arithmetic we have to do gets me down. I'd like to go to college if I could manage it without having to drop out of pictures. When I'm working, I have to go to school on the lot, of course, but I'm on the Encino volley ball team and the football team; so they get a substitute for me when I'm at the studio.

Before we moved out to the ranch, we lived in Brentwood, in one of the canyons. But after the rains flooded us out back in 1937 we decided to get to a little more level ground. It was very exciting and pretty dangerous, too. It rained for several days and the water just poured down the canyon and finally it came up to the house and started coming in through the door, at which time we got scared and rushed out to the car. The water was almost up to the wheels and it wouldn't start, so we had to get out

again and wade up to a big house higher on the hill. All the lights had gone out, but the people there took us in until finally much later a taxi was able to get through so we could go to a hotel. When it stopped raining we went back home again. The house wasn't damaged much, but mud had piled up three feet in the yard and all around the house. It was certainly an awful feeling, struggling through the water to get some place where it was dry. It was the most exciting thing that ever happened to me.

Writing you this letter makes me feel as though I knew all you Juniors very well. Thanks for reading it.

Your friend,

TOMMY BOND.

P.S.—How about writing to me, too? If you'll write and tell me what's the most exciting thing that's ever happened to you, I'll give ten autographed photos to the ten boys or girls writing in the most interesting letters. Miss Betty Turner will help me judge them, so please write to me in care of MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, but be sure to mail your letters before January 25th, 1941.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly, we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

MOVIE MIRROR announces the following winners in the Movie Mirror Junior-Dickie Jones contest:

Louise Thacker, Kissimmee, Fla.; Lela Peel, 1616 Des Moines Ave., Portsmouth, Va.; Angelina Mojodo, San Xavier Sanatorium, Tucson, Ariz.; Don Mullin, Alice Manor No. 12, Vincennes, Ind.; Danny Luongo, 5 Webster St., Newark, N. J.; Gladys Fuchs, 5946 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dollie Nelson, Omar, W. Va.; Jeannette Garner, General Delivery, Norvell, Mich.; Mary Cobery, 10 Chauncey Ave., Lowell, Mass.; Helen Lea Stock, Box 282, 307 Tarpley St., Burlington, N. C.

Can your Beauty really be Re-Born?

"Yes!" says *Lady Esther*

"In your **NEW-BORN-SKIN!**"



Just under your present surface skin... a New-Born Skin is coming to life. Will it have a New-Born beauty? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help to make it smoother, lovelier... so your New-Born Skin may make you younger looking when it comes to view.

WOMEN eagerly ask... "Is it true?... Will I have a New-Born Skin?" Yes... sooner than you know, the skin you see and touch today, will be gone, flaked away. For underneath this surface skin, new beauty is awakening in the young skin which is growing to life, and preparing to replace your older and worn-out skin of today.

Will this New-Born Skin flatter you... will it be lovelier... will it make you look younger?

Your New-Born Skin can bring a revelation of beauty to your face, if you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help nature gently remove the flakes of old skin... soothingly to clear and cleanse away surface impurities. Only then can your New-Born Skin emerge in all its beauty and all its glory!

These dry flakes are the villains that can rob your New-Born Skin of beauty. They keep your face powder from looking smooth. They can and do make you look older.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream permeates these flakes of old skin. Dirt and impurities are loosened so they can be gently whisked away. Rough spots caused by dryness seem to vanish. You can prove this if you will use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream at least twice every day, and above all, just before you powder. How soft your skin will feel! How smooth your powder will look! For Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream makes your skin look smooth and helps you to keep your *accent on youth!*

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

See if he doesn't agree that only the finest, purest face cream can help your New-Born Skin to be as beautiful as it can be! See if he doesn't tell you that *every word* Lady Esther says is true... that her cream removes the dirt, the impurities and drab, dry skin particles. That it refreshes your skin and helps Nature to refine your pores.

Try my Cream *at my expense*. Let it reveal a first glimpse of the future loveliness that may be yours.

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (64)
Please send me your generous sample tube of
Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of
Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

\$10.00 PRIZE

Personal Note of Thanks

THANKS for making that swell picture "Knut Rockne—All American," Warner Brothers. You see—"Rock" has always been my hero. Yeah ever since I made my first touchdown scrimmaging with the fellows down on the corner lot. Soon as I could I started reading all about him and Notre Dame's fighting Irish. A boy never forgets his childhood hero—especially when it's a great guy like Rockne.

Some of us fellows on the Varsity squad went to see your movie last week when it hit the little college town where I am lucky enough to be. It was just a few days before our toughest conference game.

We've got a swell coach here. He's got lots of pep and he's always back of us—greatest guy I've ever met, in fact. However, I feel that it was Rockne himself who coached this last game for us. I don't know about the rest of the fellows, but the enthusiasm and determination that I got from seeing that picture was better than any pep talk given between halves. We won the game, 7-6. It was a tough battle, too—take it from a guy who got a broken nose out of the deal.

Thanks again for introducing me to Rockne on the screen. It makes him seem so real to me now—just as if I had really known him. I'd like personally to give Pat O'Brien a slap on the back for his remarkable performance in this role. I'm sure there are lots of other college men who feel the same way about it, Pat.

L. A. WILLIAMS,
Macomb, Illinois

\$5.00 PRIZE

Encore For a Favorite

RECENTLY I went to a concert given by Jeanette MacDonald at Little Rock, Arkansas.

Weeks before she was scheduled to appear I began hearing rumors about her which were very uncomplimentary. I was on the verge of calling off my trip but when I did finally decide to go, my expectations were far from good.

After I had waited for an hour in my seat, third row from the front, the



Worth five dollars is a personal note about a personal appearance of Jeanette MacDonald

Speak FOR YOURSELF

lights in the auditorium were dimmed and I saw Jeanette MacDonald walk onto the stage. The audience was breathless, spellbound for a moment, then it burst into wild applause. Miss MacDonald was absolutely exquisite. Her gown was gorgeous—blue-gray net over pink—her complexion was flawless, her teeth perfect, her hair unbelievably beautiful, her voice as always—unsurpassable, her charm and grace and poise—I can find no words to describe them. I defy anyone to say that Jeanette MacDonald is not even more lovely in real life than she is on the screen.

She was called back again and again: her personality reached every heart in the entire audience. I was thrilled beyond words to see my favorite motion-picture actress come through with such an outstanding triumph.

I shall never again believe the ugly rumors I hear about actors and actresses in the motion-picture business. Jeanette MacDonald has given me faith in her and her kind and I hope to see her remain at the top as long as she herself wishes to do so.

CLEMMIE LOU WRIGHT,
Conway, Arkansas

\$1.00 PRIZE

Two Winners

SINCE corn and porks are gone up and I get a chance on a set of dishes along with the double feature, I been seeing quite a spell of movies for myself.

That Hedy Lamarr has got more 'oink' than my prize pig that got plastered with blue ribbons at the fair this fall. There's nothing like her in this country. How does a bachelor

go about meeting up with these picture stars? And is that mostly paint that makes her so purty?

I want to know before I go and get involved.

CY SAUM,
Yankton, South Dakota

\$1.00 PRIZE

An Open Letter To Tyrone Power

DEAR TYRONE,

You recently paused at the Nashville Municipal Airport long enough to make a phone call and visit the restaurant. You were immediately recognized and pursued by enthusiastic boys and girls. Your unexpected presence so addled them that they could do nothing more than grin from ear to ear and thrust pieces of paper at you for autographs. Suddenly you wheeled around and burst forth, telling your young admirers to "stop bothering" you. Those grins faded away to expressions of bewilderment and those pieces of paper fluttered to the floor as they backed away.

Now, I understand that at this time you had important things on your mind—such as the problem of transporting Annabella's parents from bullet-ridden France to a safer place, but *you* are supposed to be a great actor. Couldn't you have put on a little act for those few minutes at the airport restaurant?

We fans are responsible for your popularity—and we hope you aren't letting us down.

Those Nashville kids think their hero is a big disappointment. I know, for I was one of them.

ANNA CLAIRE,
Nashville, Tennessee
(Continued on page 91)

It's BEAUTY NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD!

LORETTA YOUNG

I NEVER NEGLECT MY
DAILY LUX SOAP
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL.
IT'S A WONDERFUL
BEAUTY CARE! FIRST
PAT THE LATHER IN...

Now **YOU** can give your
skin screen star care—
right in your own home

Lovely Loretta Young shows you just
how screen stars protect million-dollar
complexions. Now you can give *your*
skin regular beauty facials just as they
do. You'll find Active-Lather Facials
with Lux Toilet Soap remove dust,
dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—
help you keep skin *smooth!*

RINSE WITH
WARM WATER
THEN A DASH OF
COOL

PAT THE FACE
LIGHTLY TO DRY. NOW
IT FEELS **SMOOTHER,**
SOFTER!

LOVELY SKIN'S
IMPORTANT
TO **ROMANCE.**
YOU'LL FIND
THIS LUX SOAP
CARE REALLY
WORKS!

Milder!
Costly Perfume!
Pure!
ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars—clever women everywhere—use it to protect loveliness

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 13)

Scene: The Jack O'Lantern Ball, given by the League for Crippled Children at the Coconut Grove, Ambassador Hotel. Act I: The Fashion Show. The models were rolled out in huge hat boxes. Below is Rosalind Russell



caught the imagination of all Hollywood, these two people who would not permit careers, gossip, world havoc, to interfere with their love.

Now we learn, upon the completion of their co-starring film, "Lady Hamilton," they will quietly board the Clipper for home where Laurence will join the Royal Air Force and his wife will aid her country in war work, just to be near his side.

All Hollywood salutes their bravery and wishes them "happy landings."

Director Lombard: It was the last of shooting on "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," so a festive air pervaded the set when we dropped in at the RKO ranch out Encino way. Just for a lark, it had been decided that Carole should turn director and out Alfred Hitchcock and Robert Montgomery through a scene. Director Hitchcock, looking very much like one of those round-bottomed lolls that you can't push over, stood round waiting to be directed, while Carole created vast amount of noise and confusion getting the camera lined up. It was a simple scene. Robert Montgomery was to walk briskly by while Hitchy played the part of a panhandler, asking for a



Act II: Artistes Herbert Marshall, Howard McKay, Eddie Sutherland, Harold Brix and Spencer Tracy were given an assortment of hat materials, allowed three minutes to whip up a hat. Left: The assorted results. Mr. Tracy pinned his feather on backwards

Act III: The victors get the spoils. Master of ceremonies Jack Benny gives Tracy second prize, a hat decorated with champagne. Harold Brix wins first—a hat order for his wife from Vicki Lynn, the "Mad Hatter" of Beverly Hills, who put on the fashion show, donated materials



dime for a cup of coffee. Hitchy wanted to do it in the Hollywood manner and ask for a dollar. Lombard refused. Hitchy pouted. "Good!" cried Carole. "After Bob turns you down, you pout. And put pathos into it. Ready, camera? Well, what are we waiting for?"

This last brought a howl, because Hitchcock is always plaintively asking, "What are we waiting for?" It was a lot of fun and we tell it just to show what goes on out here, where making movies is supposed to be very, very hard work

Cal's Tattle Tales: Jimmy Stewart staved away from the airport the day Olivia de Havilland made her first solo flight. It was Jimmy who got Olivia interested in aviation. She made a six-minute flight alone and a perfect landing.

"Jimmy was afraid he'd make me nervous," Olivia explained. Sorry Livvie, we heard it was the other way around

Smart Girl: More and more it's becoming apparent in Hollywood that one movie career and one only in a family is the rule for happy marriage. With this so apparent, one smart girl, who loves her husband above all else, is taking steps in the right direction.

Yes, Carole Lombard, who loves her husband Clark Gable so devotedly, has announced in the future she'll make only one picture a year.

"At the very most, I'll make three in two years," Carole said. "I want to be free to join Clark in his 'between picture' vacations."

Maybe Carole has in mind that vacation Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have been trying to take together for several years. But either Bob is free while Barbara works or it's the other way around.

At any rate, the two-career marriages have only a 50-50 chance, it seems, and Carole Lombard is taking no chances with hers.

OKAY FOR SOUND

A column of disc data
on the new movie music

By JERRY MASON

YES Dance: Kay Kyser has been tilting the ticket receipts of local movie emporiums with his second RKO effort, "You'll Find Out." Among other things, four of the most recorded tunes of the year have emerged from that film musical. Kay has done well by "The Bad Humor Man," "I'd Know You Anywhere," "You've Got Me This Way" and "I've Got A One Track Mind" (Columbia).

From there on, the field is practically wide open: Almost every batoneer who batons is booming the worthy "You'll Find Out" compositions. *Okay For Sound* says the best of the bunch is Jimmy Dorsey's "The Bad Humor Man" with "You've Got Me This Way" backing it up (Decca).

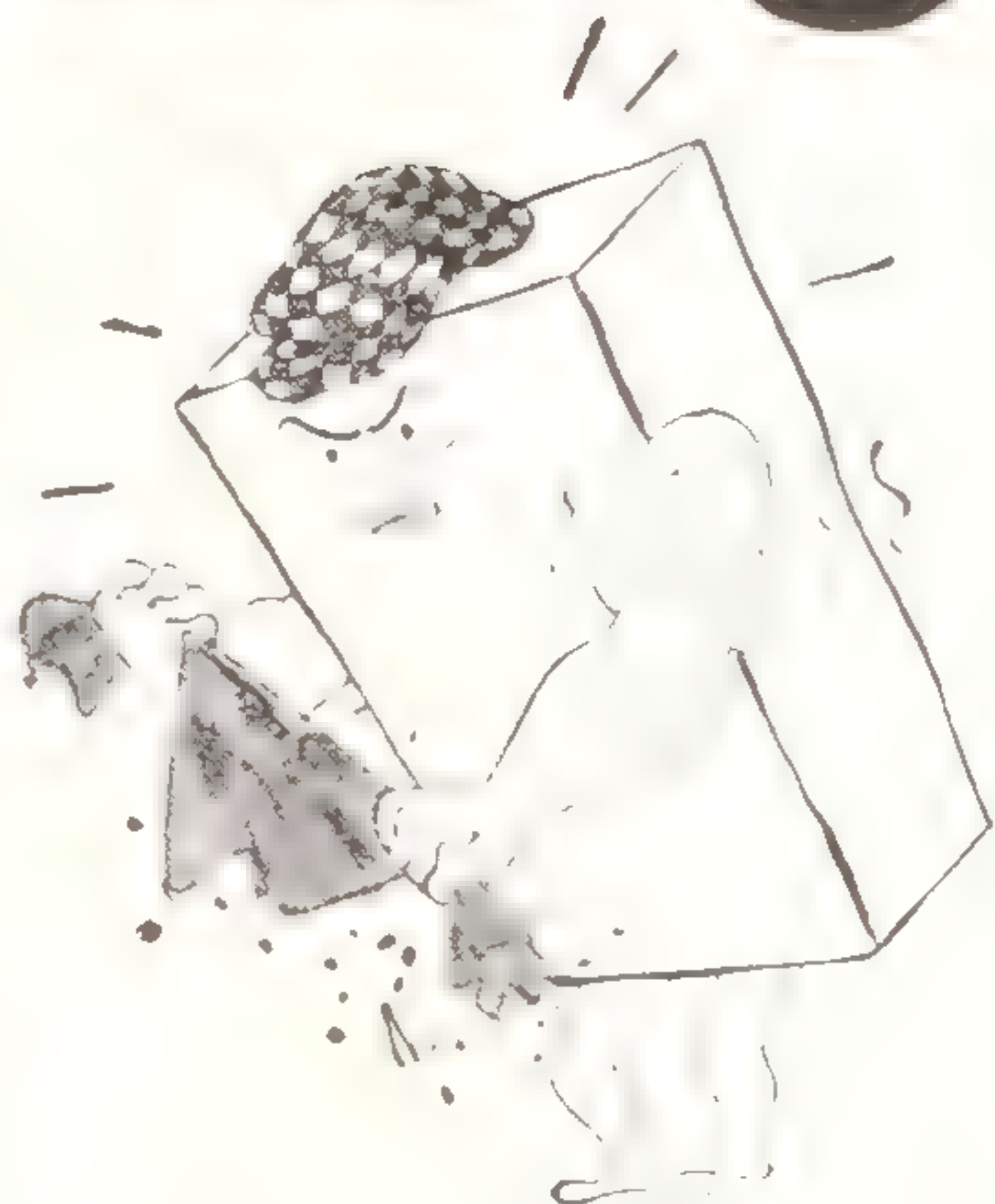
Calling Gramercy 5----: Artie Shaw's small swing group, called the Gramercy Five, has turned out "Summit Ridge Drive" and "Cross Your Heart." Swell jazz. For a sample of what Artie's big band does with soft strings and swing, try "Love Of My Life" and "A Handful of Stars" (Victor). The latter is from M-G-M's "Hullabaloo" and for further variations on it listen to Glenn Miller (Bluebird) and Jimmy Dorsey (Decca).

South American Way: One of the best gestures in months toward Pan-American friendship is made by honey-toned Dinah Shore, who sings the title song from Fox's "Down Argentine Way." "Yes, My Darling Daughter" is the companion piece. (Bluebird).

"Love Thy Neighbor": In those lulls when Fred Allen and Jack Benny aren't commercializing their feud before Paramount's cameras in "Love Thy Neighbor," Mary Martin is able to sneak in a few songs. You'll be hearing a lot of them, too. Bob Crosby on Decca and Tommy Dorsey, Victor, have both disced up "Do You Know Why" and "Isn't That Just Like Love."

Two Bits Of Heaven: Universal has cornered the market on junior sopranos. First there was Deanna Durbin and then Gloria Jean. Deanna sings, liltingly, "When April Sings" and "Waltzing In the Clouds" (Decca). They come by way of Universal's "Spring Parade." Not so good was Gloria Jean's third starrer, "A Little Bit of Heaven." But the songs and Gloria Jean's talent were there: "After Ev'ry Rainstorm" and "A Little Bit of Heaven" (Decca).

Tough with Dirt...



Golden Bar or Golden Chips, Fels-Naptha Soap goes after dirt in a determined way that no pale, weak-kneed soap can hope to equal. For reaching under-the-surface dirt, for loosening ground-in grime, there's nothing like golden soap *plus* naptha, the thorough, persistent, gentle cleaner. **GOLDEN soap *plus* naptha—Fels-Naptha!!**

Gentle with Clothes



Fels-Naptha Soap is more than just an able dirt remover. This richer, *golden* soap literally 'floats away' the clinging dirt particles that only soap and naptha working together can really loosen. So it's plain common sense to wash your sheerest washable things the Fels-Naptha way. The *strenuous* rubbing that ruins delicate fabrics is unnecessary when Golden Soap and Gentle Naptha go to work. And Fels-Naptha is specially kind to hands, too.

It's worth knowing that Fels-Naptha Soap works well in any kind of water, hot or cool, hard or soft—that Fels-Naptha Soap Chips are actually 'non-sneeze'. They were the very first to eliminate powdery dust that irritates your nose. Whether you're buying bar-soap or box-soap, tell your grocer you want FELS-NAPTHA. For free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, write Fels & Co., Dept. 9-B, Phila., Pa.



Copyright 1941,
Fels & Co.

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha

Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

"—just to touch your dear soft HANDS"



Why Most Girls' Hand Skin Needs Special Care

NATURE scamped a bit on your hand skin—made it less oily; easily cheated of its natural softening moisture.

All the more reason to use Jergens Lotion regularly! It's the easy way to furnish your skin with new skin-softening moisture.

Two ingredients in Jergens are used by many doctors to help dry, rough skin to adorable smoothness. No stickiness! More use Jergens now than any other Lotion. Such a simple way to cultivate heart-winning soft hands! Regular use helps prevent mortifying roughness and chapping. Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00.

IT'S THIS
KITCHEN WORK
THAT ROUGHENS
MY HANDS!

OH, NO! I DO
KITCHEN WORK, TOO,
BUT JERGENS LOTION
HELPS KEEP MY HANDS
SOFT AND SMOOTH.



FREE! ..PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(postcard, if you wish)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Send me a FREE Purse-Size Bottle of Jergens Lotion.



**JERGENS
LOTION**

FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

Cutie-Puss

(Continued from page 51)

caught it in black, stabbing flashes. . . . Bunny Stanwood vanishes from young ladies' college. Father admits she was enrolled under fictitious name. Her clothes and baggage left in dormitory room. Window found open. Golden girl decamps in the night. No word to her parents, no trace of her. Mr. Stanwood appeals to police and all governmental agencies to scour Atlantic seaboard for missing young woman. Mother on verge of a breakdown. . . .

BUNNY stumbled to her feet in consternation. A big story was building. The press was blowing it up.

"Nat!" Bunny moaned. "Why'd you do it?"

"Why wouldn't I?" asked Nat. "The dean ordered me to stick around the dormitory. Your father was sending Cornelius by plane. You think I want to face Cornelius—or your father?"

"Oh, gee!" said Bunny. "You've messed things up!"

"I think you're the one to explain to Cornelius," said Nat. "Not me."

"But—but what can I—what am I to do?"

"I figured you could send a telegram and tell your father it wasn't my fault—that you made me do something I didn't want to—"

"And have 'em find me? Dad'd jerk me out of here! He'd yank me home! And I'd never—I'd never again see—" Bunny's eyes brimmed with despair and she turned heavily and started back down the street. "If I don't get word to Mother somehow, she'll be having fits. She's got to know I'm all right!"

"Well, phone her, why don't you?" It all seemed quite simple to Nat.

But Bunny shook her head violently. "A phone booth'd be more dangerous than a telegraph office."

She turned sharply to Nat. "Say—what day is it?"

"Saturday. And if you want my advice—"

"Be quiet! Wait a minute! Hey—isn't Saturday one of Danny Davenport's nights?"

"Danny Davenport never liked you very much," Natalie recalled, with just a trace of complacency.

"Why—why, he'll be broadcasting tonight from New York. He has fifteen minutes on the Tilbury Coffee hour. Remember? Gosh—and Dad always listens in!"

"Remember what he said about you in 'Lady Flyaway'?" asked Nat.

"I got it!" Bunny was kindling with a new kind of excitement. "Look! You know the microphones they hang over the audiences in the broadcast studios, so you can hear 'em applaud and guffaw. They have 'em in New York, the same as Hollywood. If I could get in there tonight and holler into one of those audience mikes!"

She turned impetuously to Nat. "How much money you got left?"

"Huh?"

"We've got to have railroad fares to Radio City and back."

"About thirty bucks," said Nat. "And if I were you—"

They caught the 10:40 New York local.

THE invited audience was queuing up at Radio City for the Tilbury Coffee hour. Bunny was well aware that duets for almost any kind of a free show would be at a premium. Of course she asked for a pair, but the man only laughed.

Oh, well! She prowled among the line

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

of waiting ticketholders, to see what were chances. Up near the head of the queue she picked out a couple of women who she hoped might be open to reason. "I'd give anything," said Bunny, "to get in there and hear Danny Davenport." "Us too!" spoke up the younger of the women. "I betcha he dishes the dirt on Bunny!"

"How do you like my coat?" Bunny inquired. "Baby lamb. Isn't it elegant? It's worth five hundred bucks. Look!" She opened the buttons to exhibit the lowered satin lining. "Trade you for your tickets and your coat to boot."

The girl was as small as Bunny. Her coat was a kind of a curly frieze. She touched it tighter around her and stared.

"Look!" Bunny pivoted and gave a neat job of modeling.

"Maw!" gasped the girl.

"It's just made for a svelte figure like hers!" said Bunny. "Honey, let's see how it fits."

It fitted all right. Maw saw to that. She walked around the coat, felt its lamby softness, peered under the armpits, maybe for moths.

"Humph!" she said.

And the next thing Bunny knew, she had two tickets in her hand and the frieze wrapped around her, while Maw and daughter got away from there so fast you'd have thought the cops were after them.

Bunny grabbed Nat and hauled her into the coffee-show line-up.

AT the quarter-hour stroke in the big radio center building the doors of one of the soundproof grottoes opened up and the crowd surged in. Bunny and Natalie were in the forefront. A quick glance around, and Bunny spotted the nearest audience mike. She steered Nat to the seats directly underneath.

The place filled up, was sealed up. The orchestra went on the air. They got the commercial out of the way. Then came Danny Davenport.

Mr. Davenport wore his evening clothes for the benefit of those in the hall. He was quizzical and bald and for his size had quizzical of all proportion. Having accepted his introduction he opened his script and went to work.

Bunny sat tight and gripped the arms of her chair.

To Mr. Davenport a microphone was a big gloating ear into which you hoarsely spilled your confidences all over the United States.

"Friends!" he said—"I'll bet you're expecting a Davenport exclusive on the girl-of-the-hour. Yes? O.K. Don't tell anybody—but—Bunny Stanwood never attended the women's college where she was supposed to be enrolled! She planted a stand-in! Friends, it was the plant who disappeared from that dormitory room! Bunny herself vanished from the public ten many weeks ago, after a blazing row with her boss Jake Flanders!"

Bunny rose from her seat and cast a wild glance at the microphone above her head. Maybe they had shut it off and just left the stage mike for the commentator. Or if they hadn't, they might any minute. She didn't dare wait. If Dad were listening in—she'd better let him have it fast. . . .

"Friends—I don't know the rest of the answers!" Mr. Davenport confessed. "Where is Bunny today? Do her parents know? Does Meteor-Argus know? Is it a hush-hush conspiracy to cheat the newshounds of some juicy morsel? Or is it merely a frame-up in the name of sweet publicity—?"

That was where Bunny took her fate in her hands. She drew a quivering

"one kiss on your satin-smooth FACE"



New "ONE-JAR" Beauty Treatment soon helps your Complexion to Inviting Smoothness, helps against dull, Dry Skin

CLEAR, fine skin, smooth as satin! So easy for you to cultivate now, with this new Jergens Face Cream!

All-purpose cream—so "right" for every type of skin, it's endorsed by Alix, famous creator of lovely fashions.

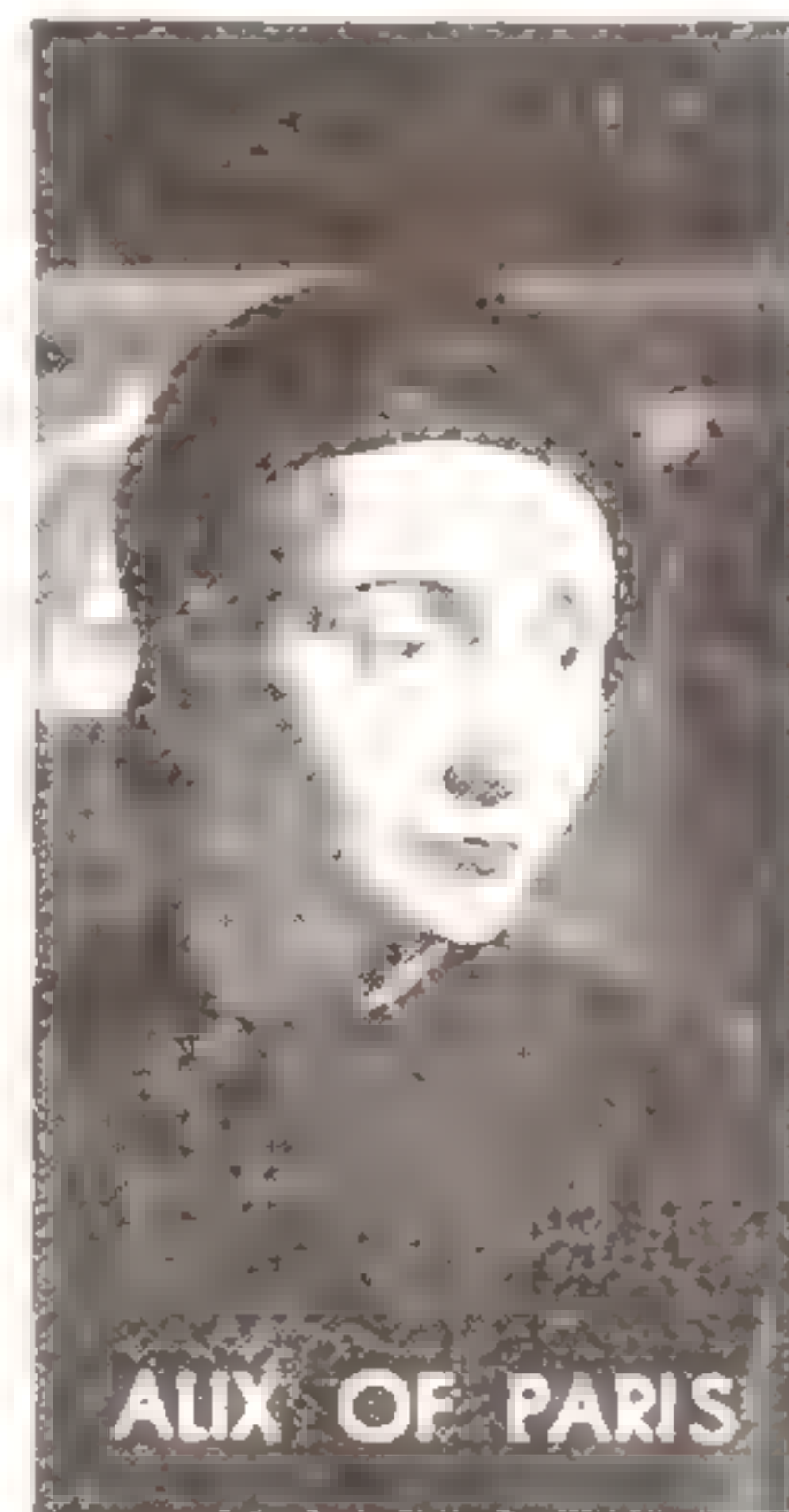
Use this one new Jergens Face Cream every day: (1) for expert cleansing; (2) to help soften your skin; (3) for a smooth finish for powder; and (4) as a lovely Smooth-Skin night cream to help against dry skin. You know, very dry skin may tend to wrinkle early and so look old too soon.

You owe this delightful new cream to Jergens skin scientists, who make the popular Jergens Lotion for your soft hands. Have "kissable" skin; use this simple

new "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00 a jar at beauty counters. Get Jergens Face Cream today, sure!

Endorsed by *Alix of Paris*

Famous Fashion Creator



USERS PRAISE IT!

Walter Winchell introduced Jergens Face Cream on the air. Thousands tried this new cream.

"Smooths dry skin amazingly," writes Mrs. Betty Gordon, New York City. "My skin looks fresh and clear. I heartily praise Jergens Face Cream."

ALL-PURPOSE . . . FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

JERGENS FACE CREAM



FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

FREE! Generous Sample of lovely new Face Cream. Mail coupon now.

(Paste on penny postcard, if you like)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 1604 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario) Please rush my free sample of the new Jergens Face Cream.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Mrs. T----- handles a Difficult Case



Billy raised an awful fuss today when I tried to give him a laxative. I even promised him new skates - but he just wouldn't take the stuff.



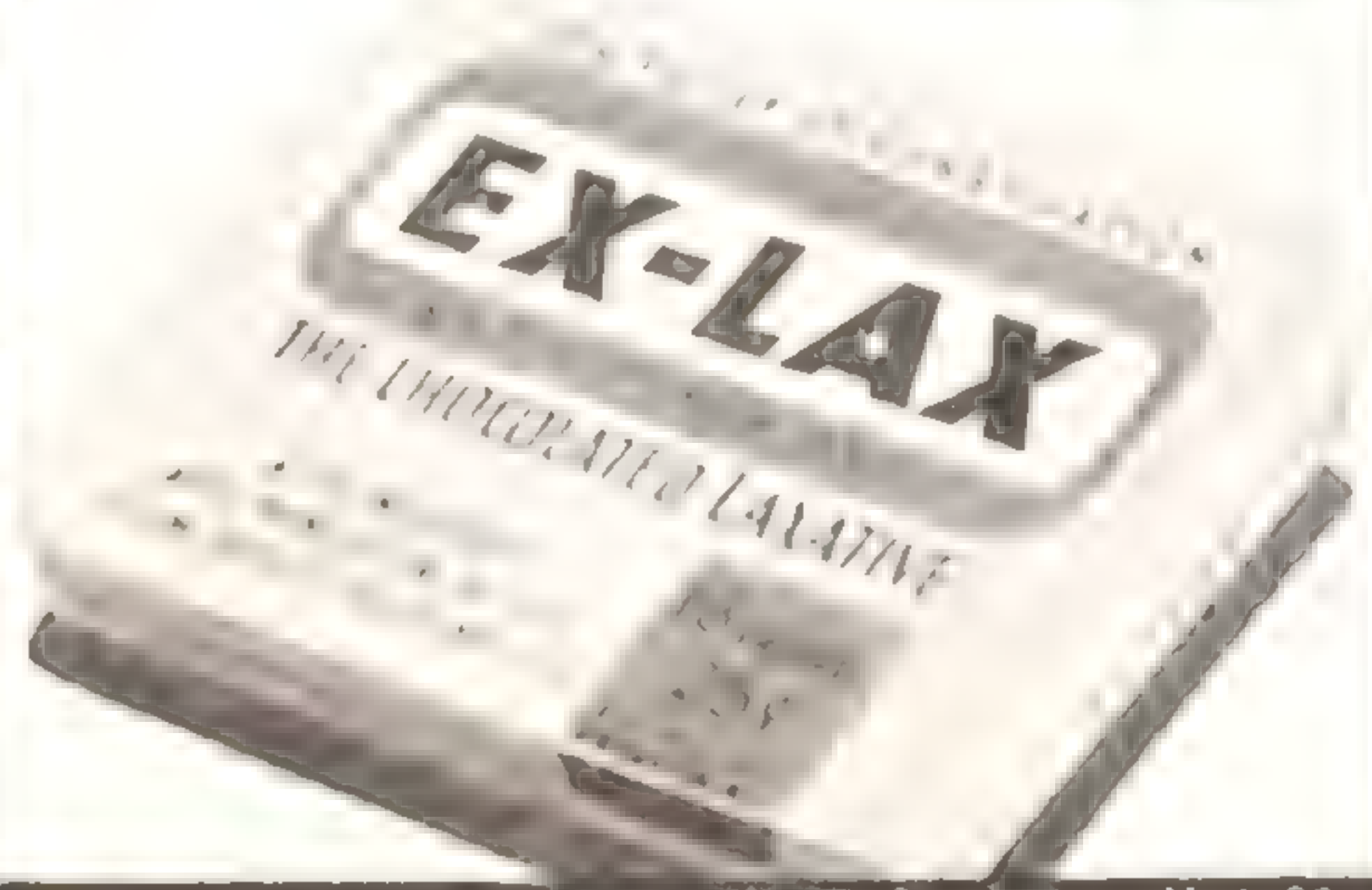
Mother had a bright idea. Told me to try giving Billy some Ex-Lax. He balked at first, but one bite and he was all smiles! Simply loved that chocolate taste!



Billy slept quietly all night. This morning Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset him a bit. I'll never have to bribe him to take a laxative again!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



breath and yelled. "Hello, I'm fine! Dad..."

It was as far as she got. A scandalized gasp swept through the audience. Mr. Davenport dropped his script and wheeled in stupefaction. And three ushers ganged up on Bunny, clamped hands over her face and mouth, tied her up, stopped her cold.

It all happened fast. But the guy in the control room probably was a split second faster. The studio audience almost could feel the vast wall of silence blanking them off from the rest of America. Maybe Bunny's desperate cry had got out, and maybe it hadn't.

Bunny was being marched up the aisle, with Natalie discreetly following, while people gaped and gasped. She didn't try to hold back or hide her face. That would be silly. Let 'em look her over if they wanted to. In her disfiguring, trade-in coat, her hair uncombed since morning, without a vestige of make-up, she couldn't be much of a treat. What's more, she didn't look like Bunny Stanwood!

NIGHT court was something new to

Bunny. It seemed a stuffy place, not dramatic or even frightening. She had gathered vague ideas somewhere that policemen always got tough with their prisoners. But her cops were different.

One of them was whispering to the judge and then Bunny heard her name called—or anyway, the one she was using at the moment.

"Jenny Brown."

She stood up and looked around uncertainly. The bailiff beckoned to her. A trifle weak-kneed, she got over to the bench and stood.

The court favored her with a trifle more than his routine scrutiny.

"I wonder," the judge asked at length, "if you appreciate the general public usefulness of our broadcasting systems?"

"Yes, sir," said Bunny.

"Don't interrupt!" he frowned. "When an individual sets his personal interests contrary to the public interest, he becomes a nuisance."

Bunny didn't dare answer. She just nodded.

"Why did you yell into that microphone?" demanded the court.

"I only wanted to say hello to Paw and Maw." Bunny faced him, the soul of frankness, of gawky innocence.

"Where do you live?"

"New Orleans," said Bunny.

"I don't think you were actuated by any such dutiful impulse," the court took issue. "I think you yelled into that mike just for the fun of it."

She opened her mouth, but he checked her sharply.

"Young woman, the court sympathizes. All of us have irrational impulses to holler out in meeting, but most of us have the self-control to resist our wanton promptings. Those who haven't should be glad to pay for their fun. . . . The fine is ten dollars. Next case, please."

ALL the way back to Danville Bunny dozed in the seat corner of a clanking day coach and ignored the pessimisms of Natalie. But the instant the brakeman called out the familiar station name, she was awake and alert, eagerly breathing the brisk morning air of New England.

As the girls climbed off the owl train, a bundle of newspapers came bouncing out of the baggage coach and rolled across the station platform. Even before the train pulled out, Bunny was down on her hands and knees, scanning the morning headlines.

And yes, it was all there in screaming banners!

"BUNNY BREAKS IN ON BROADCAST

Little princess flashes word to father. Stanwood identifies voice of runaway daughter. Crazy attempt to relieve mother's fears succeeds. World-familiar face unrecognized by noted movie commentator. Fabled youngster arrested for mad escapade. Pays fine and flees. Stanwood's phone call from Bel Air to Radio City relayed to Judge Hibbard's court just a few seconds too late. Bunny disappears again."

The melodramatic story turned the front page. There were probably columns more of it. Bunny, however, didn't bother to untie the rope. She could imagine the rest. But a two-column, page-one box caught her attention. A terse statement from Dad. Bunny's freakish communication probably had saved Mother from a mental collapse. Stanwood at least thanked his daughter for that. As for the rest—he sounded like a very angry parent indeed. No effort was being spared to track the truant down. And the search had narrowed considerably. A stage-struck girl, stubbornly refusing to give up her profession—she apparently was in New York, foolishly trying to start a new career.

Bunny's hands tightened. "Nat it isn't fair! I've made my own way all my life. Why should they stop me now? Because I'm not big any more! As if that made any difference. But I'm going to be big again. Not that that part matters either. All that matters is I'm doing the things that belong to me—things that are mine by every right—don't you understand?"

"No, I don't!" said Nat.

"All right," said Bunny. "I guess nobody understands except me and Johnny and Mac and a few more like us." She smiled mistily. "I guess I'd better go square myself for not washing those windshields last night."

SHE left Nat at the theater and went across to the parking lot to look for Johnny. He was nowhere in sight. She hunted through the washing shed, hoping she'd find him asleep in one of the cars.

But he wasn't asleep. He sat hunched in somebody's coupe, with the radio turned on low, just sitting quiet. He didn't even turn his head as Bunny came up.

"Johnny—"

She was so happy, so glad to be back—all set to carry things off with female highhandedness.

But something in Johnny's look quenched the joy in her eyes. He spoke to her, but his voice had a withdrawn, unwelcoming sound.

"I heard the news story on the radio, around midnight!" he informed her abruptly. "Your bulletin got through to Bel Air! Your father knew your voice."

"My father—" Her throat contracted. Her hands fell limp.

"He was listening in on the Tilbury Coffee Hour," Johnny stated. "And so was I. I got your voice in a minute!"

"You—Johnny!" He had her gasping. "What are you talking about?"

"Your mad career—whatever that's supposed to be!" he told her. "All right—as far as I'm mixed up in it, it's finished. Let it go, will you, Miss Stanwood?"

She swallowed hard and tried to steady herself.

Then she raised her chin with a jerk. "All right then! I'm Bunny Stanwood! So what?"

For Bunny, everything depends on how Johnny treats her now. A word from him—and all her plans are destroyed. Watch for "Cutie-Puss" in your March PHOTOPLAY-Movie MIRROR.

Act of Providence

(Continued from page 29)

include what she called "a brief, dramatic sketch" at the end of each discussion of feminine pretties. She discovered she liked to read lines. So she hied herself to New York, where she succeeded in acquiring a succession of not very impressive stage roles. The best of these was the part of *Kay* in the road show of "Dead End," which brought her to Los Angeles and a screen test.

When the test was approved and she had secured an agent and was given a contract to read, she developed a serious case of jitters. She still didn't know exactly what she wanted to do with her life. And here was a plan, written out in black and white, which might decide everything for her—for better or for worse.

"I didn't know anything about pictures," she says. "I didn't know whether I'd like them or not. That piece of paper seemed to suggest that if they liked me they could keep me for seven of the best years of my life. If they didn't like me, they could throw me overboard at the end of any old six months. I had to think it over."

Natural ambition, native caution and feminine instincts all combined to confuse her. So she stalled. She wrote down a lot of questions which she told her agents she wanted to have answered before she signed. One or two of these will tell you a good deal about what kind of person she is.

The first one was, "May I marry at any time I want to—and have as many children as I want after that?" She chewed her pencil a while after she wrote this down and then added, "No punches pulled on the answer to this one, please!" The second question was, "Shall I be asked to pose for a lot of pictures in bathing suits or something? M-G-M may as well know now that I'm not the type!" She wasn't fretting about the amount of the salary offered or how much work she would be required to do. She was trying, in her inexperienced way, to safeguard her rights as a person, an individual.

THE questions were answered to her liking so, feeling rather important and even a bit pampered, she signed on the dotted line . . . and found herself at once in one of the most thorough dissecting rooms in the world. The studio was anxious to know just what it had acquired in this new property. She set herself to study this new job as she had never studied for her Bachelor of Philosophy degree. One of the first things, aside from the usual routine grooming of a potential star, was the art of getting along with people.

"I found out that it wasn't any use trying to remember whether you'd met a person before you spoke," she says. "The thing to do is say, in the breeziest possible manner, 'Hi-yah!' or 'There you are!' You see, they don't know whether they've met you, either."

She had enough good hard common sense to try to learn from anyone who was willing to teach her.

There was the important director who became interested in her after she had been in pictures only a short while. Said he, "Now, Ruth, you'll have to develop some special quality. Some definite, individual thing which sets you apart from other people. It isn't enough just to be able to wear clothes and speak lines. You have to have something special."

"I'm a businesswoman, I hope," she says. "And I wanted to get along in this business, now that I seemed to be stuck

TANGEE *Red-Red* FASHION'S FAVORITE FOR 1941



One of the rarest and loveliest reds of them all, Tangee RED-RED is the happy result of eight years' research...a true red that accents the loveliness of your lips and the whiteness of your teeth.

Apply it...and notice the difference! Tangee RED-RED is held captive in a cream base. It goes on smoothly, stays smooth for hours...and helps end that dry, "drawn" feeling. Wear Tangee RED-RED, with its companion cosmetics: the matching rouge and your own shade of Tangee's famous face powder.

TANGEE



Red-Red

...REALLY STAYS ON!

Another Tangee lipstick—THEATRICAL RED...a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge, of course.

Droopy and Sad



made

Perky and Glad



with

LINIT

"The Friend of Fine Fabrics"

Children's clothes stay crisp, fresh, clean-looking *longer* when you starch them in Linit. For Linit *penetrates* the fabric instead of merely coating the surface. It *lays* tiny fibres that catch dust, dirt. Linit makes *ironing easier!* Your grocer sells Linit.



Linit is different!
Makes a thin, milky fluid
which penetrates
the fabric.

FREE 5x7 PHOTO
ENLARGEMENT
ANY SUBJECT OR GROUP



Joining life like likenesses and FREE
FRAME
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IDEAL PORTRAIT CO.
P. O. Box 748 B.P., Church St. Annex, New York

with it. So I said, 'What do you suggest?'"

The director, she recalls, studied her at some length, while she squirmed. "For one thing," he concluded at last, "you'll have to be more feminine. have more glamour. Let your nails grow. Wear a lot of perfume. Do something to your hair or your eyebrows. Get some new hats. Do SOMETHING!" The last remark was a shout and gave Ruth a really rather nasty start. "Gracious!" she thought. "Is it that bad?"

BUT she thought it all over in her canny New England fashion. "My nails, of course, won't grow. Lack of calcium or something. So that's out. My eyebrows seem all right. . . . I suppose I could buy a lot of perfume, but that won't show on the screen!" And she added, "I have a new hat." So she concluded that the director must have sensed some lack in her that he couldn't quite put his finger on. She'd better find out what it was.

She started out with clothes. She decided that if she couldn't be fluttery she would be chic. She designed slim things for herself which combined a lot of black with splashes of vivid color to set off her dark hair and red mouth.

By the time the studio asked her to pose in a bathing suit she had learned to be good-natured. "It was a raw February day and the suit they had sent up from the wardrobe was too tight. I turned blue all over and I couldn't even stand up straight, let alone loll gracefully on the prop beach they had rigged up in the gallery. But I tried, s'help me! The publicity department took one look at the results of my afternoon's posing and destroyed all the negatives. 'No more leg art on Hussey,' they said. 'She's not the type.' So that argument was settled without ever being argued."

She shopped for a place to live and finally found a small cottage in a "court" which made her feel at home. A Cape Cod cottage, of all things in California, with a superfluous but pretty picket fence. Inside there was a real fireplace, a wing chair, a red rug and a lot of chintz. She bought a piano, engaged a twice-a-week cleaning woman named Ethel and began to wonder where she could buy a goldfish for company.

At last she was invited for a week end at someone's mountain cabin. But her shyness got the better of her again and she spent the week end sketching houses she'd like to live in. People decided that

she was moody and queer.

The only thing she liked about Hollywood in those early days was her actual work on the set. That interested and stimulated her almost as much as it bewildered her. Off the set she was bitterly lonely. Her surface poise made her seem self-sufficient and she didn't come in for the easy sympathy and encouragement that picture people offer the newcomer who looks helpless.

While all this was going on she played in a number of not very distinguished roles in B pictures. But somehow the critics nosed her out, sat up and cried, "What have we here?" She found herself with a good role in "Susan and God." Simultaneously, of course, she found her name in the gossip columns. This eligible bachelor was courting her—or that one was carrying a torch. She was invited to go places, gay places, and it was then that she decided that she had at last found her place—she wanted to be a part of Hollywood.

So that's how the party not so long ago came about. Ruth plucked up her courage and invited all the people who had been nice to her on the lot. Then she discovered that there were some other people she wanted to invite. The number grew and grew. "I hadn't any idea that there were so many people in Hollywood whom I liked and wanted to entertain," she said helplessly. "The list simply sprouted!" She was delighted—but scared.

CAME the great evening. Came the morning after—and Ruth was glowing. It had all been perfect. "I had such a good time that I forgot it was my party," she confided. "The food didn't give out and the fireplace didn't smoke and people laughed and a real Hollywood thing happened. Someone gave me a clipping to read—all about how I had broken up someone's romance. While I was reading it the two people mentioned arrived. And we all three laughed. Now, that's really belonging in Hollywood—isn't it?"

She's going up fast—with "The Philadelphia Story" and "Flight Command" making her a top-ranker. She is forming friendships; she is beginning to "belong."

But there's still that clause in her contract about marriage and children. "No one has asked me yet," she says. "But now that I'm getting acquainted—I guess there's still a chance. You can be interested in those things and good at them, even if you work and even if you don't look well in frills!"



Devoted twosome becomes a threesome just for a picture at Ciro's: George Raft joins Ruth Hussey and her most frequent escort, Raphael Hakim, one of the famous Hakim brothers, French producers

Why the Perfect Wife's Marriage Failed

(Continued from page 53)

it. Certainly she would never have told what one of her friends did. Her friend explained, "If Arthur wants Myrna to eat and drink, she'll eat and drink. If those are some of the things that make him happy and they get in the way of her career, then it's too bad for the career. Myrna is a wife, first and foremost, and an actress long afterwards."

All Myrna's friends knew, too, how her interest in Arthur's productions quite outweighed her interest in her own. They knew, for example, how she carelessly let herself be manoeuvred, because of studio politics, out of the leading feminine role in "Boom Town" and into the very much less important "Third Finger, Left Hand."

If she'd been more aggressive about her own interests, she could undoubtedly have prevented that, but all that time she was fiercely studying every ad in every publication that came out, not looking for clothes or bargains that she could buy for herself, but looking instead at the pretty girl models who posed in them. This was because she was aware of Arthur's hunt for an unknown girl to go into one of his productions.

THOSE were some of the things Myrna Loy could have told.

But she had never told, and probably she never will tell, what it must have meant to her in terms of tears and sleeplessness, when she came to the realization that her romance was fading.

Perhaps Myrna will never tell any of those things because it looks as though even up until three months ago she would not admit the death of her marriage, even to herself. Three months ago, the whispers first started flying in Hollywood.

Three months ago, the whispers first began concerning Arthur's interest in still another actress. There were whispers and no more and there was no confirming the truth of them. It is highly possible that they were entirely compounded of imagination and fabrication; but there they were. A man as important, attractive and desirable as Arthur is always subject to such gossip.

Arthur was home ill when the whispers first began and all Hollywood knew how faithfully Myrna nursed him through that sickness. After he recovered, Myrna herself fell sick, badly enough for her doctor to insist upon hospitalization. It was "merely flu"—but any victim of that sly disease knows how weak and wretched it can leave you. It is at a time like that that a wife needs a husband around to protect and comfort her, but it was right after returning home from the hospital bout that Myrna finally confirmed those rumors.

Yes, she said, there would be a divorce. The grounds, she said, would be incompatibility of temperament.

That is all she said, this girl who had had a dream of being a perfect wife; this girl who had portrayed the perfect wife so charmingly, so truly, on the screen that a million wives and husbands had been inspired by that portrait to make their marriages more lasting and beautiful.

So salute her, this wife, who even at the end is still behaving perfectly. It will work out for her. It must work out for her if dignity and love and fineness mean anything in this life of ours.

BLONDES! these 3 questions settle a vital problem



MRS. HUNTINGTON ASTOR, the former Mrs. Vincent Astor, who devotes much time to the cause of the Musicians' Emergency Fund, is a lovely ash blonde. She chooses Pond's Light Natural because it matches her complexion perfectly.



When trying to choose the right powder shade for yourself, you need ask yourself only three questions.

1. Shall I make my skin fairer?
2. Shall I keep it the same shade?
3. Shall I deepen its color?

The matter comes down to this:

Do you look your most attractive when your skin has delicate baby-pink tones?

Are you lovelier when your skin has creamy shades that contrast with the dark lights in your eyes?

Does a warmer, rosier shade make your face bewitching against your honey-pale hair?

You will answer "yes" to one of these questions—and Pond's 3 superlative blonde shades will provide you with the right shade for your effect.

A delicate pink shade—Light Natural—our lightest shade. It matches the transparent skin of

ash blondes. Pure blondes love it because it lightens their skin.

A light powder, but creamier, with less pink—Rose Cream (Natural). The most popular of the blonde shades because it tones in so perfectly with the average blonde skin. Many, very many, darker blondes use it to add delicacy and lightness to their coloring. Red blondes who want to tone down their color use it to add a needed creamy glow to their skin.

A warm sunny shade with a rosy glow over it—Sunlight. Girls who are not quite sure whether they are blondes or brunettes find it matches their skin. Other blondes use it because it gives warmth. Sophisticated blondes are particularly fond of the exotic depth it gives their skin.

Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face. They keep away shine for hours without giving that powdered look.

Blondes will find their 3 shades grouped together on the counter. And Brunettes will find their 4 brunette shades.

Free Write to Pond's, Dept. 8MM-PB, Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or a brunette—you will receive generous samples FREE.

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YOU'RE REAL "COMPETITION"

when hair gains highlights men admire

PERHAPS you have never seen the full-blown radiance of your hair, just because habit has enslaved you to old-style soap shampoos.

Then let one shampoo with Halo reveal amazing improvement in your appearance. Because Halo contains no soap, it cannot leave dulling film to hide the natural luster and color of your hair. Halo removes accumulations of dulling soap-curd from each tiny hair shaft, leaves your headress radiant with color and brilliance. What's more, with Halo you don't need a lemon or vinegar rinse.

See how Halo Shampoo leaves your hair sparkling, silky-soft, easy to curl. How it gives "eye appeal" to mousey hair. How it gently cleanses your scalp, leaves it fragrantly clean. And Halo, because of its new-type sudsing ingredient, makes oceans of lather, in hardest water.

Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10¢ or larger sizes. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



HALO SHAMPOO

SITROUX

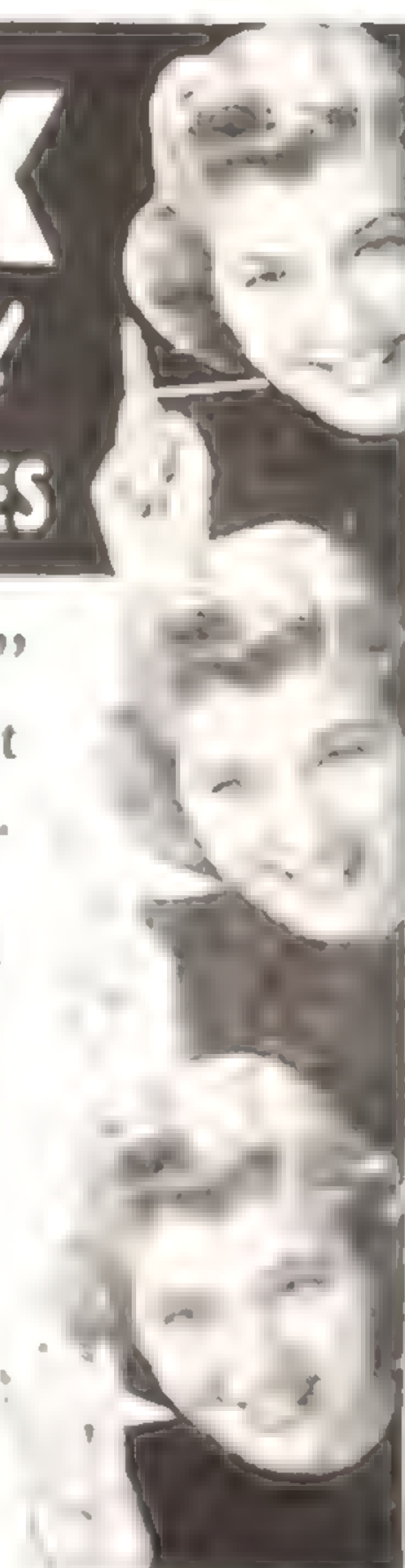
Triple-Tested
CLEANSING TISSUES

softer! Say "Sit-True" for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the cheek.

stronger! As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made only from pure cellulose.

more absorbent!

They drink in moisture. Ideal for beauty care. Useful everywhere.



Hollywood, Beware in 1941!

(Continued from page 31)

before 1940 I won't answer for the consequences. She will be much wiser to wait until 1941."

Janet Gaynor married Adrian before 1940 and, so far as I know, the marriage is a happy one and I hope it continues to be.

Deanna Durbin: "For Deanna Durbin this will be a particularly thrilling year because she will have her first real-life romance."

That particular romance—with Vaughn Paul—which had not even begun when the forecast was written, is still going on and has been written about extensively. You will meet Deanna again before I close.

Alice Faye: "For Alice Faye this is the most critical year of her entire career and upon her actions and reactions this year hangs her future . . . She will be accused of going Hollywood. Her marital affairs will be upset and, in spite of success, Alice will be a very unhappy girl."

She was and still is accused of going Hollywood. She filed suit for divorce from Tony Martin which I told her she would do but did not print because she asked me not to. And I don't think it is any secret that, in spite of tremendous success and of everything any girl could wish for, Alice is not happy.

Richard Greene: "His rise to fame will be as sudden as that of Robert Taylor. Women will write to him and follow him and flatter him. . . ."

I'll bet a great many of you have helped to make that prophecy come true. And right here I want to tell you that, according to Dick's hands the last time I read them (fall of 1938), he will come through the war safely if he is in active combat.

George Brent: "Within two years George Brent will fall in love and will marry the woman if she is free." (I believe he has met her now.) "His life line shows a break which means a sudden serious illness or a narrow escape within the year." (You all must have read in the papers of his serious illness and his narrow escape from death almost exactly one year from the time the article was written.) "Due to a particularly sympathetic part in a good picture, his career will take a sudden upward spurt and he will hit a new high in world-wide popularity." (The picture was "Dark Victory" and it brought George Brent back with a bang.)

Loretta Young: "In love again. If this marriage takes place it will not end happily." (Fortunately the marriage did not take place. The love affair ended tragically.) "Next year (1940) brings Loretta into the best period she is ever to have. At this time she will marry and her marriage will endure."

Loretta's recent marriage to Tom Lewis has every chance of being a successful and a lasting marriage. Her box-office appeal is rising steadily.

John Barrymore: "Elaine Barrymore will be the last woman in John Barrymore's life."

Just before, or soon after the magazine containing this enlightening bit of news went to press, John and his Elaine separated with fireworks and much publicity. However, even though my face was red, I still stuck to my guns and insisted that they would be back together again and the reconciliation took place in the usual bombastic fashion in a New York night club. Separated once more! So what? They will be reconciled once more, too!

Marie Wilson: "I predict a great future for Marie if she is properly handled in her formative years."

I see that Marie is appearing in Paramount's top flight "Virginia" in a new and more sympathetic type of role. So perhaps the people who are responsible for her career are awakening to the fact that they have a real actress in this lovely sensitive girl.

Fred Astaire: "And last but not least," I said in closing, "old man stork flutters over the Fred Astaire home."

Well, old man stork must have had a long flutter, for to date no news of a bundle from heaven has come from the Astaire home. My advice to Mr. Stork is to light and relax, for it looks as though I will have to give myself a black mark on that one.

SO much for 1939.

This year, instead of making my predictions from a careful study and analysis of the hands of the stars, I am making an astrological forecast from their birthdays and, as you know, in order to do this with any degree of accuracy, I must have the correct date, year and place of birth for each star whose chart has been made up and delineated. Therefore, while I am not attempting to excuse myself in case of any minor inaccuracies in the predictions, I do want to state that any glaring discrepancy must be attributed to my having been given the wrong birth date.

Now for 1941.

The tempestuous Katharine Hepburn appears to come out from under the bad aspects which have been dogging her for some time. During most of 1941 she is under good vibrations so far as her public and her career are concerned.

From July 9th to the 15th, August 1st to the 20th and October 4th to the 10th, 1941, due to the transiting Mars afflicting her birth chart, she must watch out for accidents and scandal. At these times she will be inclined to be particularly reckless and headstrong and to incur public displeasure through some rash act or statement. Marriage is indicated for her in the spring of 1941. April is the most favorable month for this marriage to take place.

No wonder everyone loves Myrna Loy, for she has the Sun and the Moon both in Leo, the sign of the heart, which makes her gracious, kindly, warmhearted and a thoroughly sincere and lovable person.

Professionally Myrna is under fine aspects for 1941 and for 1942 also. Her private life, however, is something else again, for ever since March, 1940, she has been afflicted by Saturn, which has caused gossip and unpleasant speculation about her marriage. This condition was even more strongly accented during July and August by Mars in Leo, the house which governs the home. The position of her stars show tension, conflict and serious misunderstandings in the home. (Editor's Note: After this article was written, Miss Loy announced that she and husband Arthur Hornblow Jr. would separate. See page 52.)

What is going to happen to Shirley Temple, that wonder-child who apparently has not been able to survive the ungainly gap between childhood and girlhood?

My analysis of the matter is that though Shirley is every bit as talented and as charming as she ever was, Saturn in Taurus in bad aspect to her other planets puts her under a temporary eclipse for the next few years and, no matter what she does in a professional way or how well she does it, she will meet with adverse criticism and unpop-

ularity. It would be far wiser for Shirley to retire to private life until midsummer, fall or winter, 1943. At this time she will have all the appeal of a new and delightful personality.

Clark Gable's chart proves him to be a sincere and real person whose popularity and box-office appeal will last not only through 1941 but for many years to come.

His marriage to Carole Lombard should last, for it is based not only on love and emotional accord but on the far more solid and concrete basis of congenial tastes. If any children are born to Carole and Clark they will be brilliant and have genius of some sort, though it need not necessarily be acting ability.

From July, 1941, to August 1st, Carole must take good care of her health, for her chart warns of a health condition. Again around October 25th through all of November, she must look out for overwork and nervous excitement. During this period, she will be under bad aspects, due to Mars' transiting through her sixth house, which governs servants, all employment and pets. Therefore, she must guard against men and women who seek to obtain money through extortion, dishonest servants or employees, and an injury from one of her pets.

TO beautiful Linda Darnell the stars bring achievement this year, to be crowned by even greater success in 1942. Linda should be cast in emotional parts and be groomed for tragedy rather than comedy, even though she is so very young.

Her chart shows remarkable acting ability and after June 1st, 1941, her prestige will increase due to a part adapted especially to her talents.

However, the path will not be all roses. Linda, you will find a number of thorns along the way and some of the worst of them will be jealous and catty women. Keep your confidences to yourself and be very, very sure you know exactly who your true friends are, for from April 16th to May 1st, 1941, there is danger of someone's trying to cause trouble for you.

At this time, you may be called upon to pay out a large sum of money or sustain a bad loss. Be careful of entanglements with the law and be sure that all papers you sign are airtight so far as protecting your rights go. Watch out for extravagance all this year. Nineteen forty-one may find Linda entering into a secret marriage.

Nineteen forty-one is a good career year for Ginger Rogers. Ginger is a very talented young lady and can rise to any heights she desires if she will pause to consider that, without her public, she would be right back where she was in the old days of vaudeville. It will behoove Ginger to be extra alert about offending people, for Uranus, in her seventh house, which also governs partnerships, is in opposition to her Sun and to Neptune. This indicates bad advice as to business and love affairs and brings her sudden gusts of good and bad luck in both business and love.

Add to this the fact that Mars and Saturn are in midheaven in the house governing profession, honors and ambitions, causing Ginger herself to have bad judgment when it comes to dealing with the public, and you can scarcely wonder that this girl has come in for adverse criticism.

During all of 1941 Ginger will be under good aspects for a musical picture or play. She should take this into consideration, for this particular year Ginger and music seem to walk hand in hand. Under this influence she may even com-

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March 20th to April 3rd bring her under adverse aspects with regard to her health. She must especially look out for accidents or a condition affecting her knees and legs. April and May will call upon her to take on additional responsibility. These two months will be a favorable period to begin work on a picture dealing with a serious subject. In the fall Ginger will appear in a picture or play which brings her unusual acclaim and at this time the public will be with her and for her.

DO not have the year of Cary Grant's birth, but according to his birthday alone 1941 is his banner year

December, 1940, and January and February bring him under the most brilliant aspects for money, prestige and romance. And early May pours money, money and more money into his hands and pockets and bank accounts. To Cary Grant the year 1941 brings opportunities that come once in a lifetime to only a few persons and never to most of us.

For Jimmy Stewart November, 1941, is the red-letter month of the year. Anything he begins this month will eventually lead to success. He should lay his plans for his future ambitions and desires early in 1941 and put them into action in November.

You may think Jimmy already has gone far, but you haven't seen anything yet. He would make a splendid director and one day you will find him behind the megaphone. He has an uncanny knowledge of how people feel and react way down deep inside of them and, just as he is now able as an actor to make you suffer embarrassment, joy and sorrow along with him, later, as a director, he will be able to wring these same emotions from other actors.

Good year for money and romance, Jimmy, and if you aren't already married by November this will be the month to become engaged to marry.

Speaking of romance, we naturally come to Olivia de Havilland. Olivia's and Jimmy's charts show true harmony, affinity and an opportunity for lasting happiness.

ness. These two will be far happier married to each other than to anyone else. Both have fine ideals, take marriage and love seriously and have a basic soundness difficult for most people to maintain when surrounded by a world of make-believe

Nineteen forty-one is a year full of activity for Olivia. January, March and June bring her honors, awards and financial success. Any pictures begun at this time will increase her popularity. Beginning with July, 1941, and through the balance of the year Olivia must guard against accidents, particularly those having to do with fire or explosions. Whatever happens to her under this influence will be sudden, even violent. She must avoid overwork or nervous exhaustion or she may have a breakdown.

If you are not already married by then, Olivia, June 25th, 1941, should be your wedding day. Wonderful day for you for love, romance and happiness.

Claudette Colbert is under excellent vibrations financially until June, 1941. In fact, she will always make and have money. But she may not be happy in her personal life this year.

Nineteen forty-one brings Claudette to a full understanding of the seriousness of life and she will feel the urge and desire to delve into philosophy and religion. It is possible that she may begin to question these subjects and wish to study them from that angle, or she may turn to them for comfort; for her personal life appears to be subject to a series of sudden and unaccountable happenings. An emotional upheaval is indicated which may bring with it separation or divorce during June or July, 1941.

In order to avoid this, Claudette must control her tendency to nervousness and stay away from all those who seek to fill her with suspicions and doubt. She must believe nothing that she hears, ignore any gossip that may be written or spoken about her and live in a little world of her own surrounded by a cocoon of complete indifference until these bad aspects pass. By doing so she has an opportunity to come through this trying period without marital disaster. Travel and complete change of environment will be wisest for



A couple that has Hollywood getting ready to buy wedding presents: Laraine Day and M-G-M's hair stylist Sidney Guilaroff at Ciro's

her if she can get away at this time. You wouldn't think Bette Davis could have any more honors heaped upon her, but she will. It looks as though some entirely new award, something very special, will be given Bette this year, for she appears to achieve some new distinction in July and again in December, 1941.

July is a very good period for her, though throughout the latter part of the year Bette must guard against nervous tension and overwork. Mars in Aries warns her that airplane travel will be dangerous during the latter part of the year. Incidentally, her stars point to marriage during 1941. If she takes this step it won't last, but if take it she must, the best time to do so is from April 21st to June 21st.

ERROL FLYNN will find himself under stirring vibrations for the entire year, some pleasant, others unpleasant, all of them exciting. In 1941 Destiny picks Errol up and flings him about with the same reckless abandon that he displays in some of the characters he portrays on the screen.

If Errol is not very careful he is liable to come out of his encounter too punch-drunk to get on his feet again, much less stay on them. This year he is under such powerful vibrations from Mars that he will be inclined to be even more impulsive, reckless and devil-may-care than usual. So beware, Errol. Look out for trouble through the opposite sex, accidents, blackmail and divorce. Especially be on your guard from July, 1941, to January, 1942. If you get through that period without any grey hairs or unfavorable publicity you can draw a long breath and relax for a bit.

As for Errol's career—unless he jeopardizes it by his Martian (meaning under the influence of Mars) activities, the year brings him additional popularity. The very recklessness and ardor which may get him into trouble will be sensed by his screen public and will make him even more exciting and fascinating to them. Added to this, splendid parts adapted to his own particular talents will be thrown his way. Plenty of money for him, too, but here also he must be careful that it does not disappear via extortion, extravagance and carelessness. December, 1940, until June, 1941, is the best time for him to enter into business contracts, forge ahead in his career and prepare himself to be as inactive as possible during the dangerous period to follow.

ANN SHERIDAN has Venus in Capricorn which indicates that though she is emotional and romantic her head will rule her heart. She may marry for love, but she will want this marriage to endure. He is discriminating and a man must measure up to her very high standard of suit Ann.

Her planets are in a wonderful configuration for work in the movies or with the public. She will always benefit through friends, for she inspires loyalty. But she must beware of jealous women who resent her beauty and utter naturalness.

There is every indication of a secret and unusual romance, which may lead to an elopement by airplane in February or March. There is a possibility that this marriage may be kept secret or there may be some legal difficulty, for the stars indicate that from March 10th to April 1st Ann may come in for some unpleasant gossip. From April 17th to May 1st she must be on her guard against accidents. At this time she will be in danger from fire, automobiles, airplanes and explosions.

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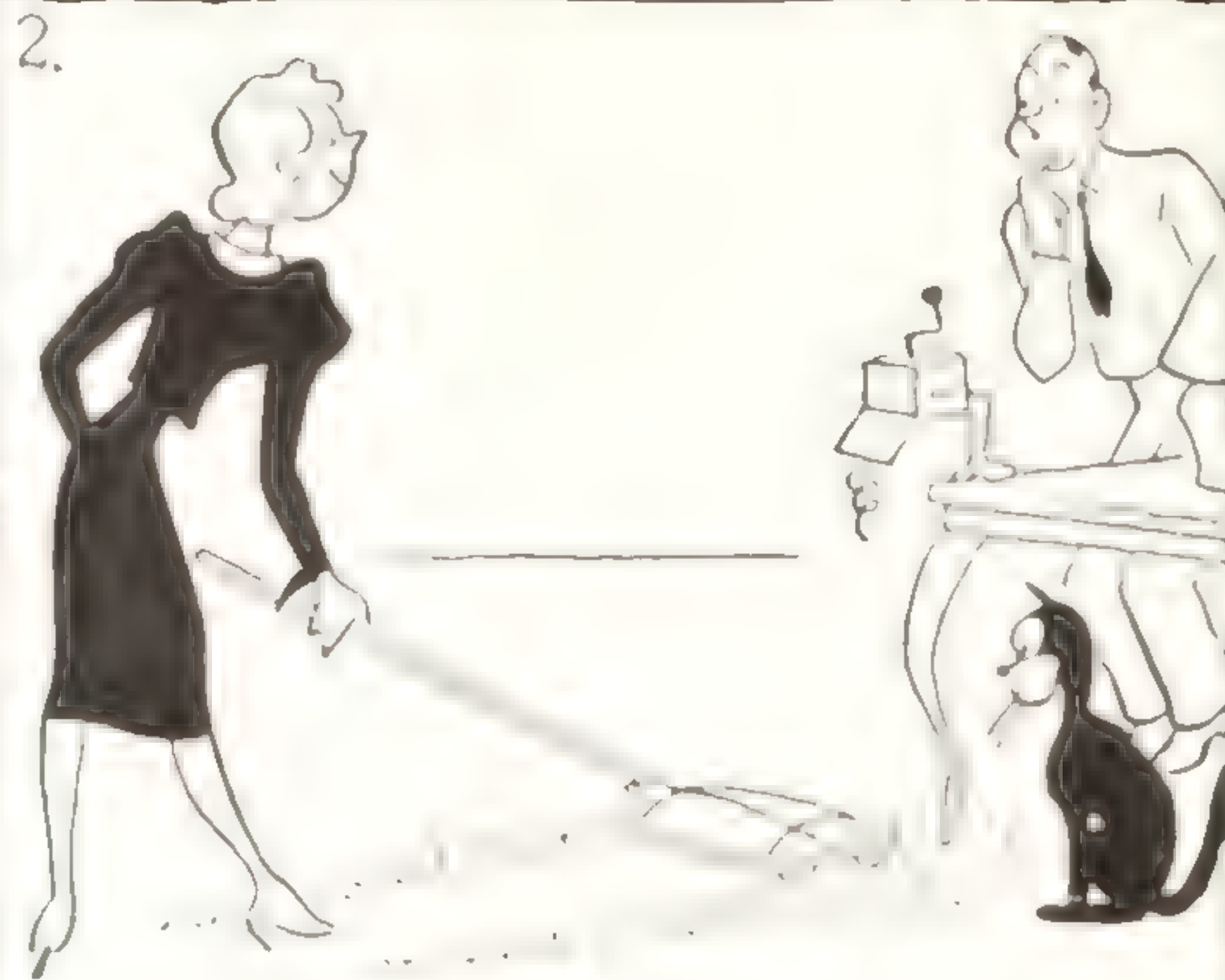
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Nineteen forty-one brings bewildering waves of good fortune, but it also brings unexpected waves of adversity. However, the two seem to balance each other.

She will always have to work hard for what recognition she gets but her efforts will bring her what she desires. August 1st begins a new and exciting cycle for her professionally. At this time the public will suddenly realize that Ann is not merely an "oomph girl" but an actress.

I WANT to warn Deanna Durbin that in February she will be under aspects which may cause her to be unpopular with her heretofore faithful public. This may have to do with a picture which does not measure up to her other pictures, or it may concern her personal life. Deanna is growing up. Mentally she is far older and wiser than she gets credit for being and undoubtedly it is difficult for her picture public to accept her in a grown-up role, or to forgive her for acting in a grownup manner in real life.

Look out for February, Deanna, and remember that whatever happens it will be only temporary, for 1944 and 1945 see you achieve far greater success than you have had so far. You have excellent judgment; be sure you use it to your advantage.

Laraine Day has a keen mind. She is alert, intellectual and full of daring and verve. She must not be typed but should be put into a variety of character parts such as those which brought fame to Bette Davis and are doing so much for Ida Lupino today.

The position of Jupiter in Laraine's chart indicates sudden financial gains after June, 1941. These may come to her through her career, an inheritance or through marriage to a wealthy man.

From September 26th to October 10th, 1941, and again during the Christmas holidays, she must guard her health, being careful to avoid too much excitement combined with overwork, or illness will follow.

As for her career—Laraine comes into her own the latter part of 1943.

It would be impossible to do a forecast for 1941 without attempting to turn some light upon the mysteriously beautiful Hedy Lamarr.

First of all, Hedy is extremely emotional, but has learned to keep her emotions under control to such a degree that it is difficult for her to release them. The position of her Moon in relaxation to Venus, the Sun and Mars gives her an uncanny insight into the real natures of men and women. She knows them and comprehends their motives. Let me assure you that her Mona Lisa smile is not merely a stage prop. Her intuition is so keen as to be a second sight.

The latter part of 1940 and the early part of 1941 she must take care of her health, be careful not to get overtired or neglect the slightest cold. If she does, it may have serious consequences.

During the entire year she must be on her guard against theft and disloyalty and each person taken into her employ should be thoroughly investigated.

She should stay out of airplanes and beware of danger on the water all her life.

November 9th, 1941, begins a new cycle favorable for publicity and finances and this period seems to bring her into very beneficial contact with writers or publishers.

As for love—January 1st to the 4th sees the beginning of a new love affair or the revival of an old one. Hedy's Venus is in a dual sign indicating many marriages which bring her material benefits and love as long as she lives.

Romance of the Rio Grande

(Continued from page 40)

but, having won her love, would find it impossible to leave her.

"Tell us what happened, my boy," the old man's voice broke in on his meditations. "Are you sure you were not injured during the holdup?"

Cisco shook his head. "Not a scratch, Grandfather," he answered easily. "Only stunned. When the robbers had fled, after killing the driver and leaving me for dead, this kind man," indicating Gordito, "found me and took me to his home, where I recovered. Then he brought me to you."

"But if you were shot," Ricardo began insolently.

"I was not shot," Cisco said coolly. "Only *this* was shot." He drew a small religious medal from around his neck. "See where the bullet have twisted it?" In truth the tiny medallion was scarred by a bullet—a bullet which Cisco, in careful preparation for his masquerade, had fired into it before reaching the rancho to lend credence to his story of a bullet which had sped toward his heart but had not harmed him.

Don Fernando and Maria bent over the medal, exclaiming that anything so small could save a man's life. Intent as they were, they did not see the glances which Ricardo and Rosita exchanged; only Cisco caught the look of fury and frustration on Ricardo's face. He wondered what undercurrents of evil and unrest ran through the hacienda.

With Cisco, to ponder about a situation was to try to learn more about it. So when the household retired, he walked with Rosita to her door.

"You are charming, señorita," he told her, "fascinating." Smiling, he bent his head as though to kiss her, but with a demure "Buenos noches" which was more invitation than farewell she slipped through the door and closed it gently behind her.

Whistling softly, Cisco turned away. Ricardo was standing a little way down the corridor, his fists clenched in impotent fury. "Buenos noches, Cousin Ricardo," Cisco called politely, then he strolled down the stairs again and out into the patio.

THE moon was out in all its glory, filling the patio with brilliant light and deepening the shadows in the corners. In one corner Cisco found Maria, huddled on a bench and singing a plaintive little song beneath her breath.

She started with alarm when Cisco approached but he said reassuringly, "Do not be afraid, my little one. Your song—it was so beautiful—I had to come to tell you so."

"Gracias, Don Carlos," the girl answered. Cisco seated himself beside her. "Do you like Rancho Santa Margarita?" she asked then.

"Very much. I am very lucky to be here—and very happy." He moved along the bench toward her and Maria timidly edged away.

"Please, señorita," Cisco said pleadingly, "do not draw away from me. I have been watching you all evening—with my heart beating faster and faster." He paused, then, "You like Don Carlos, too, a little bit?"

"I—I hoped to," she replied, then added angrily, "but if you are the kind of man who wastes time in pretty speeches while bandits are stealing our cattle—even killing our men—"

"But this I did not know," Cisco said gently. "Who are these bandits?"

"Ricardo thinks their leader is the Cisco Kid."

"No! Not the Cisco Kid!"

"What do you know of the Cisco Kid?" Maria asked. "Surely you didn't hear of him in Spain."

"I—he—the stagecoach driver talk of this Cisco Kid," he stammered. "But he say he never kill, never steal, only," he smiled at his secret joke, "only that he is very brave man who like adventure, excitement."

"But Ricardo is so sure it's the Cisco Kid," Maria insisted. "Once during a cattle raid, he shot at him but he got away."

"So," Cisco said slowly, "perhaps I better talk to Ricardo. Perhaps, together, we can capture this bandit."

"Oh, Don Carlos," Maria breathed. "I hoped you would say that. Don Fernando has been so worried. He's such a good man, but he's so old and frail—oh, I am so glad you are here to take care of everything!" She stopped, embarrassed, then said, softly. "I must go in now. Buenos noches, Don Carlos."

She turned away, but Cisco stepped in front of her. "Not yet," he smiled. "Not without the good night kiss," and he caught her in his arms. For a brief moment he felt the pressure of her lips, then she pulled herself away and sped across the patio and into the hacienda.

A MOMENT later Gordito joined Cisco in the patio. "You told me to listen and find out things," he said, "so I have listen, Cisco, and I find out many things. This Ricardo who is Don Fernando's nephew always hope the ranch will be his someday. So when he hear that the grandson is coming he hire two men, the servant Manuel and a Señor Carver, to hold up the stagecoach and kill the grandson. Now he is ver' angry with them because they have not kill him and have told him that they must kill him again—only this time he will be you."

"Ricardo, Manuel and Carver," Cisco repeated. "Well, we have to stop them from killing this make-believe grandson who is me."

"Why," Gordito urged, "not just take money and jewels from rancho and go?"

"No," Cisco said. "No, Gordito, we stay here. Tomorrow you go to Mama Lopez, tell her to make Don Carlos well so he can come back to his grandfather."

"But Cisco, you say if we come here we have much wealth."

"Don Fernando is fine man," Cisco said slowly. "I make mistake to come here. All my life I want adventure, excitement—but not to be cheap thief—liar. No, Gordito, we will bring Don Carlos to his grandfather—then we go away again."

But Don Fernando was never to see his grandson. That night, as Cisco was preparing for bed, a shot was fired at him. It missed him and the intruder made his escape. But Don Fernando, aroused by the noise, tried to stop the bandit only to be thrown to the floor and injured so severely that he died a few hours later. His dying words were that the rancho should go to Don Carlos. Should Don Carlos die, the property would then become Ricardo's. Furthermore, the old man asked that Don Carlos make Rosita his wife and that he care for Maria as her godfather had done.

After the old man had been laid to rest in the little cemetery which for five generations had received the Davegas, Cisco was strolling in the patio with Maria. At the spot farthest from the



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MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., announces another great true story manuscript contest with the attendant rich rewards for writers of acceptable true stories.

It begins on Thursday, January 2, 1941, and ends on Monday, March 31, 1941. Eight big prizes ranging from \$500 up to the magnificent sum of \$1,000 will be awarded for successful true stories submitted. Perhaps yours will be among them.

Do not hesitate to enter because you have never tried to write for publication. Already Macfadden Publications, Inc., has paid out over \$650,000 in prizes for true stories, largely to persons who never before had tried to set a story down on paper. What they did you too should be able to do.

So start today. Select from your memory a story from your own life or which took place in the life of a relative or acquaintance. Write it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure, success, love triumphant or love disdained, if it contains the gripping interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit regardless of how skilfully written they may be. Judging on this basis, to the best true story received will be awarded the grand prize of \$1,000, to the two second best

the two big \$750 second prizes, etc. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly below prize-winning quality, if we can use it we will gladly consider it for purchase at our liberal word rates, which range upwards from 2c to 5c per word. Unlike the eight prize awards there is no restriction on the number of stories we can purchase if they come up to our requirements.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. In writing your story do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you can help to avoid a last-minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. This contest closes March 31, 1941.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize.....	\$1,000
Second Prize—2 at \$750.....	1,500
Third Prize—5 at \$500.....	2,500
8 Prizes.....	\$5,000

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin issue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING. THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

Within a month after receipt of each manuscript, a report or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

Manuscripts submitted are considered for all of our magazines and we reserve the right to publish accepted material where best adapted to our needs.

This contest ends Monday, March 31, 1941. Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 41C, Box 333, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

COUPON

M.M. 241

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house they were halted by the sound of angry words coming from the opposite side of the tall hedge.

"I had to see you, Rosita," Ricardo was saying. "You've been avoiding me all day and I think I know the reason. You're planning to marry Don Carlos. Is that it?" There was no answer and his tone became more menacing. "Well, you will never marry him, Rosita. You belong to me and I would kill you rather than see you go to someone else."

"What nonsense you talk, Ricardo," Rosita said. "Of course I'll marry Don Carlos if I want to."

"So that's it. You are determined to marry the master of the rancho no matter who he may be. I hope that's it," he exulted, "because tomorrow I will be the master!"

"Oh, Don Carlos," Maria cried, but Cisco motioned her to silence and drew her away. "That means," Maria continued when they were out of earshot, "that he plans to kill you."

Cisco nodded. "Maybe," he said, "I kill him first!"

THAT night Gordito followed the servant Manuel to a spot far from the hacienda where Ricardo and Carver met him. Out of sight but within hearing distance, Gordito listened to the plot against Cisco's life. Ricardo was to invite Cisco and Gordito to ride with him next day on an inspection trip of the rancho. Manuel would accompany them. Cisco and Gordito would have the positions of honor, riding ahead of the other two. At a narrow pass Carver would be concealed with orders to kill the first two horsemen.

Next day the party started out according to schedule with every evidence of a pleasant time to be had by all. What was not according to schedule was Cisco's abrupt move as they approached the pass. Suddenly he wheeled around and at the point of a gun forced Ricardo and Manuel forward to take the front positions vacated by himself and Gordito. As they entered the steep defile a shot rang out and Manuel pitched forward, mortally wounded. In the uproar which followed Ricardo and the hidden Carver succeeded in escaping. After a fruitless search for them Cisco and Gordito returned to the rancho, there to await Ricardo's return, capture him and, as they thought, confront him with the real Don Carlos and the dead Manuel.

But matters were still not going according to plan, for Mama Lopez appeared at the rancho, trembling with fear. "Don Ricardo and Señor Carver—they have found Don Carlos," she cried. She was incoherent, but Cisco finally managed to piece her story together. After the gun battle at the pass that afternoon Ricardo and Carver had met at her cantina and had ordered refreshments. While she was in the kitchen carrying out their orders Don Carlos had aroused from the coma which had held him for many days and had staggered into the bar where the two men sat. Confused, not knowing where he was or how long he had been ill, he introduced himself to the pair. At the mention of his name Ricardo had sprung to life. If this were the real Don Carlos then the other must be an impostor. Must be—the Cisco Kid! For only the Cisco Kid, Ricardo and Carver agreed, would dare to attempt such a masquerade.

Ricardo thereupon had introduced himself as Don Carlos' cousin and had expressed delight at his safety. Then, leaving Carver on guard, he had ridden in search of the sheriff, to whom he would denounce the Cisco Kid as an impostor, the kidnaper of Don Carlos and the mur-

derer of Manuel. Mama Lopez, pretending to be busy in the kitchen, had managed to crawl through a window, mount Carver's horse and ride to the rancho to warn Cisco.

"That Ricardo, he know you will never let the sheriff take you alive," Mama Lopez concluded. "And when you are dead—then they will kill Don Carlos, too! Listen," she added. "I hear men—and horses. Oh, Madre Dios, it is the sheriff and his posse! Ride, Cisco, ride quickly!"

THEY did ride quickly, Cisco and Gordito, as swiftly as their horses could travel, with the sheriff's men in pursuit. Mile after mile they sped, but the posse could not overtake them, could not even get close enough for their bullets to take effect. At last Cisco pulled his horse to a stop. There was no sign of the pursuers, so they wheeled their horses about and rode again, this time toward Mama Lopez's cantina.

In the cantina they found Carver still guarding the bewildered Don Carlos. Forcing Carver to give up his gun, Cisco handed him over to Gordito. Then he turned to Don Carlos, who was staring at him in amazement.

"Who are you?" Don Carlos demanded. "I feel as though I were gazing into a mirror!"

"Yes, we are much alike," Cisco agreed. "Don Carlos might be the twin of the Cisco Kid. And it is because of this strange resemblance that you are here. Listen."

Quickly, then, Cisco outlined the strange story to Don Carlos, telling everything that had happened since the stage-coach holdup, everything he knew and suspected of Ricardo's villainy. His own deception he admitted frankly. "But when I meet Don Fernando I know he is good man," he explained. "I cannot take from him what he think he is giving to his grandson. At his grave I promise that his grandson will have the rancho and when the Cisco Kid make a promise he keep that promise! And now we must hurry. There is much for us to do at the rancho."

"Oh, I nearly forget. At the rancho there is a señorita—beautiful and gentle. I do not know," Cisco was smiling and his eyes were focused on the wall above Don Carlos' head, "I do not know—but I think she would like to be loved—like this—" and throwing his arms wide, he brought them together in imitation of a passionate embrace. "You will remember that, Don Carlos?"

Amazed at the extravagant gesture, Don Carlos answered, "Yes, I will remember that."

At the rancho Cisco asked Don Carlos to remain outside the hacienda instead of announcing his presence. "For just a little while," Cisco explained. "There is still one small thing that I must do—then the rancho is yours forever." Don Carlos nodded and Cisco hurried into the house and up the wide stairway until he came to Rosita's door. With his ear pressed to the door he listened intently to the words that came from within.

"Only until tomorrow," Ricardo was saying exultantly. "Tomorrow Don Carlos will be dead and the rancho—and you, my Rosita—will belong to me!"

Cisco smiled in the darkness as he knocked at the door. There was silence within the room, then whispering, then silence again. At last Rosita opened the door. She was alone in the room, but the curtain hung across the door to the balcony moved as though in rhythm with a man's breathing.

Cisco supported himself against the

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door as might a man who had been through a serious illness. "Pardon, señorita," he said. "I am Carlos Hernandez, the grandson of Don Fernando. I have just reach the hacienda. I crave you will forgive me for this intrusion, but I have ask the servant the way to your room for I feel that I must lose no time in carrying out the last wish of my grandfather. Señorita," he raised his voice, "I beg that you will do me the honor to become my wife."

Rosita glanced fearfully toward the balcony, then turned demurely to Cisco. "I, too, have but one thought," she said, "to do the bidding of the good Don Fernando. I—" she hesitated, "I accept your offer," she said, holding out her hand.

Cisco bowed low and kissed the extended hand. "You have made me happier than you will ever know, señorita," he said. "And now—buenos noches."

AS soon as Cisco left the room Ricardo stormed in from the balcony. "So," he raged, "it was the mistress of the rancho you wanted to be—not the wife of Ricardo!"

"No, Ricardo," Rosita cried. "You don't understand—"

"I understand this," Ricardo shouted, advancing toward her. "I have said that no other man would ever have you—and no one ever will!" His hands were about her throat now, forcing her back over a small table which stood in the center of the room. As if by instinct her hand opened one of the table drawers, felt blindly for something hidden in it and pulled out—a small revolver.

Ricardo spied the weapon and tried to wrest it from her but just as he gained possession of it there was a deafening explosion and he fell, grasping at his chest. Rosita, terrified, sped toward the door. She had nearly reached it, and the safety of the hall beyond, when Ricardo pulled himself upright and with the revolver clutched in a shaking hand, aimed at her.

"Oh, don't, Ricardo—Ricardo!" But her scream was unheard above the sound of the gun.

The Cisco Kid moved softly down the stairs and ran to Don Carlos. "Welcome to Rancho Santa Margarita," he cried.

It was a somber little train that wound its way to the family burial ground behind the richly covered bodies of Ricardo and Rosita. There in the quiet shadow of the great Arizona rocks the simple

rites were performed which returned these two to the arms of their great ancestors.

Back at the hacienda the Cisco Kid prepared to leave.

"But not for long, Cisco," Don Carlos urged. "You are my friend and you will return often."

"Yes, please, Cisco," Maria echoed.

Cisco nodded, smiling gaily. "Always we shall return to visit the friends," he promised, then he swung into the saddle and went flashing down the wide tree-bordered driveway, Gordito at his heels.

"They're good friends, Gordito," Cisco said. "We are very lucky—eh, maybe your little pink lizard bring us the luck after all!"

When the riders were out of sight Maria turned to Don Carlos. "Cisco is a good man, Don Carlos," she said. "A brave man. He has done much for you—for the rancho—for—" She stopped in confusion, recalling the Cisco Kid's kiss. No one would ever know what he had done for her—that he had awakened in her the meaning of love but had gallantly refrained from asking her for the love which she might have given him.

But Don Carlos' thoughts were no longer on Cisco. They were only for the girl at his side; for Maria, who had enchanted him the moment he entered the hacienda.

"Maria," he said softly, "many things will I do because my grandfather wished it. But this I will do not only for him, but because my heart wishes it—my heart, which is trembling now, hoping that you will be—my wife."

Maria lifted her eyes shyly. "I have hoped—" she began, but her words were cut short by a cry which echoed across the hills. Looking up, they saw, silhouetted on a precipice a full half-mile away, the figure of the Cisco Kid.

"Don Carlos," he shouted. "Don't forget—" He threw his arms wide apart, then brought them together again in a pantomime embrace.

Don Carlos laughed in memory and flung his own arms out, but when they came together Maria was inside them and her lips were on his. For a long moment they stood together, then drew apart to gaze toward the precipice.

The Cisco Kid was no longer there, but the breeze brought back a song such as a gallant gentleman whistles when he has left one adventure behind and is riding in search of another.



First impressions of a first issue: James Cagney, Rita Hayworth and Director Raoul Walsh preview Photoplay-Movie Mirror on the set of Warners' "Strawberry Blonde"

Life of Lynn

(Continued from page 33)

ablaze with color and the air tingled as though inhabited by spirits.

He took to Bates right from the start, admiring its atmosphere of quiet charm. Mostly it was filled with New Englanders anxious to get something out of college, a good portion of whom worked after classes so's to make both ends meet.

Jeffrey Lynn was like them, only more so. In fact, he worked so hard that freshman year, riding his bike back and forth to his chores, that he didn't have a single date.

For all that, he managed to make his presence felt at Bates. As poor as he was and as skimpy as was his wardrobe he was always ending up at the class polls as the Lucius Beebe of Bates, the college's best-dressed man.

Besides that, he was elected a class officer, editor of the college paper and member of the student-faculty committee. He went out for track and became the slick-est half-miler in school.

At the suggestion of a campus delovely, who assured him it was nothing short of criminal for him not to offer his services to the college dramatic society, the Bates 4-A Players, what with a current shortage of male talent, he decided to enlist as a walk-on. But when the director caught a glimpse of the college's Beau Brummel, slender, earnest and definitely pictorial, he decided, almost on the spot, that here was a leading man, not a spear-holder.

JEFFREY LYNN played everything from Shakespeare to Shaw before he got his diploma. Not until he sat there in his dressing room, wiping the make-up from his face, still sporting the Roman toga in which he had just cavorted as *Marc Antony* in the senior play, his last, did it dawn on him that he was in love with the stage.

"It's the ham creeping out, Jeff old boy," he told himself.

En route home, Jeffrey Lynn, A.B., considered the future, reflected wistfully about his earlier plans to study law at Harvard (the royal road to the Presidency) pondered the sad world which lay gasping for breath thanks to the stock market collapse the previous fall and wondered who on earth would be chump enough to give him a job.

That summer he sold magazine subscriptions, a house-to-house proposition that took him all over New England. Come fall and he figured things out. He'd work a year, save up enough money to pay his tuition at Harvard and would proceed to dazzle the law school pundits out of a scholarship.

The New England Bell Telephone Co. was kind enough to give him a job. He was stationed in Brockton, right outside of Boston.

He didn't much like the work. As an antidote for his job he looked around for a hobby, remembered his mumming at Bates and decided to take up amateur dramatics. Brockton was no metropolis and the best thing open was the Y.M.C.A. Players.

"We were a pretty lot indeed. We may not have been slick as satin, but we were picturesque. We never set any drama connoisseurs a-swooning, but I doubt if we ever bored anyone." All this in retrospect from Mr. Lynn.

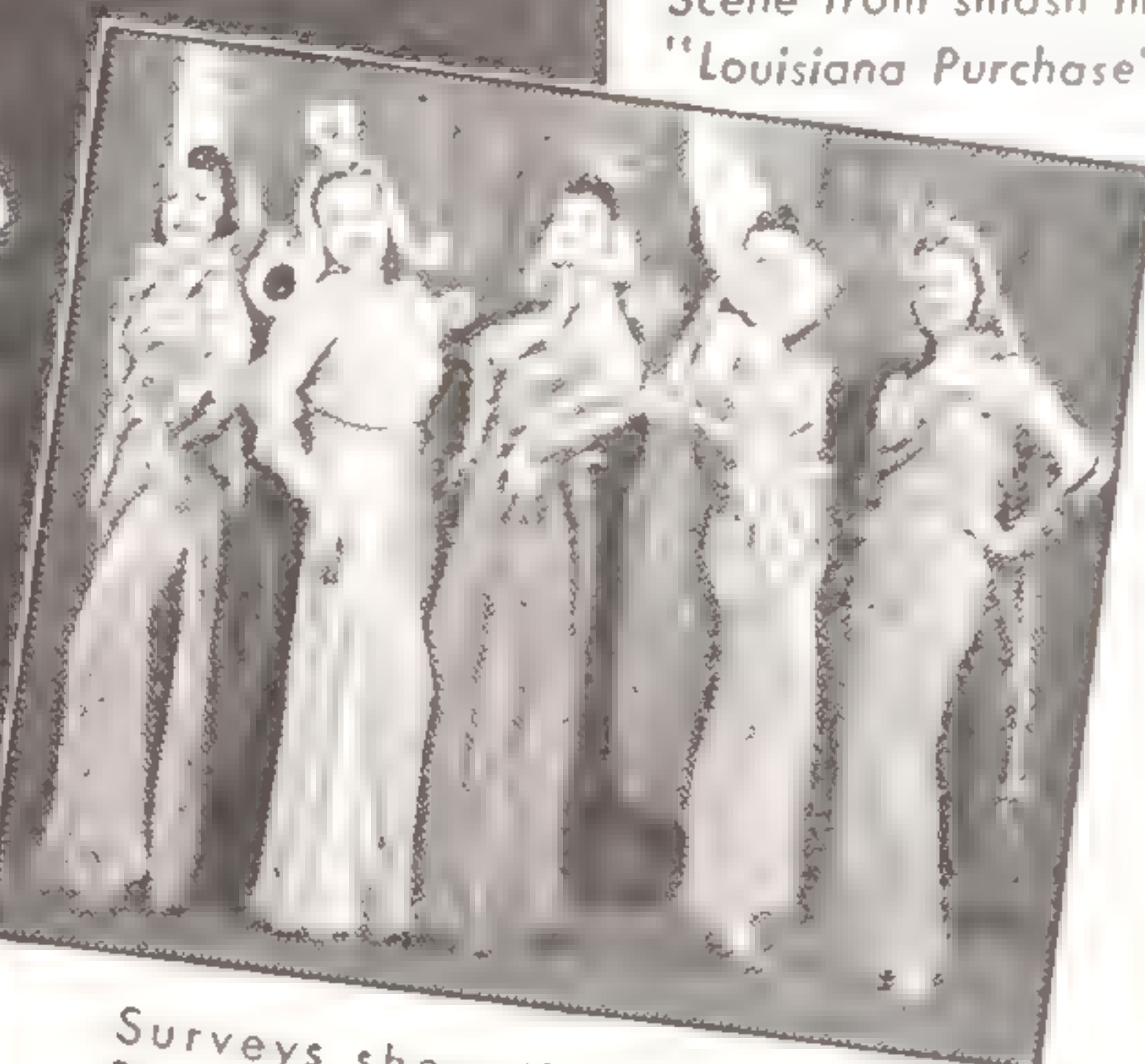
In a modest way actor Lynn began to be noticed. A man named Vaughan Tashjian dropped around and asked how come he didn't tie up with his troupe over in Boston called the Ford Hall

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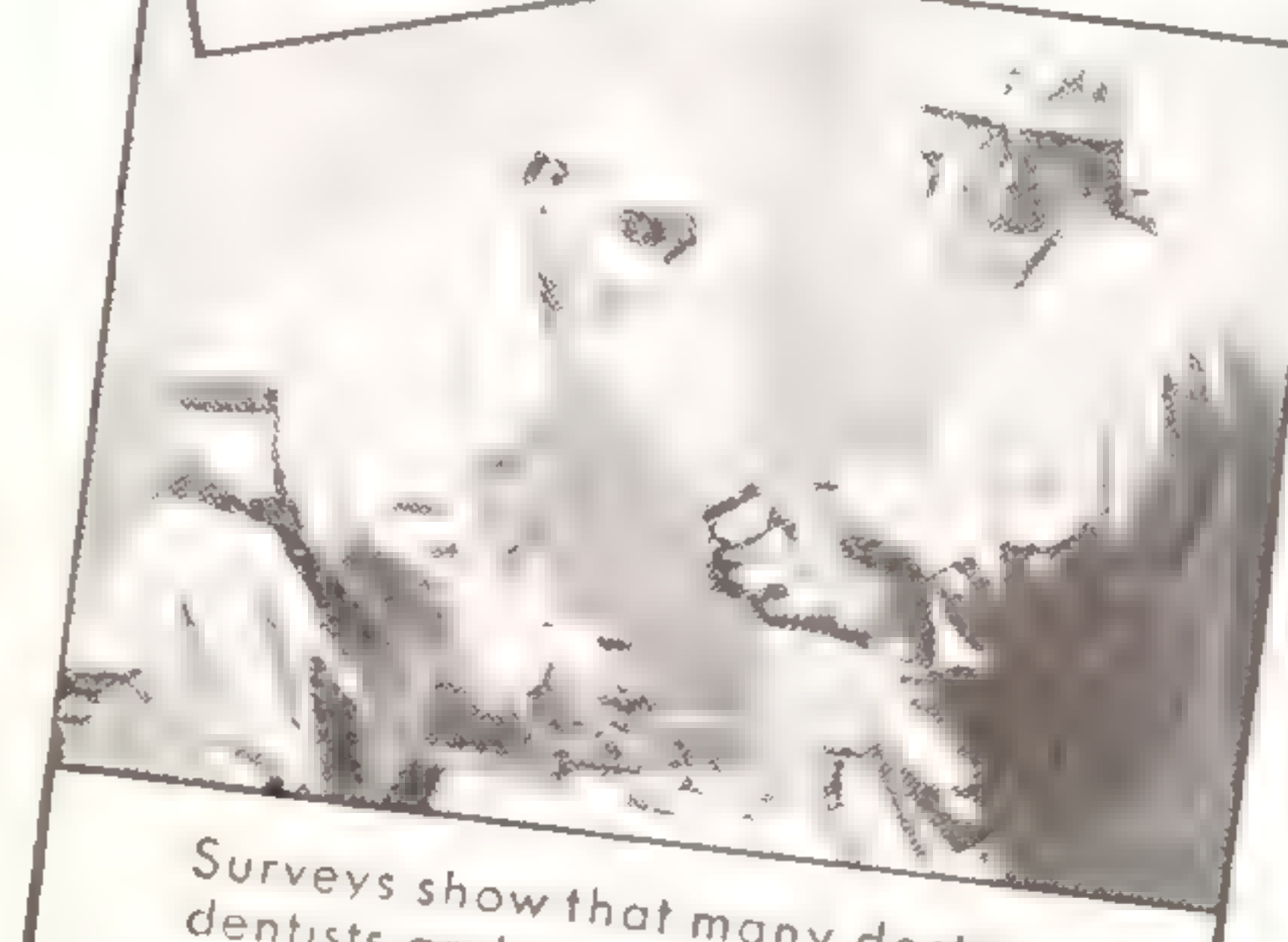
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Forum Players. Lynn retorted that no one had asked him thus far. Mr. Tashjian remedied that and in a week Master Jeffrey Lynn was commuting nights in a rickety Ford from Brockton to Boston.

As a member of the F. H. F. P. the best he could do was to land the role of a soulful, misunderstood boy scout in a performance designed to swell a relief fund. According to Boston papers there were numerous old ladies who wept.

Came summer and he discovered that he was woefully distant from Harvard's \$400 tuition, not to mention board and room money for the first semester. He was pondering Fate's ironies when he received a letter from a Dr. Edwin M. Wright, head of the English department at Bates. What Dr. Wright had on his chest was this: Why didn't his star scholar return to Bates for a couple of summer courses, take over a high-school English department in the fall and work toward a professorship. Certainly Bates was his oyster after he had picked up another degree.

HE took the prescribed courses in the teaching of adolescents and when fall came he accepted the offer of the school board of Lisbon, Maine, to head the English department of the local high school.

All that year he struggled trying to whip up an interest in Caesar's military headaches, Juliet's romantic difficulties and Silas Marner's financial worries. By Christmas he got an inspiration: He announced that from that date on anyone interested in joining a new dramatic club he was organizing needed only to do competent work in English.

The very first day he got enough applicants to re-enact the De Mille production of "Ben Hur." He signed them all up, put them to work making lights out of tin cans, constructing scenery out of discarded wooden cases. And he worked patiently with them as they whipped a script into a thing of motion and life.

After that he noticed a new interest in his classes. The lackadaisical scholars had discovered that he was a "regular guy."

The only trouble with all this extra-curricular coaching of the drama was that the doctor himself succumbed to the cure-all. By the time June came around he began to wonder if he hadn't made a mistake in dedicating himself to school-teaching.

That summer, so's to give himself the solitude to figure it all out, he took a job as counselor in a boys' camp. By the middle of August when camp broke up he had made up his mind: He would leave teaching forever.

He came home only to learn that a semiprofessional acting company had been launched in Worcester that summer. He hastened to join the group. In tryouts he showed up so well that they let him do the leads in "Outward Bound" and "Counselor-at-Law." The critics were so encouraging that he began to flirt with the idea of giving Broadway a try. He talked it over with the director, who observed, "You'll never starve on Broadway. If you've got guts you'll succeed."

Even at that he never would have made the try, in all probability, if it were not for a woman named Margaret Parsons, happily married and serving as the Book Editor of the Worcester Telegram-Gazette.

Well, when she wasn't telling harried authors what was wrong with their books, she was serving as adviser to the director of the Auburn Tennis Club, which went in, of all things, for more dramatics than tennis.

This same Miss Parsons (her professional name) was walking off the tennis courts one day in August when she ran smack into Master Lynn, looking for all the world like a weary charm boy. It dawned on her that he'd make a nifty lead for the Tennis Club's next show—the season opener, in fact—called "The Temporary Husband." He played the part to shrieks of delight from the ladies, booming salvos from the menfolk.

Miss Parsons came over to congratulate him afterwards.

"Why the dickens don't you try New York? If you're turned down by Broadway, you can always come back to what you've left."

He departed from town that very week, fired by the confidence his booster had instilled in him.

His first days in New York were dismal. Not a single producer gave him the slightest encouragement. Everyone wanted to know what he had done on Broadway. In desperation, when his money ran out, he took the first job that came his way. He became a barker for the Embassy Newsreel Theater, wore a 20-pound uniform and city-slicked the pedestrians into pausing to glimpse the latest happenings as seen by the camera's eye.

"What galled me," he says today with a curious wistfulness, "is that across the street was the magical Broadway I had come to New York to conquer. And me touting a newsreel!"

All that winter he toiled as a barker. At night he used to take coaching at a drama school run by Theodora Ervine, who once taught Clark Gable and Alice Brady.

"Wait until spring," he used to tell his classmates. "I'll be in the real theater for sure."

WHEN spring came he was still with the Embassy. But when summer came he received a visit from an agent who had caught his workshop performance of Hamlet. He offered Lynn an opening in the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia.

All excitement, he kissed his job goodbye and trekked down South where he "worked like a son-of-a-gun doing everything but acting, including driving a truck, serving as assistant stage manager and acting as general liaison man with the townsmen."

He was back in the fall, dripping with disillusionment. He trucked over to the Embassy but hadn't been on the job more than three hours when a telegram arrived for him offering him a chance in "A Slight Case of Murder" as second assistant stage manager and understudy to the juvenile. But the play folded like an accordion, so Jeffrey called around at Macy's department store and got a Christmas-rush post in the sporting goods department.

The yuletide over, Walter Hampden hired him for his seasonal expedition into the provinces. Came summer and he was back in New York and got himself a job tearing down the Italian embassy. He loved the work. It kept him in trim.

He was pondering giving up the stage and returning to pedagogy when he heard that George Abbott, the producer, was casting a road company of "Brother Rat." He read for Abbott who liked his manner and his soft voice and gave him the part of the prissy senior-cadet who's such a nifty heel.

In time the "Brother Rat" company arrived on the coast. And it was only natural that the movie scouts should "catch" the show, especially after the word had gone the rounds that "this guy Lynn's got something different." M-G-M got the first crack at him but let the

option lapse. Then Warners perked up interest—egged on by a one-man selling campaign engineered by Bette Davis who had seen his test for M-G-M—only to discover that Lynn and the show had departed for Chicago. He was there when the wire came, reported immediately, as per instructions, as soon as he had gotten an okay from George Abbott.

When he arrived, the studio blew cold, put him to work in short subjects, a second-rate feature and promotional pieces and seemed content to let the matter rock along.

There was less than a month to go on his contract when Errol Flynn got lost in the Caribbean and the brothers Warner began getting panicky about "Four Daughters." Some cool head suggested, "Why not use someone else?"

Lynn arranged for a test. Priscilla Lane got up at five to help him put it over. When Curtiz saw the rushes he said, "Not bad. Run it over again." As he walked out he tapped Lynn on the shoulder. "I like your work," he said. "Good luck."

"Four Daughters" made Jeffrey Lynn. "There's poetry in the acting of Jeffrey Lynn, a deftness and honesty mingled with a sensitive charm and an appeal that goes beyond the purely animalic," a reviewer on a Dallas paper enthused.

"FOUR Daughters" was two seasons ago and this year of grace finds our hero gamboling atop this unpredictable world, blowing smoke rings heavenward. He has nine pictures behind him, "It All Came True" and "All This And Heaven Too" in the near past. With "Four Mothers" and "Trial and Error" coming up, Jeffrey Lynn is in an enviable spot.

When he came to New York recently he encountered a group of "nothing-sacred" interviewers.

Said one of them point-blank, "Mr. Lynn, isn't it true that you're engaged?"

He laughed, that do-re-mi-fa-sol laugh of his. Then he said:

"No. I'm not engaged to anyone. For the time being I'm playing the field."

That was, of course, quite a few moons back, quite some time before he bumped into a pert little brunette who had come to a party sporting a beanie. He had kidded her and had come out second best. She left him licking his wounds and said, "Ta-ta!"

Her name is Dana Dale and currently she's the most important part of his non-professional life. Nights when he isn't struggling with a script, he's driving his shining roadster down the winding road of Coldwater Canyon to an apartment house on North Rossmore Avenue where Dana is making her home, so's to be real close to Paramount Studio for whom she is doing a cowgirl picture this very moment, vis-a-vis to Bill Boyd's *Hop-along Cassidy*.

Being the girl friend—or chum—of Warners' ranking Sir Galahad has its drawbacks for Miss Dale. Interviewers are always wanting to know what sort of a romancer is this Mr. Lynn.

One curious laddie even called her up and inquired: "Is he nice?"

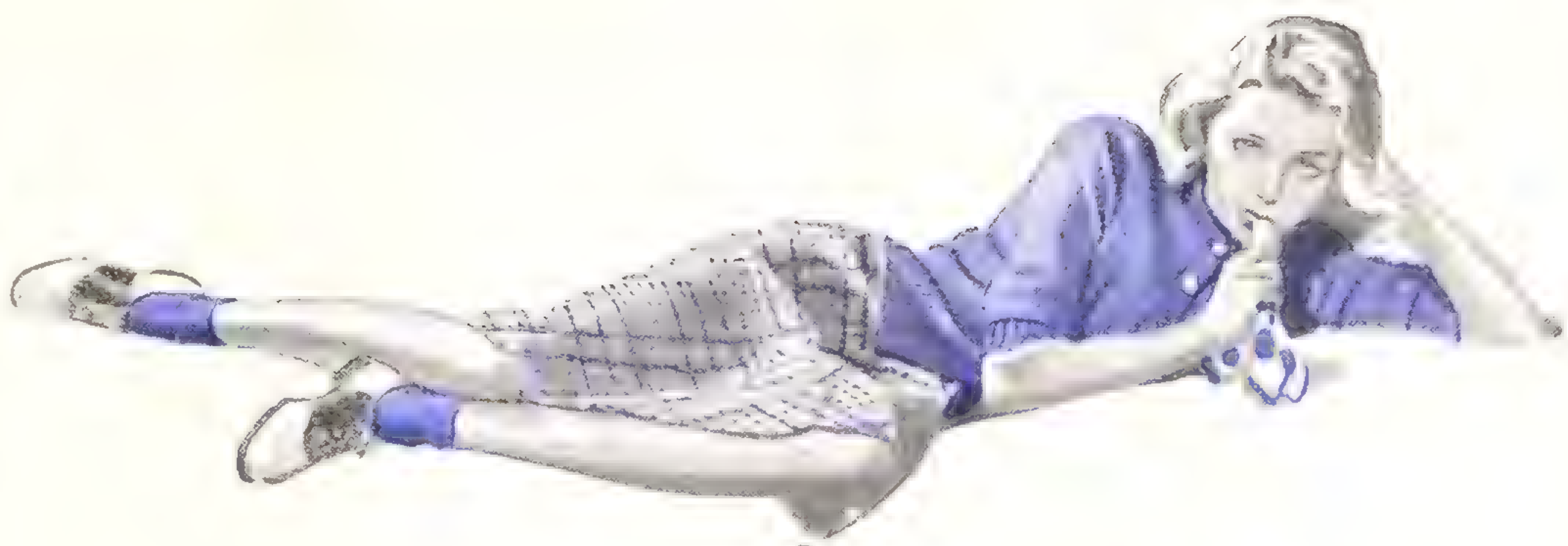
"Not too nice!" the Dale lady is supposed to have volleyed.

HERE YOU ARE, KIDS!

How to do the

SLOW LINDY HOP

A move-by-move account in the March issue



A girl's private life—

"I WANT TO BE ALONE!" There are special times when even the best of us have felt that way. But if you mope and feel sorry for yourself just because of "difficult days", you need a few easy lessons so you won't miss out on fun!

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Put sleigh-rides on your okay list! Just bundle up extra warm and don't tumble in the snow. Instead, lead the singing and cheering . . . or perch up front and help drive the horses. You'll forget about you!

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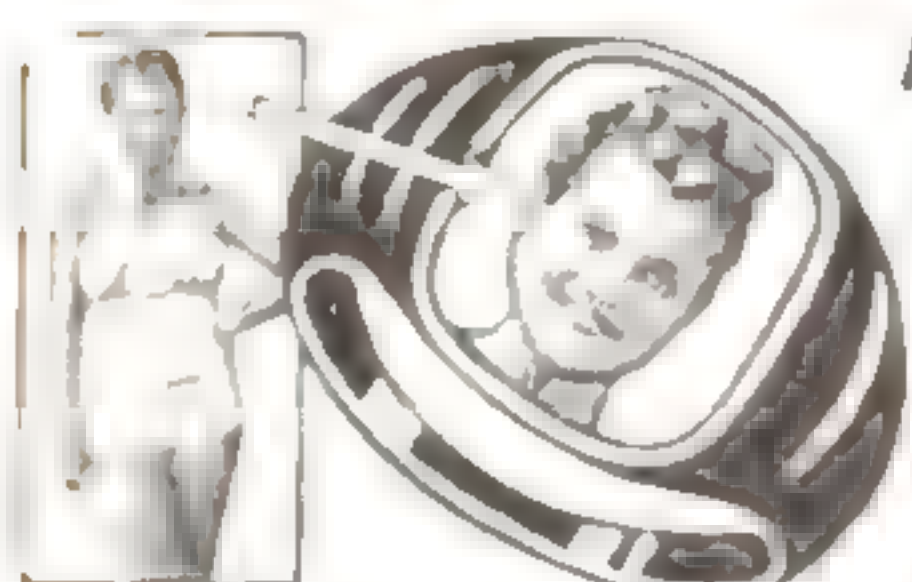


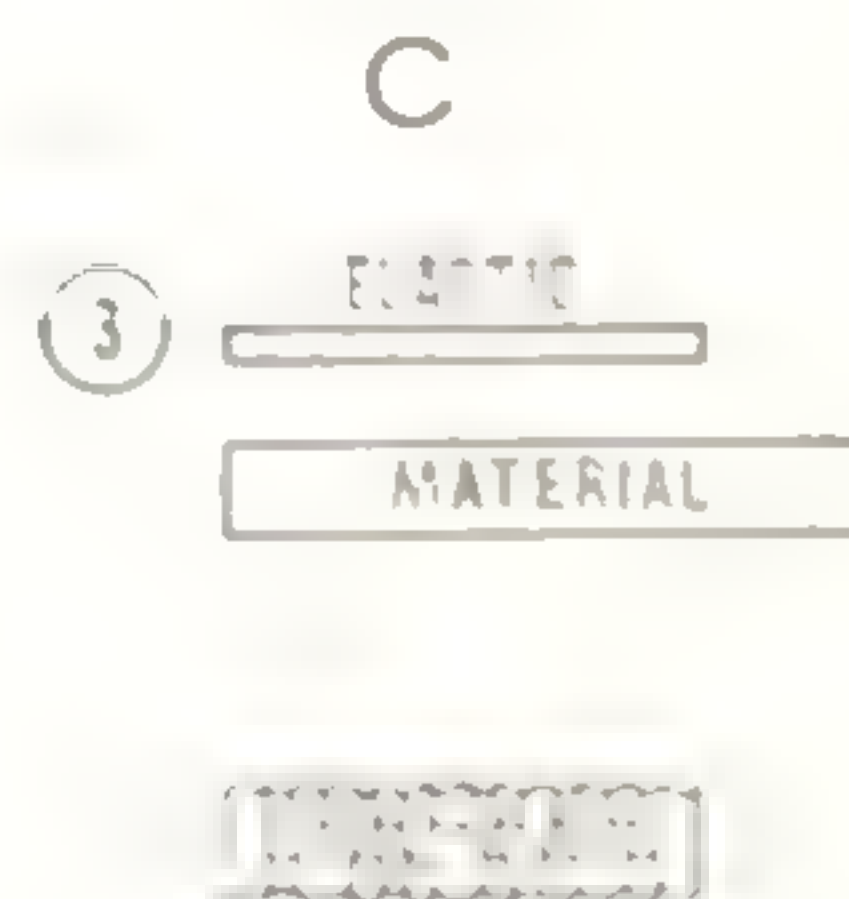
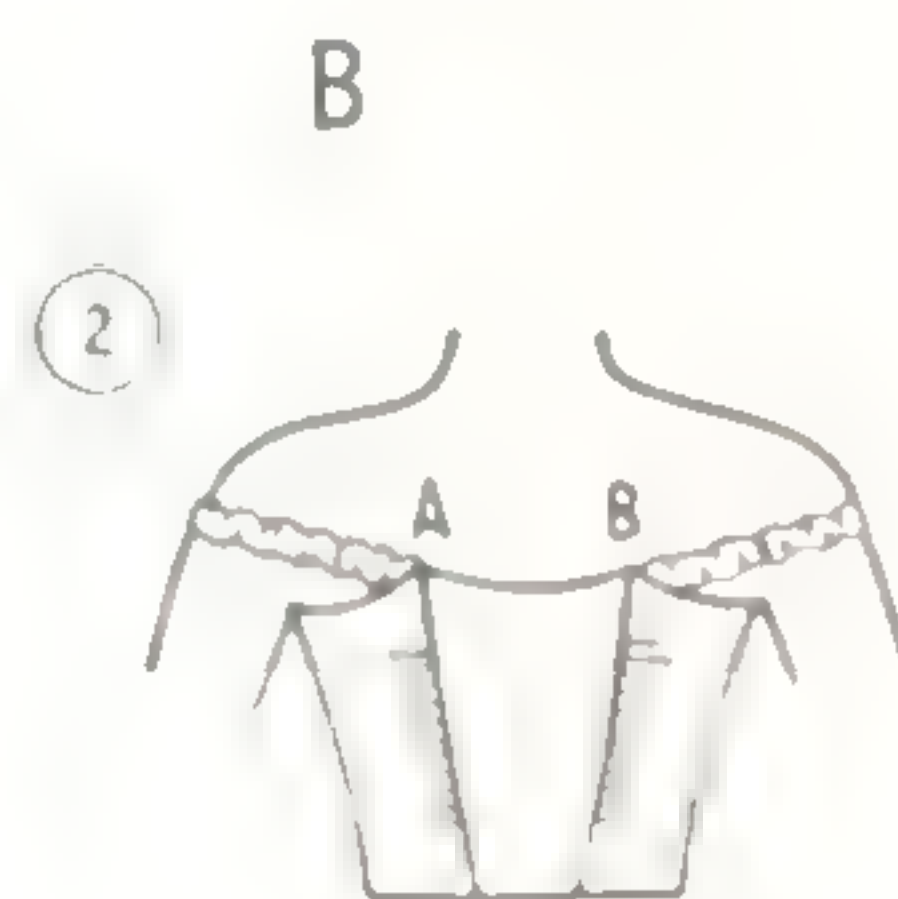
PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dpt. C-4, 519 Main St., Cincinnati, O.



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Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 6)

trip and to me that is a choice that I don't have to ponder for two seconds) . . . on our plane besides our bunch of writers and news photographers there were Charlie Ruggles, Johnny Mack Brown, Hedda Hopper, Mary Carlisle and Melvyn Douglas. . . .

We got our first taste of the enthusiasm that was in store for us when we attempted to get off the plane at the Tucson airport . . . some ten thousand howling fans were there, with automobile headlights blazing, horns tooting and hands waving . . . even we mere writers were caught up in the mob as they rushed the stars. . . .

THE festivities started at the first moment of Friday . . . or exactly one minute after midnight of Thursday . . . when the hands of a gigantic clock in the main square of the town were turned back from 1940 to 1860 . . . Jean Arthur officiated at this . . . while all the other stars took bows . . . and a throng of some fifty thousand people stood in that clear, sharp, exhilarating air of Arizona and cheered them. . . .

The next event was a menuda party for the whole city . . . if you've never heard of menuda, I can tell you now but couldn't possibly have told you a week ago . . . that this is an ancient Mexican dish made of tripe, calves knuckles and hominy in the form of soup . . . it's good, too . . . but colorful as was the ceremony of eating in a public square before vast open bonfires, as charming as it was to dance in the streets to Mexican bands, the most interesting thing to those of us from Hollywood was watching the noisy glee or the shy adoration that followed the appearance of each star who entered the throngs. . . .

For other stars besides those who had come on the plane with us were beginning to arrive by later planes and trains . . . there were Guy Kibbee, Rita Hayworth, Warren William, Fay Wray, Porter Hall, Regis Toomey, William Holden, Jack Holt . . . and when they would appear in the crowds, those crowds would push them with autograph books of every shape and description. . . .

The menuda party went on till dawn with the whole town, saloons and restaurants and taxi stands and dance halls running wide open . . . we tottered into our hotels to grab two hours' sleep before they were due to open an Indian Village on one of the principal streets and later to crown a 17-year-old high-school girl as queen of the fiesta. . . .

It was well past noon on Friday when that was over and we were due out at the Arizona Historical Society . . . to hear speeches . . . and have lunch . . . and see Jean Arthur presented again . . . and after that there was Kate Smith's broadcast . . . and after that there was Hedda Hopper's broadcast . . . and somewhere in the middle there was a monster street parade . . . and somewhere and somehow there was Governor "Bob" Jones proudly introducing the star of Arizona . . . "Miss Jean Autry," he said! . . .

By midnight . . . after we had gone to press dinner which Harry Cohn gave . . . had rushed by the five theaters that were simultaneously showing "Arizona" . . . all five of them the visiting stars took bows) . . . and had danced at a monster, see-for-all dance at the Hotel Santa Anita . . . a few of us went out, not to see the town or to see an event . . . but

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to look at the people themselves . . . these wonderful, small-city people of America. . . .

This Tucson is a really Western city . . . a Western melting pot . . . so we saw the lean, white pioneer faces . . . those bronzed skins and those sun-wrinkled eyes. . . .

We saw Mexicans and Indians and Negroes . . . and about each and every one of them you could observe some Hollywood influence . . . it was there in the clear, clean way the girls wore their hair . . . it was there in every woman's make-up . . . it was there, too, in the sense of showmanship the whole city had so overwhelmingly displayed . . . in the slim girl drum majors . . . in the saucy costumes one band of tiny Negro children had worn. . . .

There they were, the American public, white and black and red people, from different races and different strains . . . from different traditions . . . and different histories . . . but blessedly, Americans all . . . and here was the visible evidence that we all wanted the same

You Could Do It, Too!

(Continued from page 24)

supporting roles at that, that's some buildup! As a result, the fans mob her for her autograph and they write persistent letters to studios clamoring for more Hayworth.

She had only one day off between "The Lady In Question" and "Angels Over Broadway," but she satisfied the demands of photographers by giving up her Sundays to them.

The camera boys respond to her kindness like a bud to water and they would give their last flashbulb for la Hayworth. They're in a position to do favors, too. One night at Ciro's, Arthur Hornblow was giving a party. Across the room sat Rita, who was up at the time for a role in his new picture "I Wanted Wings." Hymie Fink, Jack Albin, Art Carter and several other camera clickers gathered around Rita and popped so many flashbulbs that Hornblow couldn't help but notice all the attention being given her. Hornblow later offered Rita the role, but her own studio bosses turned it down.

ITA unceasingly keeps up her campaign to dress her way to fame. Every cent is an expenditure which must bring back a return.

"For that reason I don't buy diamonds and other costly jewelry. I mean, a diamond bracelet is a very nice thing to have, you understand, but it doesn't do as much as a striking dress. For the price of one bracelet, I could buy four or five gorgeous evening dresses that will really command attention."

She spends between \$12,000 and \$150,000 a year on clothes and has received a million dollars worth of publicity in return. "I couldn't do it if I had to live on my salary," she admits. Rita's husband, Edward Judson, takes care of butcher, baker and silver candlestick maker.

Her wardrobe is selected with an eye toward the photographer. Her evening dresses are all designed to accentuate her womanliness. They are all as figure-molding as a satin bathing suit—no swishy bouffants which conceal the curvaceous hip line for Rita!—and they all reveal a provocative bit of flesh.

Her dresses cost from \$150 to \$250 apiece and she inspects the design a half-dozen times before it is actually run up. One evening dress of bright red crepe with a bra-top, an exposed mid-

thing . . . laughter and color and movement and the impress of strong personalities and something to believe in. . . .

We are apt to forget that in Hollywood when we live here steadily and become subtle . . . when we start to talk about "montages" and "psychological values" and "synchronization" and "options" and "oomph girls" . . . but Arizona the state, and "Arizona" the film, with its restatement of pioneer principles . . . and mingling with simple, deeply human people, got our thoughts out of their gilded grooves. . . .

Dawn was approaching as a few of us from Hollywood walked down one street after the other . . . around this square and that . . . and even as we walked and looked and listened . . . the dark blue of the sky began glimmering with the rising sun . . . and then the round disc of the sun appeared . . . to face the full moon which was still shining . . . it was one of those unbelievable moments . . . when you realize afresh that, come what may, there are some values that remain forever untouched and incorruptible. . . .

which revealed two inches of Hayworth in the raw and an exaggerated hobble skirt with a slit up the front set her back \$350. But it was worth it. She wore it at Ciro's and the photographers scampered in her direction. Payoff: Two magazine covers and innumerable picture layouts in other publications.

EVEN her social evenings have a practical value! Not a gadabout or playgirl—in fact, a reserved type of girl—nevertheless she makes it her business to go out once a week. When she does she dresses in formal clothes only and goes to the right places—Ciro's or the formal premieres or play openings. Her businessman husband is behind Rita in her campaign and guides her on every step of the way. He is the silent partner, however. When the photographers approach, he ducks. When he can't get out of it, he will pose smiling rather than offend the camera boys.

Rita is not a top-salary star, but she



He takes care of the butcher and baker; she pays the bills for her clothes: Rita Hayworth with her husband Edward Judson at Ciro's

looks it. That means a lot in the salary-snobbish movie colony. Astutely, she economizes on those things which are hidden from the public. Her home, for instance, is a modest cottage in Brentwood. Significantly, in the year she has had the home she hasn't bought any furniture for it outside of the beds and a few chairs for the den. The rest of the house is bare. "You can't," says Rita, "carry your house on your back."

Dollar for dollar, she has planned her stardom campaign as a businessman plans a sales campaign.

Is it successful?

Well, during the past six months she has made four pictures and embarked upon her fifth with Jimmy Cagney, "Strawberry Blonde," which is five times as many as the number she made the previous six months. Her studio considers her their up-and-coming star and is banking on her as their White Hope. She has already justified that trust by her work in "Angels Over Broadway."

More than that, her name is becoming synonymous with stark, lush glamour—the sort of glamour that Gloria Swanson and Billie Dove had. An apartment house owner in Hollywood recently tried to capitalize on it. His building is on Hayworth Ave. and he named it "The Rita Hayworth Apartments." As though that weren't enough, he had a huge sign hung outside which sways dreamily in the balmy Hollywood breeze:

The Rita Hayworth Apartments
Every Room as Beautiful as the
Movie Star

Rita's \$75 a week press agent swears up and down that he had nothing to do with it!

The Girl Who Learned How to Dress

(Continued from page 49)

What makes it truly distinctive."

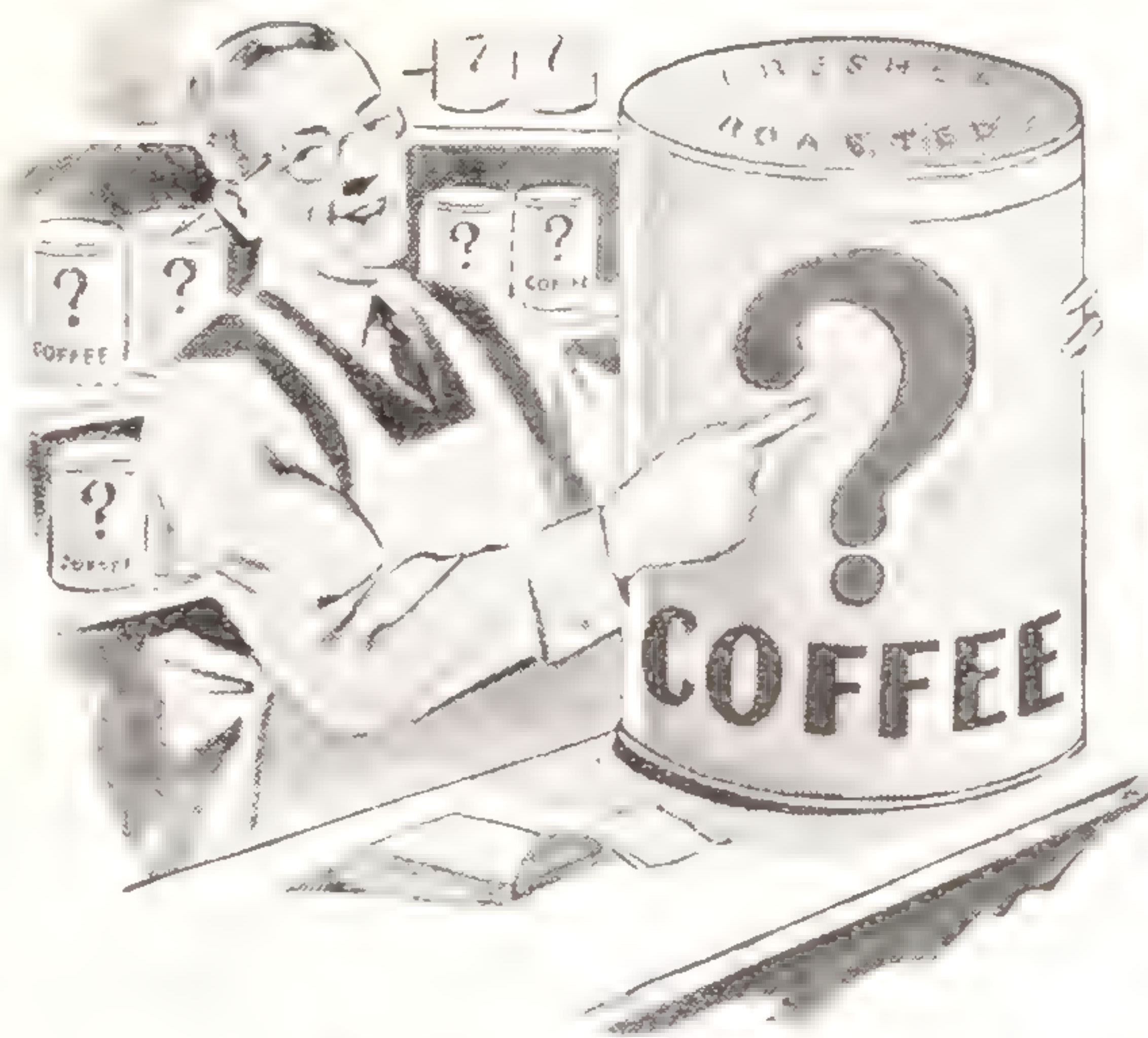
This is easier than it sounds. To illustrate, one of Carole's favorite suits from her own wardrobe is a lightweight wool in black. Now there are five million black suits walking around the country this season, but what makes this one different is the line of the collar. It's a big white line that is absolutely Puritan in cut.

Then there's the black slipper-satin formal, so simple in design with its heart-shaped bodice and wide-spreading skirt. But to give it that distinctive line Carole draped a black lace shawl over one shoulder—and presto, she had drama.

"Every woman goes through a sort of evolution in learning about style," she asserted. "There was a time when I was always trying to do something fancy with my hair, with bows and so on. Five or six years ago I might have gone in for exaggerated, too formal lines in a costume. You have to be casual and easy in your clothes to make them look well. This is an age where anyone can dress well by simplifying her wardrobe and getting a continuity to it."

THAT has become the keynote of Carole's clothes, simplicity. Take her formal hostess gown. Not one iota of trimming on it except the hand-embroidered scroll running down the front and around the short sleeves. She gives it fillip with heavy strand of pearls.

"You spend only half as much—and look twice as smart," said Carole, "if you get continuity to your clothes." That was another lesson learned early in the campaign. Every girl knows what it is to have a wardrobe of "misfits" in which



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The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

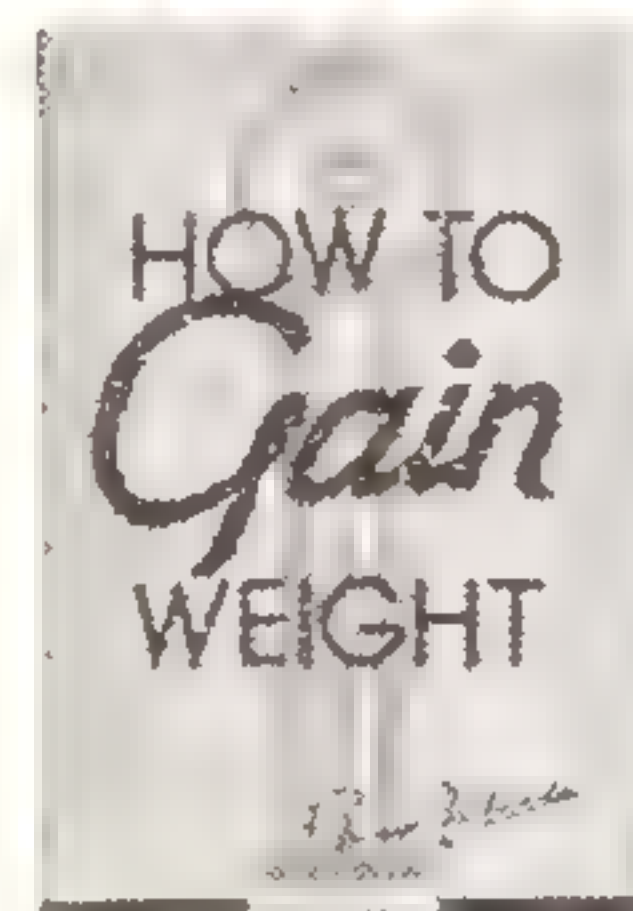
Think of the many names that are now being used and send us a new name for coffee, one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two, or three words, separate or combined. Only one name for coffee will be accepted from an individual. This offer is open to anyone living within the 48 states. It costs nothing to send in a name for coffee. You may win one of the

24 Cash Prizes Totaling \$250.00

Write your coffee name on a penny post card or a sheet of paper. Sign your own name and address. Mail within three days from the day you read this advertisement—it always pays to be prompt. Your name for coffee must be mailed before April 15, 1941. 24 cash prizes will be awarded. If the name you send in is selected by the judges as the first prize winner, you will receive \$100.00 in cash, and as an extra promptness prize a \$50.00 check regularly each month for the first six months of 1941; second prize will be \$25.00; third prize, \$15.00; fourth prize, \$10.00; and 20 additional prizes of \$5.00 each. The 24 cash prizes are in addition to the extra prize of \$50.00 a month for the first six months of 1941 which will be awarded to the first prize winner. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie. A victory list will be published as soon as the judges have selected the prize winning names. Right now you may be thinking of just the name we are looking for—a name that will win first prize. Sometimes the first name you think of is the best name to mail in. Send only one coffee name—your favorite—to

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SPECIAL OFFER. If your department store or corset shop does not carry them, send 25c direct to us for a trial pair of straps sent prepaid.

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nothing quite matches. To avoid all that, Miss Lombard worked out a system. She began by selecting a basic color—blue it was that first time. Because it was winter, she built her daytime wardrobe around a furless blue woolen coat. (Unless you're going to buy several coats, don't get one that is furred, Carole suggests. It's much better to put your money into a good fur piece.)

A slim skirt of the same material went with the coat and Carole chose arresting little scarves, chic little blouses to go with it.

A velvet ascot and chinchilla cloth beret did noble duty for business. For afternoons or "dressy" occasions she wore the coat with a demure gray frock, gray accessories and a cross-fox fur.

But where Carole's ingenuity really came into play was with the sleek black formal dress she bought. You know how evening clothes can bulge the budget to the bursting point? The secret is to make one formal serve a triple purpose. Carole's black dress went to dinner with a smart overblouse of matching material. It went dancing with a dusky pink chiffon scarf. Carole simply draped the scarf across the front and over the shoulders, held it in at the waistline with a clip, then let the chiffon panels foam clear down to the floor. It went dining out in restaurants with a tight-fitting lamé jacket that had a surplice cut.

EVEN today Carole plans her wardrobe along the same principles. She goes into a huddle with the famous designer Irene. They plot out line . . . color . . . "She never comes in here two days before a party," Irene told me once, "and says she wants something terrific to wear at it. She buys the clothes she needs once or twice a year—and every costume is planned in advance down to the last detail. There's a certain symmetry and blending in her wardrobe that makes it outstanding and she probably has started more vogues than any two women in the world."

For instance, months ago Carole tired of short jackets. "Let's do something different with them. Let's make them three-quarters," she said. Thus the high fashion in three-quarter length coats was born. She wears at least two of them in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

It was Carole, too, who brought back the old-fashioned gold settings for jewelry, who reintroduced beaded dresses, who created one of the most popular styles that ever swept the country, the shirtwaist dinner dress.

This latter creation came about because of a pair of sapphire cuff links. They were a present to her and she didn't know what to wear with them. They were too beautiful for a mere shirtwaist. "They ought to go on a tailored dinner dress," thought Carole. Whereupon she and her studio designer created the shirtwaist formal and six months later every girl in America was clamoring for one.

If it is becoming, it's good for you: That is Carole Lombard's style slogan. Take the new Lombard hats. Are they the dizzy, daffy mode of the present? They are not! They're on the crushed-turban effect and they pull down over the eye in a way that's flattering as a frame.

"Headgear has gotten to the point where it's idiotic," declared Carole. So she is designing her own.

No dominant prints in her wardrobe. No bold plaids. No bulky materials like heavy wool. They've been as taboo on her dress program as clothes that fit too tightly. "If girls only knew how much better they appear in a dress that fits

easily," she said.

Carole previews every new costume at home, even to purse and gloves, for a one-man audience—her husband, Mr. Gable. And Mr. G., who didn't know gingham from velvet in days gone by, is an appreciative spectator.

One of the most interesting style secrets that Carole discovered was how to "spotlight" a costume. "A touch of color or trimming should be used much as you would use a spotlight," she explained. "But you can't 'spotlight' too many things or you divide the attention. That's why, if your neckline has special interest, elaborate gloves should never be worn. If your hat is particularly good-looking, don't wear fancy shoes. Only one color or jewelry note should be played up on a costume."

For example, on Carole's black crepe dinner dress with the bloused tunic and long sleeves, the "spotlight" is held entirely by the lovely clips and matching bracelets.

On her formal of floating white mouseline, a corsage of gay carnations at the waist—with clips just below the shoulder straps repeating the color note—is the attention-riveter. (See the picture below.)

If you have ever watched Carole try on a new dress, you realize there are more tricks in doing it than meet the eye! She doesn't just stand in front of the mirror; she does exactly what she's apt to do in that dress. She walks, strides, sits down—twirls, if it's a dancing frock. The thing is to see what the dress will do for you in action!

"A candid-camera shot is the acid test of the well-dressed woman," said Carole. "If your clothes look right in that snapshot the family took when you were not looking, then you've passed a hundred percent!"

It's a long step, sartorially speaking, between the girl who was Jane Peters and Carole Lombard. But it's a step that every woman can learn to take. . . .



Operating on the Lombard costume credo, Carole wears white with a splash of red carnations and the famous Lombard clips in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Redheaded Rebel

(Continued from page 55)

embarrassment. She did what sensitive childhood usually does under those circumstances. She escaped into dreams and books. She read constantly, devouring every word she came upon. She read everything from the Book of Common Prayer to the recipes on the baking powder tins, from the novels of Sir Walter Scott to the poems of Oscar Wilde. Her mother insists that she knew her letters before she was 3, but Greer recalls only that she was continually endangering their lives by crazily tipped oil lamps when they were in London and by candles hidden under the bed sheets when they were in Ireland, as she read far into the nights when she was supposed to be asleep.

She grew up, entirely surrounded by her elders, her grandparents on both sides of her house, her uncles and her aunts. They were elders, quite literally: On the Garson side, Presbyterian elders (Greer is simply an Irish contraction of the Scotch "McGregor" and her being named thus equally for her mother and her father is like her character, half wild Irish, half sedate Scotch and a devil mixed up in the middle of it); on the Greer side, Protestant Irish and, as any son of Eire will tell there, there's nothing in life so severe as a Protestant Irishman. She met few children, either in her ailing winters in England, or in her care-free summers in Ireland. Naturally, when she did meet other children, she did not care for them greatly and they returned the lack of feeling, for she was little Miss Prim, overspoiled in one way and overdisciplined in another, and older than she will ever be in her life again.

"I get consistently younger," Greer laughs now. "I am so much younger today than when I was 12 that I fully expect by the time I am 40 I'll be young enough to play ingenues!"

She can remember no time when she did not dream of being an actress and she was acting every moment of her waking life. Her favorite parlor trick as a very little girl was portraying a quarrel between the big fat policeman and the long thin man. She did both roles and she still can bring those two to life for you so plainly that you can see them in any room. And also, though she isn't aware of this, you can see that lonely little girl, running away by means of her two make-believe characters from the unpleasant facts of her own existence.

THESE dreams and her reading took up all her hours and the reading began to make its influence felt in her schooling. Afternoons when the rest of the class was out on the playing fields, she was glued to a microscope in the botany lab, or forging eagerly through the Aeneid, and she zoomed ahead of the other children in her lessons just as fast as she was going ahead of them in height.

So by the time she was 9 she had won her first scholarship and by the time she was 15, she had won her second. A miraculous scholarship, this one, that gave her the right to enter either the University of London or the sacred, austere precincts of the hallowed Oxford or Cambridge if she so chose.

She wavered on Oxford, that "city of dreaming spires," as she now describes it. The scholastic life appealed to her as

safe and comfortable. The money the scholarship brought her was a blessing to herself and her mother. But the more she considered Oxford, the more her keen mind realized that it was a retreat from life, not an entrance into it. And suddenly, there at 15, she was eager for life and sick of dreams.

SHE wanted to know people and things. She wanted to see, not pictures and old books and good furniture and gentle hills, the things to which she had been accustomed always, but stores and crowded streets and slums and office buildings. She had known always that she would have her own living to earn and that whatever she got out of life she must wrest for herself. With the money from her scholarship, she saw the path to this. So she turned down Oxford in favor of London University, where she could not live on a campus but must live in a boardinghouse out in the city itself; where she would not be sheltered, but must survive or be lost in the shuffle.

The family's idea was that she was to become a teacher and she saw no way, for all her dreams, of escaping that. The summer before she was 16, while waiting to enter the University, she taught at a girls' school. She had her mop of hair pinned high on her head and she was so excessively dignified that her charges did not remotely guess that she was only two years their senior. She went back to London in the fall and got her first chance at amateur theatricals—Shakespeare, of course, as you would guess from her highbrow atmosphere.

"I wish you could have seen my *Shy-*



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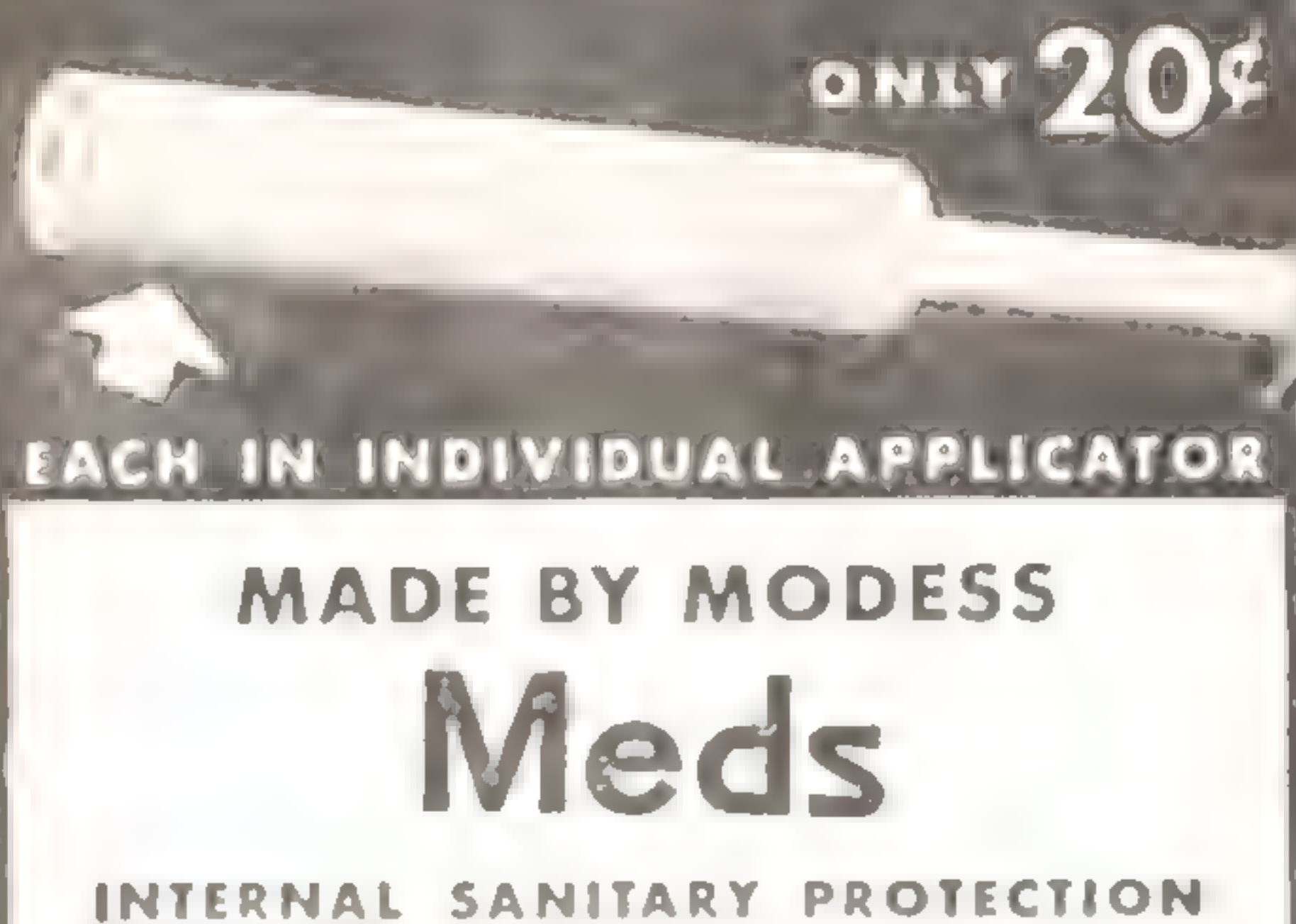
Martha Scott and William Gargan starring in "Cheers for Miss Bishop", a Richard Rowland Production for U. A.

Why I switched to Meds



by a nurse

It would be silly for a nurse not to keep up with modern ideas. I've used *internal* sanitary protection even though it cost me a lot more. But when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon at only 20¢ a box of ten—I decided to try them. And am I glad I did! Meds are the best tampons I've ever used. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that are so reasonable.



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Dept. 592 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

lock," she grins now. "What a beard and what a deep voice. I sounded like a breaking heart in a cellar." The company was all feminine. Her life was so set up that she met few boys and the fact that the few she met fluttered about her like agonized moths did not register to her at all until she was 17 and she met The One.

She is too well-bred to tell you his name or much about him, but when she speaks of him at all, it is impossible for her, try as she will, to hide the memory of the emotion he stirred in her.

He was her first love, her complete love and she was mad to marry him. He came of a family a little better than hers, but in equally modest circumstances, and she was all for their eloping and trying out love in a cottage, but he was too realistic. She put herself through the awful humiliation of letting him know of such a dream and somehow she lived through having him tell her that love without money was just no good at all and since it seemed inevitable that she would never have any money, he really could not consider marrying her.

Now she is grateful to him for the cruelty that kept her from drifting into that uncertain domestic backwater and being undoubtedly very unhappy, since he obviously had so little capacity for love. But at 17 her love agony was almost unendurable. She had exposed her secret thoughts to another, she had revealed her dreams and she had had those dreams rejected as romantic and foolish.

She resolved then to be dead to emotion, this emotion that had betrayed her. If it was money that he wanted, she'd show him. She would go into business and be a startling success.

OVER the family protests, she began to take a secretarial course along with her French and her English literature. She began prowling London, from Limehouse to Hyde Park and from Bloomsbury to the Tower until she knew its streets and its people as well as she knew her mother's house and until she learned, vicariously, a great deal about life.

Thus it was that when she was graduated from the University, full of honors and long, leggy young beauty, she made a sufficient impression upon the head of an international advertising agency when she went to apply for a job that she got it, even though she was not a qualified librarian, which was the thing she was supposed to be if she held the job at all.

She was an immediate hit in business and an immediate hit with every man in the place. She did work in the library but not, she says, "at the dim top of ladders in a continual atmosphere of dust and cobwebs" but rather at the brisk and busy information desk which suddenly blossomed under a weight of roses, gardenias and even orchids which the men of the staff were always leaving there.

Presently she was making ten pounds a week, which is fifty American dollars,

and a vast salary for a girl not yet 20 in London. Life would have been quite perfect if she still hadn't wanted to act more than anything else in the world.

In her lunch hours and her few holidays, she kept on trying to get into the acting world and kept on failing to make a single dent on it. She called on managers and met their office boys. She wrote managers and heard negatively from their secretaries. She gave "Shakespearean recitals" unavailingly.

Then, one unbelievable day, she discovered that the austere head of the advertising agency had a sister who was a real actress in the commercial theater and that that sister was coming to see her brother at the office.

GREER met her. Later the actress was to tell her that she was as frightened at meeting a successful young business woman as the successful young business woman was at meeting her. All Greer knew at the time was that here was her chance to meet somebody who might give her a chance to meet somebody who would give her a chance to get into an acting company. And that was what did happen. Through that meeting, she did succeed in eventually getting into the Birmingham Repertory Theater. It meant giving up her job and her ten pounds weekly in exchange for uncertainty and four pounds weekly. It meant turning from being an important young somebody in London to being an abused, unimportant young nobody in Birmingham.

But, for once, Miss Greer Garson was not thinking. She threw her cap over the moon, sure of her complete happiness and her absolute success.

She was completely forgetting that one persistent boy who had kept on writing to her from his Cambridge days onward and who kept sending her thin volumes of poetry; kept on saying, despite her vigorous denials, that she would someday marry him. She said, loudly, she never would. She said, even more loudly, that from this day on, this day when she became an actress, she would never know another moment's unhappiness.

Neither proved true. She did marry that boy; and she was more bitterly, awfully, agonizingly unhappy than she had ever dreamed anybody could be. She was unhappy to that fearful extent that only a person of imagination and feeling can be and what lay ahead of her, for several years, was not glory and gold but agony and poverty and humiliation.

You will learn the story of Greer Garson's marriage, of why she made it and why she finally dissolved it. You will learn about how she got into that Birmingham Theater company and the bitter things she learned there, and of how she triumphed and failed in London, and of the strange things that happened to her in Hollywood. Watch for next month's installment of "Redheaded Rebel" in Photoplay-Movie Mirror

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Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 62)

\$1.00 PRIZE

The Answer?

I AM not saying this *could not* happen to Tyrone Power, it could happen to almost any star; but I am giving Ty as an example.

Tyrone is at a Hollywood function of some sort. "Gee, I'm sorry," he says to the host, "but my head is killing me and I have to get up early tomorrow—will you please excuse me?" He is excused and he goes out. "Oh, look!" cry a couple of kids, "there's Tyrone Power!" More kids follow, even grownups; they swamp around him, he, with his head splitting. "Sorry, but I'm in an awful hurry," he naturally says. Of course, he doesn't mean to be rude, but he has to. "Ya' stuck up thing!" yells one smart alec, and from then on the kid tells everyone about "that stuck up Tyrone Power."

No wonder Garbo wants to be alone. Maybe she couldn't take it as so many have to. What price fame! You do something slightly wrong and you face the consequences. I read one place where Power said, "I'm a hero one minute, a bum the next." I bet he knows, but he can take it.

JAYNE MORREY,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Comes the Revolution.

I FEEL I owe a public apology to Loretta Young.

I formerly regarded her just as an exquisite person who could wear clothes—and wear them well. But nothing exceptional in the way of an actress since all she had to do was look beautiful.

But since she has taken to kicking up her heels like a frivolous colt and has been such a swell actress in the crack-brained movies she's been doing lately—"The Doctor Takes A Wife" and "He Stayed For Breakfast"—I can see that it was my glasses which needed cleaning after all.

Miss Young is still a glamorous lady but now she has a sparkle, a zip, a vivaciousness which apparently she has been hiding from us!

S. K. PARKHURST,
Seattle, Wash.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Fair Enough

IT doesn't seem quite fair to me that lately, whenever a supposedly "super" movie is made, the box-office prices are raised. I can understand that for "Gone With the Wind" it was necessary, for that was very different from the run-of-the-mill picture. But why should "Boom Town" and "The Sea Hawk" have to be shown at higher rates? Frankly, I was greatly disappointed in "Boom Town" and considered it not up to its advance ballyhoo.

We movie fans don't get a lower rate when a picture is a flop and there are many of those. Now, along comes "The Great Dictator" with prices reaching a new high. If we must pay more for these so-called "better pictures" then I think we should get a break on the mediocre ones.

A. R. YOUNG,
Springfield, Mass.

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The Headstrong Girl Who Thought She Knew It All

She didn't care what they said. They couldn't treat her like a child. She could take care of herself in any company. In fact, she could go with Gregg—wild, pampered leader of the schools' gilded youth—to the unchaperoned party at his mountainside cabin in perfect safety. Wasn't she seventeen, a senior in High School, head of her class? She'd show them!

And so, after the family was abed Jan put on her sister's newest evening dress, climbed furtively from her window and down the rose trellis, ghosted out of the back gate and down the dark street where Gregg's car was waiting in the shadows to—

But TRUE STORY believes you would much rather learn from Jan's own words the bizarre story of that Spring night's strange adventures and the jeopardy in which a human life was placed. Her revelations speak for themselves with a drama and intensity such as you will rarely read. Only Jan, of all the world, could tell you so vividly and unforgettably just what happened. Every girl should read her story. Every mother of a headstrong girl should make its message hers. The title, Not Her Kind. The page, 32. The magazine, February TRUE STORY. At all news stands, now!

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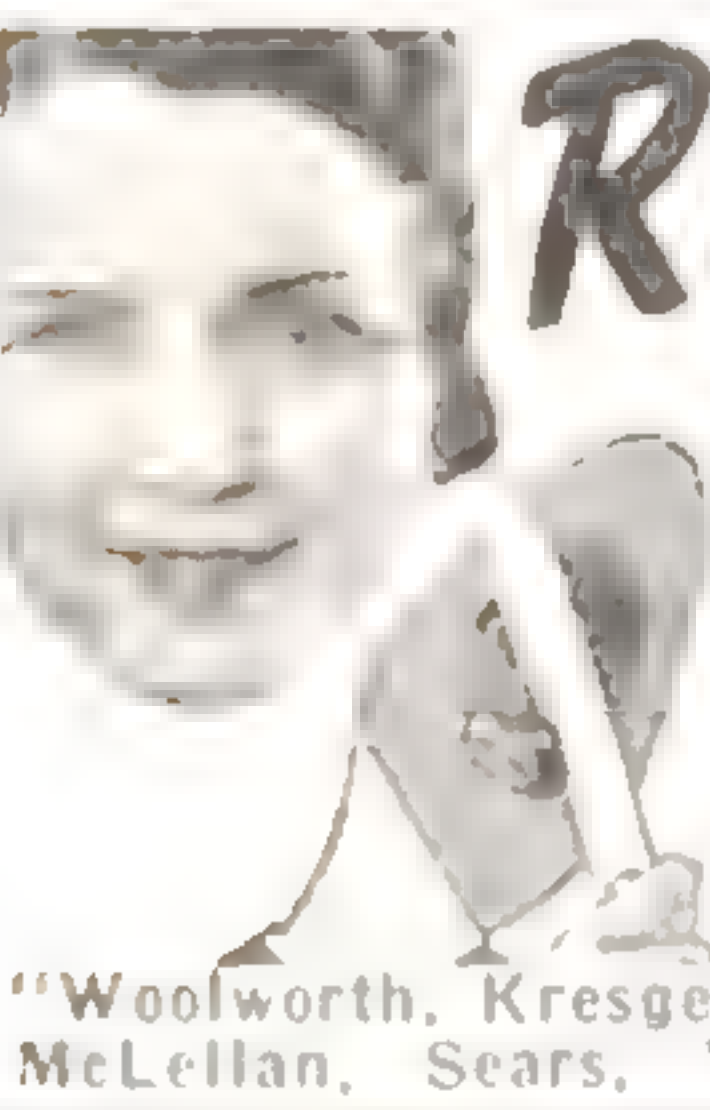
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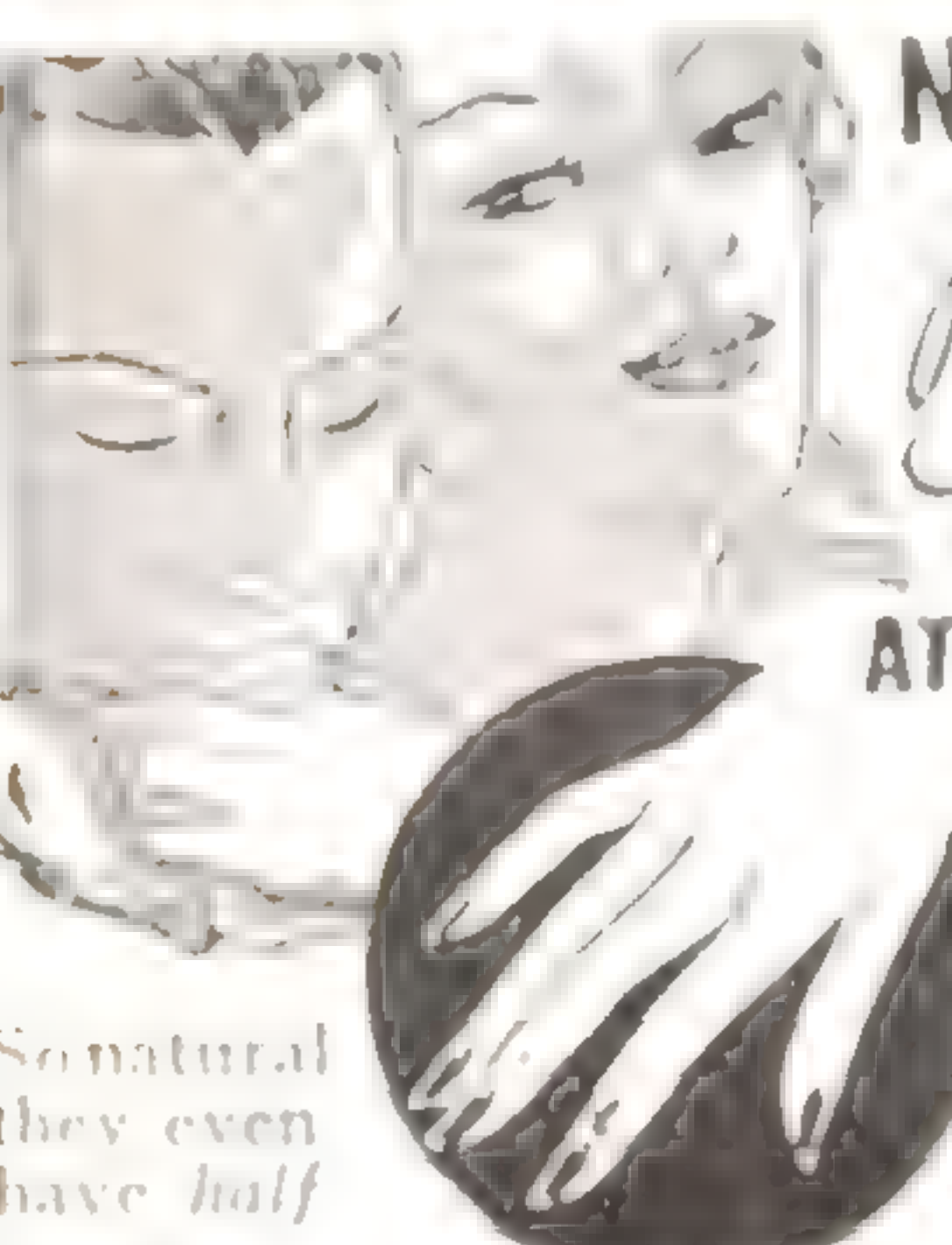


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(Continued from page 91)

HONORABLE MENTION

I WAS feeling pretty gloomy yesterday after registering in the draft, so dropped wearily into a movie to try to forget the whole insane mess. There I saw Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas do their stuff in the most rib-tickling comedy it has been my pleasure to see in many years. It was called "Third Finger, Left Hand." I sat through the picture twice and when I left I knew that America was still sane and would remain so.

MAX R. HENDRYX,
Indianapolis, Ind.

IN the course of time the medical profession has given much to the world. When we go to the movies we expect to find an occasional picture on the subject. Lately, however, the producers have gone crazy with the "Serum Complex." Imagine Ann Sothorn running into a jungle equipped with scientists and serums. And everyone knows that it has been ages since Dr. Kildare and his serums lost a patient.

Soon films will be rated not by stars but by blood counts and the serum content. And think of the professional jealousy prevalent at a double feature!

GENE O'BRIEN,
Southport, N. C.

P.S.—Is there a doctor in the house?

TODAY I am head buyer in one of the most exclusive dress shops in town, but, without the help of the movies, well . . . You see, I was raised in the foreign section of the city and I never realized how different I was until I began associating with those in the business world. I poured over the fashion notes in movie magazines by the hour and I attended countless movies. Yes, I learned, and that's why I pay tribute to you, Hollywood!

KATHERINE WANSCHURA,
St. Paul, Minn.

DEAR TOM MIX:

We were not known to each other personally, but I think that I knew you almost as well. You were my first hero and will always remain so in my memory. I am only one compared with the thousands who have and always will honor you.

They say there is another world just beyond the clouds and there I know we shall meet someday.

Until then the thousands of people and I say good-bye to you, "Dear Tom."

SHIRLEY CHESLEY,
Detroit, Michigan.

WHAT has happened to Garbo? Where is she? Why this long space of acting immobility? Enough of this chatter of "Remember her in—" Let us see her! Her name is the signal for fanfare. Let's hear it!

J. CUNNINGHAM,
Mill Valley, California

STENCIL, with the unforgettable art of top-notch actor Laughton, Sidney Howard's poignant tale of the pure and heroic love of a simple man—and one has enough. Add the touchingly vital portrayal given by Lombard and the unsuspectedly strong histrionics of Gargan, and one has entertainment mounting to the dignity of an "emotional experience."

In three different cities I was magnetized back to "They Knew What They Wanted" and was each time impressed anew.

MAYO CORNELL,
Cleveland, Ohio

I CAN'T get that fellow McGinty out of my mind. He caught me deeply. There was something heroic and yet a little pathetic about him. I can't help thinking that anyone of us might have been McGinty; he may walk among us unnoticed this very minute. We were not looking at him as he wished to be; we saw him as he was. That can touch a human; it makes you realize again—and we've almost forgotten it today—that people can feel.

I don't think Mr. McGinty lived in vain.

NAT RUTHERFORD,
San Antonio, Texas

DEAR MR. PRODUCER:

Please—please in the next months to follow give us only pictures that will make us laugh. Give us more pictures like "I Love You Again," "He Stayed For Breakfast," "Ghost Breakers" and "The Boys From Syracuse." They may not rate five stars but the tears that run down our cheeks will be tears of laughter and not tears of pain.

There are going to be lots of mothers in our theaters this winter with heavy hearts and sweethearts that are trying to forget. Make us laugh and laugh. And who can laugh more than an American?

IRENE CLUBINE,
Rapid City, S. D.

I'VE just been stirred by the fine acting of Lee Bowman in "Gold Rush Maisie" to send up a cry to the gods of the Motion Picture Industry. A cry for more and finer parts for him and other young men in the movies who bear the resemblance and manner of our everyday American males. Let us see some more of the "just plain nice-looking" boys whom we feel we know and understand and less of the romantic pretty boys.

EVELYN C. MILLER,
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR GINGER ROGERS:

You're slipping, darling, and it's all your own fault. As a glamorous blonde dancing partner, you're tops, a "sophisticated lady" in tap time; as a brunette who's forgotten how to smile, you're way down at the bottom. Please give us another dancing picture, Ginger. That's where you are best and that's where we want you.

MARGARET ROBINSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School

(Continued from page 36)

Desi simply rhumbas in the same place, as he does in the pictures on page 36. Lucille dances in a wide circle around him. She passes on her left, his right. (See page 36: Photo I.)

D. At this point they leave off holding hands. He takes her right with his right. (Page 36: Photo II.) Next—

E. Desi puts his left hand back taking her right again with his left, as Lucille is progressing around in back of him. (Page 36: Photos III and IV.)

F. She crosses in front of him again and—

G. As she reaches the above position, Desi leads her to him, his right arm reaching up to assume its normal leading touch on her waist.

H. Thus, they begin dancing in a turn again, this time to Desi's right—the exact opposite of the turn which began the routine, since he is going forward.

I. They make two complete turns. Then—

J. They come out of the routine on the pause, facing each other and ready to do any step they choose.

K. In this case they choose to remain on the spot for a while and do a slight variation of the original step. On the fourth count, when they pause, each kicks out slightly with the free foot, giving a very small hop at the same time on the foot holding the weight. That is, Desi, beginning on his left, does 1-2-3 and on 4 kicks with his right, hopping on his left. Lucille, beginning on her right, does 1-2-3 and on 4 kicks with her left, hopping on her right.

There are many other variations, because in the rumba, as in any dance, your own improvisations are what make it fun. So! *Arriba, chiquitas! Si ustedes quiehen rumba un poco, aqui esta . . .* as Desi would say.



Wedding Bells For Rhumba Stars

DESI ARNAZ and Lucille Ball rhumbaed their way right on into romance with wedding bells. And you can chalk up one against the Hollywood wisewigs and romance prophets who turned supercilious ears to their sentimental doings. Just an affair of the press departments, they said; now that "Too Many Girls" was nicely launched, the public would be given a welcome respite from the torrid accounts of these two.

But the prognosticators went sour when Lucille, shooting into New York from a personal appearance in Milwaukee, joined heart and hands with her adored Cuban in a sur-

prise trip to Greenwich, Connecticut. There, with a flash of charm and a dash of high pressure, they succeeded in having the five days' marital quarantine waived to enable them to wed at once—in fact, to get Desi back in time for the second show at the Roxy, even if he did miss the first.

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City of Loney Girls

(Continued from page 19)

type of Hollywood ungallant fell to Ann (we'll call her Ann). She had come to Hollywood from New York with a fairish amount of professional experience under her belt but not much idea of how to crack our town. Someone said join one of the many little theater groups because even though you don't get paid, the talent scouts watched the work. Ann welcomed the suggestion because with the first dazzle of Hollywood gone she was beginning to feel the pinch of loneliness. The few letters of introduction she had brought had led nowhere and she found herself unable to meet any young men on a basis she could accept.

IN the theater group was a man who paid her a flattering amount of attention. He was personable and had the casual charm of Hollywood. His cousin, he told her, was married to a biggie in one of the major studios and had been so impressed with Ann's performance in their opening bill that she had reported her to her husband. In fact, Ann might look for a call from the studio any moment. Hot on the heels of this he recounted his own bad luck. He'd been signed in New York for a picture to be done by one of the largest companies (he even showed her the contract, which seemed valid enough) and after he had arrived in Hollywood the picture had been called off. Naturally he couldn't afford to sue because he'd be blacklisted by the industry. Worst of it was he'd brought his mother with him and she had fallen ill over the financial worry of their position, but he knew things would break soon.

They did—but not quite in the way Ann might have expected. In the middle of the night several days later he phoned her that his mother was critically ill and he must get some money immediately for an operation or he wouldn't be responsible for his own life, let alone his mother's. Ann took \$200 out of her dwindling nest egg and got it to him.

The following week she received another S.O.S. This time, however, the plea to pay was tempered with a bit of guile. He said that regardless of how concerned he was over his mother's condition he was going to take Ann personally to a very influential agent he knew. That in Hollywood, of course, is the bait irresistible. Against her mounting judgment, Ann took out another \$100, leaving her own larder dangerously low, and handed it to him. Chump, you say? Certainly; but actors and actresses are emotional people or they wouldn't be actors and actresses.

With the illness of his mother he had stopped attending the theater group, which was understandable. Still, as the weeks flew by, Ann watched with growing anxiety for some word from him.

Slowly and painfully it was borne in upon her that if she was ever to see him or the \$300 she'd have to go after him. Goaded on by her own desperate financial condition, she set out on the search. Finally she tracked him down to a comfortable bungalow in an attractive Hollywood court where he was living not with his mother but with his wife and 3-year-old child.

The family was just sitting down to a sizzling, juicy steak as Ann appeared in the doorway. Instantly on his feet, he took advantage of her bewilderment to back her out into the court. When the girl asked him for a return of at least part of the money he owed her, he shouted, "What do you mean, the money I owe you?"

To Ann's speechless amazement at this bald-faced denial, he continued, his voice growing louder and louder, "What is this? Some kind of a shake-down racket? Perhaps you've forgotten that the law provides for people who try to blackmail innocent men! Why you can't produce one scrap of evidence that your claim is legal and you know it!"

Her mounting rage abruptly turned to ice. Of course, she couldn't—all she had was a couple of telephone calls! Suddenly she became aware of the gaping faces of the neighbors peering curiously out into the court. That, too, was part of his technique! When he finally yelled, "Now, you get out of here!" she stumbled, beaten and chagrined, out of the court. And this was the man to whom she had turned in her Hollywood loneliness!

Her distress prompted her to go to one of the girls' clubs which do such splendid work in helping talented girls try to hold their own against the high voltage of Hollywood. An opening was reported to the club for a script girl at one of the studios. Ann jumped at it and made such a point of studying script technique that she is now being given a chance at a writing job.

BY all odds the most frequently choked-back criticism of the run of Hollywood men—and by that I distinctly mean "run" and not our swell top-flight stars and directors—is their calm acceptance of their desirability. Where in other communities a man spends a little time and attention on a girl he thinks worth taking out, the Hollywood Lothario is extremely nonchalant. It's the familiar psychology of the man who says, "Well, if they want to vote, let 'em stand up with the rest of us in the subway."

A larger part of it, however, is that gallantry seems to operate in inverse proportion to the market. With a waiting list of ten beautiful girls to every halfway presentable male, the competition is uproarious, dog eat dog—and cat

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eat cat. For be it known, the girls are not entirely blameless in this battle for escorts. I sat in the home of one of our better known Hollywood "eligibles" and in the two hours I was there six women called him for a date that night, one of them phoning back three times before he could make her take no for an answer.

Without too much subtlety women have been used by men-about-Hollywood for the advantages to be gained—everything from press passes for previews and theaters commanded by the girls in the publicity end to highly desirable introductions in the social field. One Eastern writer, in town for material, had a baptism from one of the local yokels. A swank Beverly Hills charity affair was being given for which the invitations brought five dollars apiece. The girl from the East was going in the party of one of the patronesses. Chancing to run into a man she had known who now had a very good studio job but seemed eager to up his social quotient, she was able to include him in the party and sent her check for an additional five dollars to hold the extra reservation.

Quite casually he turned up for the evening in a resplendent cream and chromium coupe, regaled her with stories of his stable and the new string of horses he was starting, which was no bluff, then announced he had just seven dollars in his pocket and would she rather have him pay for his own ticket or go to La Conga for a few dances. The significance of the incident is that, although she was actually doing him a favor, he didn't consider he was called upon to do anything more than pay his own way.

THE paying question, in fact, is one which rankles in many a Hollywood bosom. As a departure from the old theory of the girls' being the gougers, there are those who claim the men are now the gold-diggers. Well, that's carrying things a little too far. Or is it? A star I know had a quaint experience not long ago, quite in the Hollywood tradition. It was necessary for her to put in an "appearance" at an important premiere. So she asked a man noted for his charm and social assets to accompany her. The gentleman in question arrived promptly, preceded in the best approved fashion by a stunning corsage of white orchids to match the star's evening dress. Just as they were leaving her house he suddenly put his hand in his pocket and ejaculated, "Good heavens, I've left my wallet in my other suit! We'll have to stop by my apartment on our way to the Carthay Circle."

But there wasn't time for such a detour (of course there wasn't time!), so the star supplied the cash for the evening—Ciro's for some smooth dancing after the premiere, then on out the Valley for a late night spot or two. A most successful evening, they both agreed when he was enthusiastically thanking her for a swell time. She waved him a gay farewell as his roadster roared down the drive, started to turn back into the house and stopped.

"Why wouldn't he thank me for a swell time?" she muttered ruefully. "It was my money we used and I'll bet I never see it again!"

Lucky she didn't take her own bet or she would have been doubly out on the evening. So you see, even a glamorous star can feel lonely in the Hollywood firmament. Tip from "Fearless": A lot of 'em do!

Remember these things when you think of Hollywood. In no town in the world have so many girls come home to their rooms and flung themselves down to sob their hearts out alone.

Gee! I FEEL LIKE A NEW WOMAN!

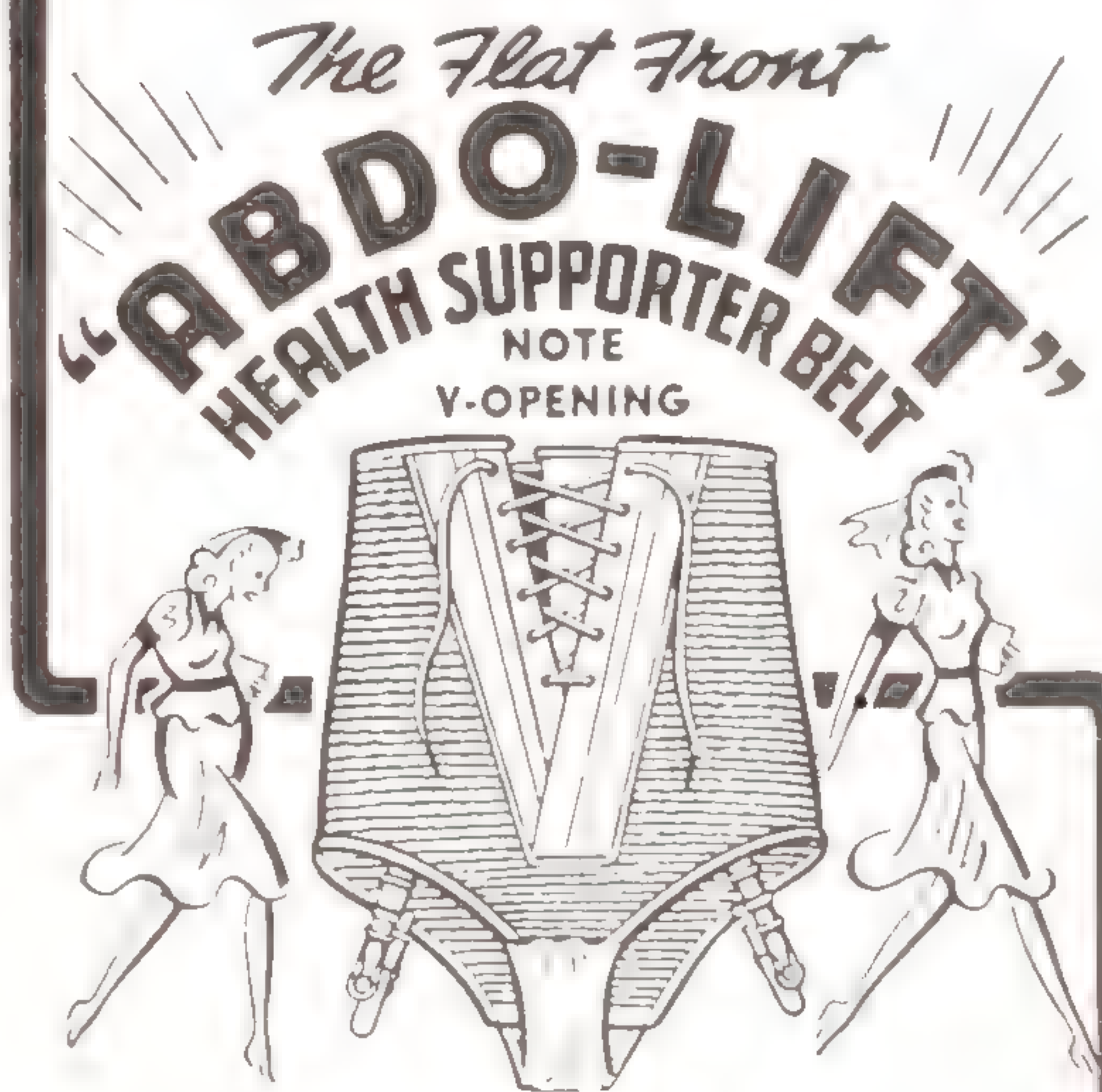
MY WIFE HATES TO GO OUT NIGHTS. SHE'S ALWAYS TIRED. THAT'S TOO BAD. MY WIFE'S ALWAYS FULL OF PEP. JOHN SAYS THAT SALLY IS NEVER TIRED IN THE EVENING. I'LL ASK HER HOW SHE DOES IT.

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Who's Who in Hollywood Society

(Continued from page 57)

she acquired a Beverly Hills mansion for \$50,000. She never had any real happiness in it because she became ill soon after she bought it and passed away, not in the house she was so proud of, but at a friend's in Santa Barbara.

Marie dined with me just before her illness and, looking around, observed, "Darling, how can you afford to live in a place like this?"

"What's wrong with it? I thought you liked it," retorted I.

"Yes, it's all right, but your position demands something better."

Then I reminded her of her first visit and Marie laughed louder than I.

The big car which she bought, as essential to her station as a star, was sold, after her death, to colored people who use it as a hearse for their most elegant funerals and charge \$100 extra for the privilege.

THE next duty attached to the salaried gentry is maintaining a staff of servants, preferably the kind who have an idea of how an aristocrat, salaried or otherwise, should live. They pass out freezing looks if you depart from their standards.

You'd get the giggles if you knew how many of Hollywood's great who have such poise and savoir-faire under all and sundry circumstances on the screen are scared stiff of their own butlers. Another "Once in a Lifetime" could be wrapped around that idea.

One well-known who's married into the social register and was lately divorced used to say to her butler, "Dearie, pass me the soup." That man now serves in one of our better restaurants and I always have a fiendish impulse to call him "Dearie."

It would wring your heart if you could see a top-salary princess eating a couple of lettuce leaves and a portion of birdseed and sniffing in agony at the door of the servants' dining room, whence comes the delicious, tantalizing aroma of steak smothered in mushrooms being consumed, at her expense, by eight hired hands and four dogs—all with healthy, husky appetites.

That same princess has spent twelve hours at the studio under torrid lamps and would like to crawl home and hop quickly into bed, but she can't do it too often because the staff will think she hasn't any friends and isn't as important as they thought she was. So she props herself up and expensively entertains a crowd whose main interest is always themselves.

Entertaining gives her the jitters anyway. Many heads have lost their crowns by letting in a guest whose check for bridge or poker bounced next morning. But it's her secretary's job, poor thing, to see that no one in the \$200 class is seated next to one earning \$5,000. In fact, it's downright dangerous to have them at the same party.

And the agony of a Hollywood hostess in keeping track of everybody's ex-mates and boy friends! If they're all in the same salary class, it isn't so bad. But if the lady has risen, while her former husband lolly-gags in the lower ranks, look out for sparks! You're a cinch to lose a friend.

There aren't half a dozen people in town

with courage enough to change the place cards after the hostess has finished arranging them. That's why there are so many buffet dinners, where you juggle your food on your lap and plead with the bird—I mean squab!—not to jump off and ruin your new gown.

Then there's the expensive car with a slithering special body. Of course, the star sometimes leaves the big bus and chauffeur home and, just for the thrill of it, drives to the studio alone in a cute little roadster. But if she makes a habit of doing anything so sensible, she'll probably hear from the publicity department that she owes it to her fans to ride in state; complaints have been coming in from out-of-town visitors saying Miss Susie Sweetie-Pie has no glamour!

It's true that we have courageous souls like Greta Garbo, who rode around in a ten-year-old ark until she got good and ready to change it. Then she bought another secondhand car! But Garbo, bless her, wouldn't recognize the caste system if she fell over it. When merchants send her a bill, she pays half. "Why not?" she shrugs. "They charge me double anyway."

She lives simply, comfortably, because she wants to, and her good Swedish common sense is proof against any tripe the press agents can concoct. In fact, the publicity boys on her lot don't even know her! She does the work she's paid for and as for the rest, it's all poppycock and to heck with it!

YOU may not believe it, but it's almost impossible to live on \$1,000 a week in Hollywood after the caste bug has bitten and poisoned you. Many an actor who lived and even saved on \$75 weekly finds he can't get by on ten times that amount. This in spite of the fact that extras seem able to live on something like \$7.50 a week. But goodness only knows how extras live at all! Heaven must be helping them—we certainly aren't.

There are exceptions here, of course, like Mitch Leisen, who parties all his old pals with the new, even extras included. His are real parties, and will be long remembered. It's noteworthy also to record the fact that no candid cameras are allowed at these gatherings, which include the biggest people in town.

Frank Lloyd is another who gives a dinner for pleasure, not publicity.

Fortunately, there are signs that Hollywood's famous are outgrowing the salary caste system. They're beginning to see what it's done to others who were just as famous as they. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable live in a modest ranch house, give no parties, cook their own dinner at least once a week. But as yet there are comparatively few others following that example, with the exception of our foreign stars who are shrewd and thrifty. They regard their salaries as their own. They take—and give—little.

The caste system has caused more heartaches and tragedies in Hollywood than scandals. It never belonged in America and I believe that if you movie-goers had your way you'd prefer the stars live reasonably instead of in glass houses and would want them to put something away for that rainy day, which scatters not gladness but sadness in so many lives.

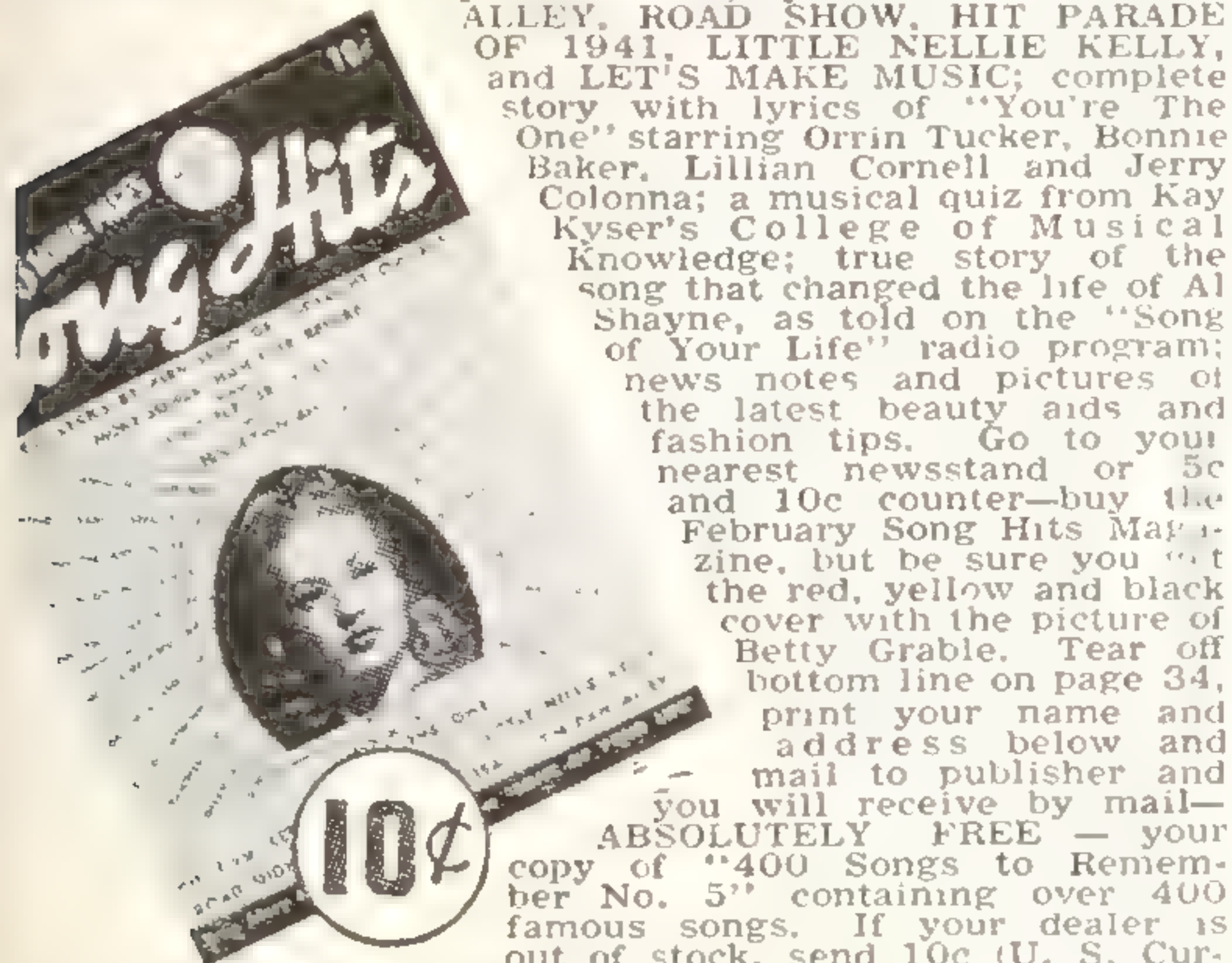
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Newest song hits from the latest movies and Broadway revues—lyrics everybody's singing—published in the new February issue of Song Hits. This issue is just chockful of dozens of the very latest hits, lyrics from TIN PAN ALLEY, ROAD SHOW, HIT PARADE OF 1941, LITTLE NELLIE KELLY, and LET'S MAKE MUSIC; complete story with lyrics of "You're The One" starring Orrin Tucker, Bonnie Baker, Lillian Cornell and Jerry Colonna; a musical quiz from Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge; true story of the song that changed the life of Al Shayne, as told on the "Song of Your Life" radio program; news notes and pictures of the latest beauty aids and fashion tips. Go to your nearest newsstand or 5c and 10c counter—buy the February Song Hits Magazine, but be sure you get the red, yellow and black cover with the picture of Betty Grable. Tear off bottom line on page 34, print your name and address below and mail to publisher and you will receive by mail—ABSOLUTELY FREE—your copy of "400 Songs to Remember No. 5" containing over 400 famous songs. If your dealer is out of stock, send 10c (U. S. Currency only) to SONG HITS, 1 East 42nd Street, New York, for the February issue and your free copy of "400 Songs to Remember."



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LAKE LABORATORIES

Ma Hardy Advises—

(Continued from page 21)

Simplicity in dress is the essence of good taste; a man likes to be proud of his girl, not made conspicuous by her."

Speaking of being conspicuous reminded Ma of a young actress she knew in New York. She was one of the most natural girls she had ever known, until a well-to-do young man took an interest in her. Then, by some quirk of reasoning, she got it into her head that dressing outlandishly would make her more fascinating.

"I guess he thought that after they were married he could change all that, because he made up his mind to take her on a surprise visit to see his mother. He asked the girl if she would wear something of a more subdued nature the following evening. The girl, however, refused to take the hint. Instead, she got furious at his implied criticism and determined to teach the young man a lesson.

"The next evening when he called, she was dressed in a sedate old-fashioned black dress. Surprised, the young man asked for an explanation. She quite tartly informed him she was dressed as Whistler's 'Portrait of My Mother.' Her supreme sarcasm was her undoing. She never saw the young man again."

MA reflected a moment and then told me the story of a valuable lesson concerning clothes she had learned in her early youth.

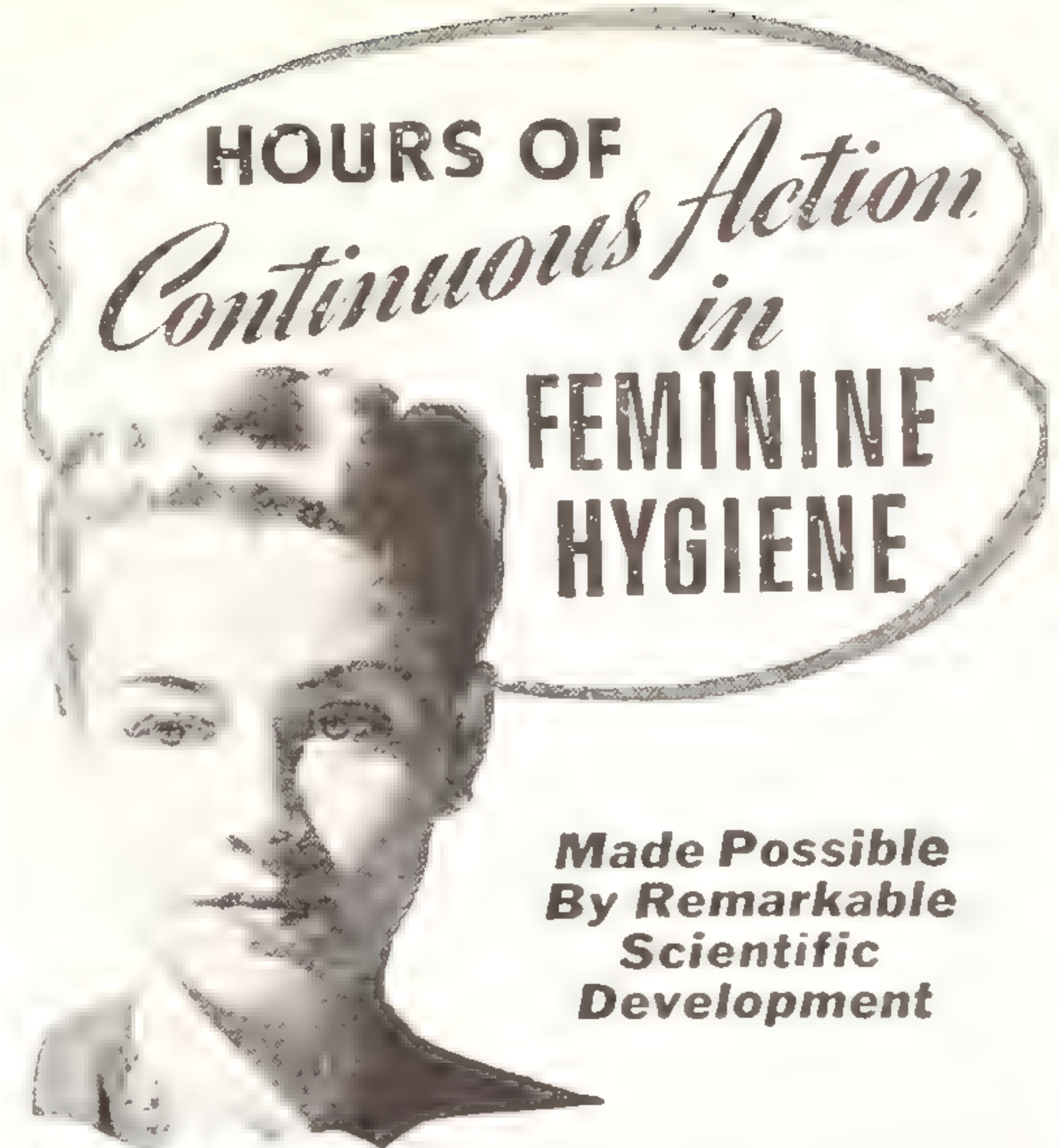
"I had a habit of lounging around my house in an old but extremely comfy robe. It was such a dilapidated thing that every few weeks I would make a resolution to throw it away, but invariably, on an evening at home, I would find myself slipping into it. One evening, a young man with whom I had an engagement found that due to the pressure of some unexpected business matters he would be unable to keep the date. Consequently, I decided to spend the evening at home and, as usual, slipped into the old robe. I had no sooner settled myself comfortably with a book than the doorbell rang. You can imagine my embarrassment when I found myself face to face with my young man.

"From that day on I've always been at least presentable-looking in my lounging moments.

"I believe that every girl should make this a rule; not only in case someone should drop in unexpectedly, but because she owes it to herself. And really it's so easy to do these days, 'cause you can buy such awfully smart, comfortable lounging clothes at very little cost."

NOTICED Ma was wearing a beautiful new ring of sapphires and diamonds. She told me that it was a birthday present from her husband Dave Clyde. With a laugh, she went on to say that since she had started work on the Hardy Family series, her birthday had gotten to be quite a racket. For now her husband had two women to buy presents for—Fay Holden and "Ma Hardy." This year, Fay had received a ring—Ma Hardy, a new electric stove.

"Speaking of jewelry," Ma continued. "I think one or two pieces of good jewelry are very nice to have, if a girl can afford them. Costume jewelry, of course, if chosen carefully, often adds to a costume. But the two should never be mixed. The other night at a dance I saw a girl with rather a unique bracelet. It was a link type, made of one of those new transparent compositions. The top part was flat, with three silver prongs



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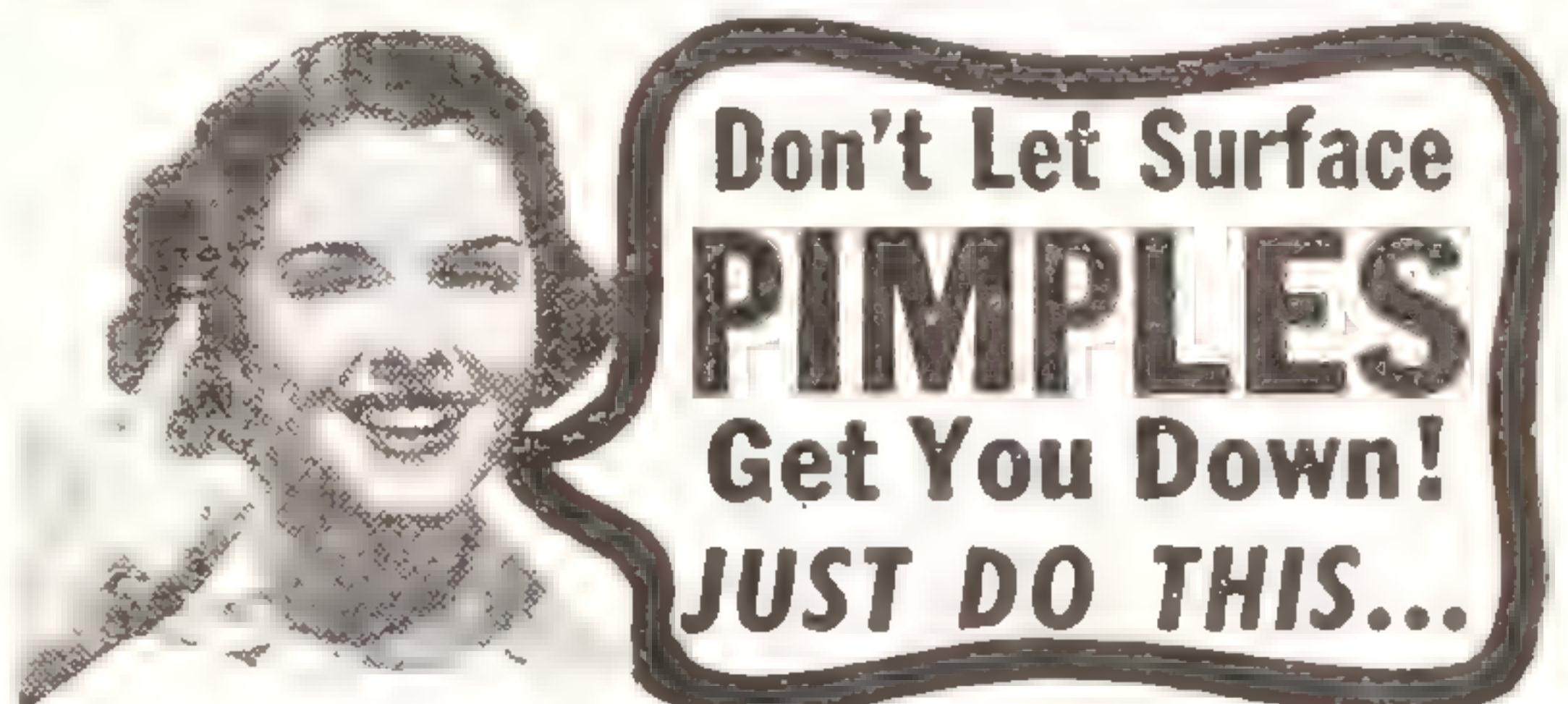
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which held real flowers. I think the nicest engagement ring I have ever heard of belongs to a little girl in Boston. Her fiancé didn't have much money, but he had a lot of originality. The ring he gave her was a blue stone in the shape of a heart, bound with a heart of small diamonds. In the center was a forget-me-not in diamonds—a heart within a heart—forget-me-not.

"INCIDENTALLY, this girl's engagement was the happy conclusion to a very miserable time in her life. The girl first started writing to me a long time ago and her letters were extremely unhappy. It seems she had but one determination in life—to be popular. The night before she went to a party, she'd lie awake thinking up clever and amusing things to say. In spite of all this, she would be rushed for a short while and then be dropped. She was at a loss to understand it.

"While corresponding with her, I found out a great deal about the girl. I discovered her sense of humor had a satiric tinge and was made at the expense of friends. Naturally, they not only got tired of this, but also found it very wearing competing with her so-called "smart repartee." After all, who wants to be bothered thinking up clever remarks at a wienie roast?

"Finally, I was able to make the girl realize that she was just alienating people by her attitude. I wrote and told her to be herself. You know, naturalness is really the keynote to a winning personality. I told her that a sure way for her to become popular with the boys was to take an interest in the things they were doing. There's not a man in this world who doesn't appreciate a good listener. On the other hand, if there's anything a boy hates, it's to have a girl get possessive and dictatorial.

"This girl took my advice—something that, in this case, I'm afraid I couldn't have done myself—for the girl became interested in a boy who was an amateur magician. Watching a boy perform his tricks day in and day out would have bored me to death, but my young friend turned her boy friend's talent to a good use. She gave a magic party. The invitations were written across playing cards, he performed all his favorite tricks and every game they played had something to do with magic.

"The cost of the entire thing was little; and the net result was that the girl, in giving this party, wiped out all the resentment she had created against herself. Everyone had a good time and her boy friend adored her more than ever.

"That young lady, I'm sure, will never again be lonely. I have what I think is a sure cure for a blue mood, provided you go at it wholeheartedly. When I begin to feel blue, I just busy myself for the next twenty-four hours doing things for other people and at the end of that time my own troubles disappear. It really works.

"I'VE often thought of the many girls who go to a city all alone to look for work. It's not a pleasant thing to be in a place where you don't know a soul, but even loneliness can be made profitable. I know of a case in which this loneliness was really the foundation for future success.

"There was a young girl who was employed as a clerk in a large department store in one of our leading metropolises. She had come to the city in search of work from a small town. Having no friends in the city, she was forced to live by herself.

"She was terribly lonesome and, for

want of something with which to occupy herself, constantly fixed over her wardrobe, particularly her hats. In search of ideas she often spent some of her lunch hour wandering through the millinery department of the store in which she worked. In doing so, she made the acquaintance of one of the assistant buyers. It was at the buyer's suggestion that she enrolled in a millinery class at a public night school. The girl became intensely interested in her work and her lonely hours were taken care of. In the course of time, she turned out an original model which attracted the attention of the buyer.

"This resulted in her being transferred to that department, where she was given an opportunity to learn the business. Today, she has her own exclusive establishment in the same city where she was once a lonely, unknown girl.

"My advice to girls who find time hanging heavy on their hands is to take inventory of themselves. Find out what you want to do in life. Once you have found and set a definite goal, keep it always before you.

"The only way to success in whatever vocation a girl may choose is to learn everything and anything about her profession that she can. The feeling that she has this knowledge should give her assurance and poise, but she should never at any time flaunt it. People instinctively despise a 'smart aleck.'

"THIS is particularly true in a girl's business life. Of course, whenever she can, it is a good idea to make tactful suggestions to one's employer. They, however, should never be made in such a way as to give the impression she is telling him how to run his business. Courtesy under any circumstances should always be practiced.

"Let me tell you a story a friend of mine told me recently, about some newlyweds. Her husband is city editor of a large newspaper. One of his reporters recently married a young society girl. Naturally she was well out of the realm of the crowd that her husband had been used to associating with. The boy unfortunately allowed incidents about many prominent people he had met through his wife creep into his conversation. His pals promptly took to razzing him. The editor's wife, taking in the situation, felt sorry for the young man and his bride. In order to give the bride a chance to meet and really know her husband's pals she gave a party in their honor. She hoped it would result in the reporter's wife being accepted as one of the crowd, but, unfortunately, it didn't work out that way. All through dinner the young man and his bride held hands. Afterwards, seating themselves in a far corner of the room, they biled and cooed all evening, absolutely ignoring their hostess and her guests. A demonstration of rudeness which I think was unforgivable and which certainly did not help the husband's career.

"Many girls have written me asking what I consider the most important thing in life. I have come to believe that the most important thing in life is to be a success as a person. Live and let live. Don't go around criticizing your fellow man; if you can't say something nice about him, say nothing. Tolerance and consideration for other people at all times are very necessary attributes. Always be ready to hold out a helping hand and, once the help is given, forget about it. Maybe there are other things, but I think these are the mainstays."

After thinking over the things Ma has said, I am more than ever convinced—"Ma knows best."

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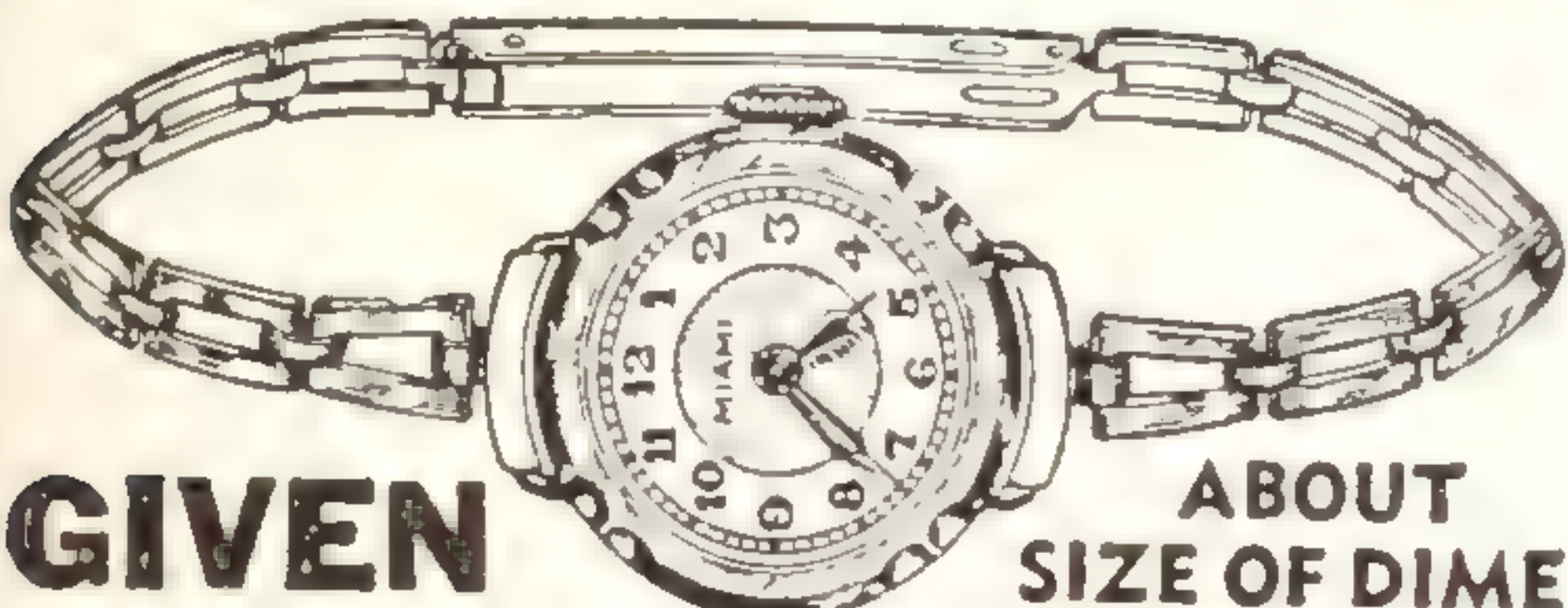
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 15)

✓ You'll Find Out (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The Kyser band runs afoul of spooks and crooks.

KAY KYSER and his band are lifted bodily from their Kollege of Musical Knowledge air shows and set right down in the midst of movies' three worst bogeymen, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre. The result is a mild panic with fake yogis and cold-blooded crooks flying in and out of trap doors and collapsible walls with Kyser in reluctant pursuit. It all happens when Kay and his band agree to play at the country home of Helen Parrish and find the place alive with horrible horrors.

There are plenty of laughs, of course, with Kay and his boys trying to outwit the baddies. Dennis O'Keefe and Helen Parrish are the romancers. Kay is natural and pleasing on the screen.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun, set to music.

✓ Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal)

It's About: Baby Sandy plays Cupid.

JUST for the good old-fashioned belly laughs occasioned by good old-fashioned hokum, we chalk up one check on the credit side of this Universal comedy.

The story has Baby Sandy, who grows cuter by the minute, trying to decide whom Mama Una Merkel shall marry—fireman Stuart Erwin or policeman Jack Carson. Mama leaves it entirely up to Sandy to choose and what with the fireman proving himself a hero and the policeman proving himself another hero, both for Sandy's sake, it's riotous. We never saw anyone who could get out of more trouble and into more burning buildings than Sandy.

Who won? Oh, we'll leave that for you to find out.

Your Reviewer Says: It's plain funny.

✓ Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M)

It's About: A rambunctious old man who is "agin" romance.

JUDY GARLAND grows up right before our eyes on the screen and what a charming young lady she makes. In this appealing and "darlin'" little Irish tale, Judy, over in old Erin, marries George Murphy against the wishes of her idling old father, Charles Winninger, comes to America with George and her father, has a daughter, and dies.

Judy then plays the daughter who grows up with father and grandfather (still unforgiving) and meets romance when handsome young Douglas McPhail comes a'courting. But Grandfather Winninger is still stubborn and bitter against love in the family and almost wrecks little Nellie Kelly's romance.

Every member of the cast gathers round to turn in a grand little show.

Your Reviewer Says: A love of a picture.

✓✓ The Mark of Zorro (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: An adventurous young man who exchanges chaos for order.
(Continued on page 101)

YOUR GRACIOUS HOST FROM COAST TO COAST

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The Blackstone

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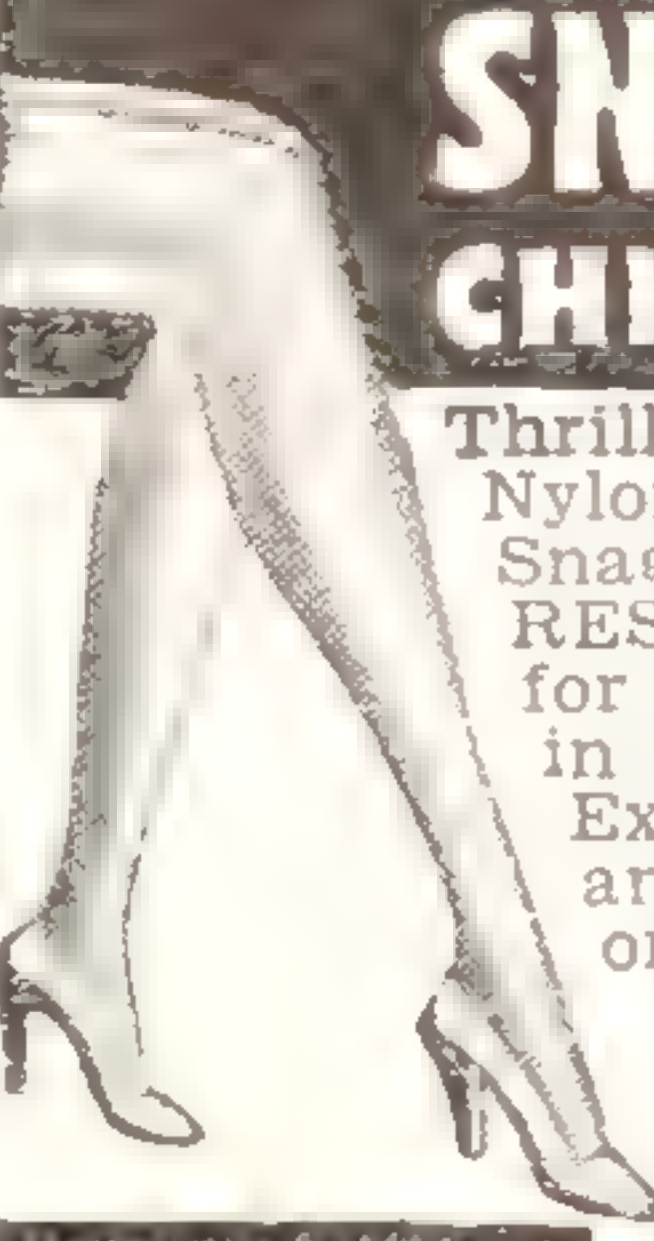
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Irene Dunne's smile wins professional plus personal okay from dentist mate Dr. Griffin



Give your smile a chance

BY GLORIA MACK

A FAMOUS novelist who was as noted for her amours as for her novels once met an ugly man. He was a grotesque caricature when it came to physical appearance; to the casual observer he had nothing to offer in the way of looks. But, to the astonishment of all Europe, the novelist fell in love with him. Her blunt explanation didn't pull any punches: "No matter how beautiful a sentiment is," said she, "it is of no value at all if it comes from an unattractive mouth."

The woman was George Sand; the man—had nice teeth.

The story is worth a chuckle, but the moral is not.

Today, with every sort of professional advice at her fingertips, there's no excuse for a woman's not being a beauty.

But being a beauty still doesn't make her a sought-after belle. Just one thing will make or break her in the final social line-up—and that is her charm. This charm depends upon her facial expressions; her facial expressions depend upon her smile; and her smile depends upon her teeth.

The care of the teeth is simplicity itself; any woman who is wise to this first premise of beauty has just ten things she does. If you're honest with yourself for a moment and check up on the list below, you'll find out whether you're merely an "ease the conscience" toothbrusher or a woman who can give herself a complacent and well-deserved pat on the back

- The smart woman brushes her teeth after every meal whenever possible
- She sees her dentist twice a year.
- She uses dental floss once a day.
- She uses a mouth wash regularly.
- She makes a point of taking a glass of milk at least once a day, or other food having a high calcium content, like oranges
- She never taps her teeth with her fingernails; a nervous and unpleasant

habit, and bad for the teeth.

- She changes toothbrushes every ten days.
- After applying lipstick, she checks her teeth in the mirror to be sure they aren't tinged with pink.
- She never bites off thread or opens bobby pins with her teeth.
- She never bites hard candy of any sort

A simple formula, but, ten to one, in the ordinary run of life there aren't many women who follow it through. An actress knows from the first that her teeth are all-important. Take Irene Dunne, epitome of the charming Hollywood lady. Says she candidly: "I've been lucky in a lot of ways in my life (she married a dentist!) but certainly one of the greatest pieces of luck was in having parents who did see that my teeth had proper care and that I was taught to keep them clean. My parents established the habit of dental care for me and I have never lost it . . . If people would only realize that having clean and healthy teeth isn't only a big addition to the personality, but has such a marked effect on the health!"

THE FIRST STEP:

Is the brushing process—i.e., never, unless you want a bad case of receding gums, brush your teeth with side-to-side movements. Instead, brush the upper teeth with strokes from the gum down; the lower, with strokes from the gum up. Incidentally, you won't pick up trench mouth or any other common mouth germs if you massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Take the thumb and index finger and go over the gums gently with a circular motion. This increases the circulation, gives you healthy gums that keep your teeth strong

The prelude to all toothbrushing should be a brisk friction with the dry brush all over the teeth and in between each tooth. Then comes the concentrated brushing—and next time you brush, try prolonging the process sixty seconds

more than your usual time. You'll be amazed at the difference in the feeling of your mouth.

AS FOR THE POWDER, PASTE OR LIQUID QUESTION:

Use which ever you like best; one is as good as the other in the estimation of dentists. A good way to choose a dentifrice is by scent; just pick the one the taste of which you like best, the one that makes your mouth feel freshest.

IF YOUR TEETH ARE IRREGULAR:

Swallow your pride, take out your pocketbook and go to the dentist. Have braces put on. You'll be thankful at sixty, because it's a proven fact that teeth that are irregular will disastrously affect the whole mouth later on. What you spend on braces now will be, in the final analysis, a penny of prevention for a pound of cure

ABOUT SEEING YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR:

It's human nature not to take the first step toward the dentist's door. We know a smart woman who takes the lazy man's way out. She simply tells her dentist's assistant to put her down for a regular appointment every six months. Then she forgets the whole thing until the phone rings and the assistant informs her she's due to come in for a check-up. Good idea and, furthermore, your dreams won't be haunted by drills

IF YOU WANT A TRICK:

To make your teeth look especially nice on your nights out, try taking a fine linen handkerchief and doing a good polishing job on them just before you go out. Then, during the evening, run your tongue over them occasionally to make them gleam

Don't push the care of your teeth to the back of your mind; keep concentrating when you use the toothbrush; follow the ten rules carefully and you'll pass 100% in the oral examinations.

(Continued from page 99)

ACTION, romance and charm literally crowd this remake of Douglas Fairbanks Sr.'s *Zorro* and Tyrone Power takes second place to none as the dashing handsome young Spaniard who pits his wits and strong right arm against the rascallion government heads of old California. There are dash and fire in Tyrone's portrayal of the young man who returns from Spain to find his father ousted as governor by the rascals J. Edward Bromberg and Basil Rathbone. By daytime Tyrone plays the fop and the dandy, by night the masked *Zorro* who avenges all wrongs. Eugene Pallette is outstanding as the monk and Linda Darnell is beautiful as the girl. The duel between Rathbone and Power is one of the best ever screened.

Your Reviewer Says: Suspense with thrills.

✓ One Night in the Tropics (Universal)

It's About: A man who insures his wedding and the resulting complications.

STRICTLY nonsense, but the antics of Abbott and Costello are so funny and the whole film is so lighthearted that you'll be very entertained.

Robert Cummings is engaged to Nancy Kelly, but when they have an argument and break up, Allan Jones sells him an insurance policy by which he gets a million dollars if the wedding doesn't occur by a certain date. This is very fine, but what complicates matters is the fact that Allan Jones falls in love with Nancy; Peggy Moran is determined that Cummings will marry no other girl but herself; and Allan hasn't the million dollars to pay off if Cummings doesn't marry Nancy. To this scrambled plot, add Abbott and Costello as a couple of dumb detectives hired to help the wedding along and you'll see what a hodgepodge of laughs it all is.

The music is charming; Jones and Cummings are engaging in their confused romances. Nancy Kelly looks lovely and Peggy Moran is very effective.

Your Reviewer Says: Anything for a laugh.

✓ Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M)

It's About: Dr. Kildare diagnoses an epileptic patient.

CONTINUING the high standard of entertainment set by the previous *Kildare* pictures, this has the added attraction of Robert Young who plays the brother of Laraine Day.

Lew Ayres as *Kildare* has Young for his patient in this picture. Young is evidently suffering from epilepsy and after much study and experimentation Ayres is forced to the conclusion that the epilepsy is hereditary, which involves Laraine Day, Young's sister and Lew's fiancée. This makes things very difficult for everyone concerned, since Lew, as in all the pictures of the series, is about to marry Laraine. But Lionel Barrymore as the brusque *Dr. Gillespie* steps in and settles everything for everyone.

Robert Young gives his usual excellent performance and the entire cast play their roles with the ease and assurance resulting from long practice in these characterizations. The picture as a whole is even more interesting than its predecessors.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than ever.

Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)

It's About: The murder of a health-farm tycoon.

THIS is the first of a new series starring Ralph Bellamy as the fictional detective, *Ellery Queen*, whose adventures you've undoubtedly followed both in the novels of his exploits and on the air. It sets a good standard for the future pictures, although much of the beginning is spent in establishing the characters who will be in the entire series.

Ralph Bellamy gives a good portrayal of the detective who finds Margaret Lindsay on the scene of the crime—the murder of the rich owner of a health farm who has left two wills—and hides her in his own apartment while he seeks the murderer.

Charley Grapewin is his father, a police inspector, whose methods differ from his son's. Marsha Hunt is the murdered man's daughter who is in love with Michael Whalen.

It ought to be easy for you to ferret out the murderer even before Bellamy does.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll like it.

Give Us Wings (Universal)

It's About: The Dead End Kids and Little Tough Guys take to the air.

WHEN the Dead End Kids meet the Little Tough Guys of the screen you just know something is bound to happen. Sure enough, it does, when the lads, eager to fly, agree to fly planes over crops that require chemical spraying. When one of the lads is killed and it comes to light the planes are antiquated and dangerous, the boys start out after the crooked plane owner in as exciting a chase scene as you've seen in a long time.

For those who like these "gang kid" pictures (frankly, we don't) it has its points.

Your Reviewer Says: Zippy and snippy.

The Lone Wolf Keeps A Date (Columbia)

It's About: The Lone Wolf gets involved in a kidnapping.

THIS program picture is surprisingly good and cleverly done. It's fast-paced, suspenseful and has plenty of action and comedy.

Warren William capably plays the daring *Lone Wolf* who matches wits with the police and underworld alike to solve the mystery of a kidnapping. When he discovers Frances Robinson scurrying out of Havana with a fortune in cash that is kidnap ransom bills, he promptly rushes to her rescue although both the police and a gang of robbers are on her trail.

The bills are stolen and recovered again and you hardly know from minute to minute just where they are.

Eric Blore is William's aide, Thurston Hall is an inspector and Jed Prouty is a comedy police chief. There's a gang of assorted thugs who are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy it.

(Continued on page 103)



OVERLOOKING
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HERE COMES COOKIE

BY ANN HAMILTON



Virginia Weidler, "other woman" with John Shelton and Ann Rutherford in "Keeping Company"

PATTY cake, patty cake, Baker's Man
Miss Weidler can bake as well as you
can

She rolls dough and pats it and marks
it with V

And puts it in the oven for Virginia—
and all the rest of the Weidler family,
not to mention the assorted young fry
population who lives near by.

Now you wouldn't believe that Vir-
ginia, in addition to being one of the
ablest of our younger performers, would
have time to cook, would you? She's such
a versatile little star, even though she's
only 13 years old, that you somehow get
the idea that that's career enough. I
know it had never occurred to me that
she'd know the difference between a roll-
ing pin and a flour sifter until the day I
watched her working with Ann Ruther-
ford and John Shelton on the set of
"Keeping Company," her latest picture
since "The Philadelphia Story."

"Keeping Company" is a story about
typical small-town people and in it
Virginia plays a little girl who is pretty
much like the Virginia of real life—
interested in the usual teen-age activi-
ties which include "messing around"
in Mother's kitchen. After Virginia had
finished the scene I began to tease her
about her make-believe housekeeping
activities.

"But it isn't make-believe," she said
seriously.

There are six children in the Weidler
family and Virginia explained that with
a family of that size, Mrs. Weidler be-
lieves they should all learn how to do
things about the house; and although
Virginia is the youngest of the six, al-
ready she knows as much about home-
making as lots of older girls.

"But dusting and sweeping and wash-
ing dishes are easy," I said. "I'll bet
you can't cook."

"Bet I can," Virginia answered. "I
dare you to come out tomorrow and see."

So I accepted the dare—who wouldn't,
I ask you? Next day I went out to the
Weidler home and sat by watching while
Virginia measured and sifted and mixed
the cookies shown here.

MOLASSES GINGER COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- $2\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup sour milk
- 2 tsps. soda
- 1 tsp. ginger
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour

Cream the shortening, add the butter
and cream together until light and fluffy.
Sift together the soda, ginger, salt and

flour and add it to the creamed mix-
ture, alternately with the milk. Add
only a little at a time, beating well after
each addition. Chill for fifteen to thirty
minutes, then roll thin and bake on
buttered baking sheet in a moderate oven
for twelve minutes.

For icing, Virginia used two egg whites
beaten stiff, with two tablespoons of corn
syrup beaten into it. As you can see
she likes fancy decorations. Sometimes
she tints the icing pink or green with
fruit coloring and puts it through a
pastry tube made of white paper rolled
like a cornucopia. Some of the cookies
are decorated with cinnamon or chocolate
drops, or with colored candies, ground
up to form coarse crumbs.

Of course, every young cook likes to
bake cake and Virginia is no excep-
tion.

"All kinds of cake are nice," she said,
"but I like chocolate and I like it with
chocolate frosting. Mama says most any-
one can be sure of cake if you use the
right flour and sift and measure it right
and make it at the proper temperature
and my cake is pretty good."

VIRGINIA'S CHOCOLATE CAKE

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 squares cooking chocolate
- 2 cups flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. soda
- 2 tsps. baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream the shortening and add the
sugar as you did for the cookies, then
add the chocolate—which has been melt-
ed over hot water—and the eggs and
mix well. Sift the flour and other dry
ingredients together and add, alternately,
with the milk, to the chocolate mix-
ture. Put in the vanilla last and bake
in two 9-inch layer cake pans in a mod-
erate oven for thirty minutes.

"The chocolate icing," Virginia ad-
mitted, "hasn't worked out so well. I've
been having trouble with it—getting the
cooking time right and so on. So now
I've found a frosting that doesn't have
to be cooked and I'm going to stick
to that in the future because it's quick
and it always works."

UNCOOKED CHOCOLATE FROSTING

- 3 squares cooking chocolate
- 2 tbs. cream
- 1 tbs. butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioners' sugar

Melt the chocolate over hot water. Add
cream and butter and beat together until
butter is melted and mixture is cool. Add
the confectioners' sugar slowly, beating
steadily until the mixture is smooth and
thick. Spread between layers and on
top and sides of cake.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE

A Night At Earl Carroll's (Paramount)

It's About: The kidnapping of a night club's floor show.

IF YOU'D like to spend an evening at Earl Carroll's Hollywood restaurant-theater, here's your chance, for almost the entire background of this musical picture is the night club. You'll see all the beautiful girls, some comedians and the musical numbers that Mr. Carroll specializes in.

The plot's pretty thin, of course, since it revolves around the idea that, to spoil the big reception for the new mayor, big gambler J. Carroll Naish kidnaps the floor show.

Ken Murray is the press agent for the night club and Rose Hobart is Carroll's assistant. Brenda and Cobina contribute several laughs in their famous an-hunt routine.

It's a pleasant little picture.

Your Reviewer Says: All right.

Remedy For Riches (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Dr. Christian saves the town from a "con" man.

SENTIMENTALITY is less rampant in this latest adventure of Dr. Christian, but it's replaced by plenty of broad comedy that's usually missing in the series.

Everyone in the small town is more healthy than usual, so Dr. Christian has very little to do. However, Warren Hull, promoter, comes to the village and discovers oil in the river, so naturally everybody sees quick riches in return for a small investment; everybody, that is, but Jean Hersholt as Dr. Christian, who sets about proving that the oil has been "planted" and it's all a crooked proposition.

Dorothy Lovett is Hersholt's loyal nurse and Edgar Kennedy, Walter Catlett and Jed Prouty are very funny in their usual comedy roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Dr. Christian gets laughs.

✓ Gallant Sons (M-G-M)

It's About: School pals who heal a breach in their friendship.

THERE'S a lot of genuine sincerity in this heart-appealing story of two firm school friends, Jackie Cooper and Gene Reynolds, who meet heartache head on when Gene's dad, Ian Hunter, is sent to prison for murder at the instigation of Jackie's father, a newspaper editor.

How these kids, with the aid of Bonita Granville, June Preisser, William Tracy and Leo Gorcey, get together to solve the mystery and keep Jackie and Gene friends is a story that will melt the heart of a cynic.

These kids are good! Incidentally, Ian Hunter and Gail Patrick turn in splendid performances, too.

Your Reviewer Says: A gallant little story.

(Continued from page 101)

✓✓ Bitter Sweet (M-G-M)

It's About: The romance of a Viennese music teacher and a wealthy English girl.

NOEL COWARD'S romantic story of old Vienna with its enchanting music and background comes to the screen in the most exquisite Technicolor yet seen. In fact, the color, especially in the beautiful copper and white ballet number, steals the honors, which is no small achievement considering the beauty of Jeanette MacDonald and the singing of Nelson Eddy.

Nelson is the music master who falls in love with his English pupil Jeanette, marries her in an elopement and takes her to Vienna where, together, they struggle for success.

George Sanders plays the villain as only George Sanders can. It's a pleasure just to watch Mr. Sanders in action. Diana Lewis is cute as the lisping gold-digger. The songs "I'll See You Again" and "Zigeuner" are beautifully sung by this popular screen team.

Your Reviewer Says: A thing of beauty.

Before I Hang (Columbia)

It's About: A scientist who discovers a serum that does away with old age.

BORIS KARLOFF does his very best to overcome the handicaps of this poorly written horror story, but even his best is not good enough to make entertainment out of the picture.

While the scientist Karloff is in prison awaiting his death sentence, he finally perfects a serum that will strip years away from old people. He inoculates himself with it and becomes young again. However, the serum contained the blood of a confirmed murderer and thus Karloff finds within himself the urge to kill. So when he's released from prison, a series of murders results. It's an interesting enough premise, but it's poorly developed.

The rest of the cast also struggles valiantly through this brooding movie, but we don't recommend it unless you're an out-and-out Karloff fan.

Your Reviewer Says: Bad melodrama.

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies PICTURES IN THE CUTTING ROOM

COLUMBIA

■ **LEGACY:** Dealing with the period before the first World War, this has Warner Baxter as the father of four sons and Ingrid Bergman as their governess. Johnny Downs, Robert Shaw and Richard Denning are three of the boys and Susan Hayward is the complication in their lives.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

■ **MAISIE WAS A LADY:** Showgirl Ann Sothorn continues her adventures by becoming a maid in the home of society playboy Lew Ayres. His sister Maureen O'Sullivan is engaged to fortune-hunter Edward Ashley and C. Aubrey Smith is the butler. With Rita Johnson and Henry O'Neill.

PARAMOUNT

■ **VIRGINIA:** Madeleine Carroll returns to Virginia to raise cash by selling her family's plantation, but she meets Fred MacMurray who does his best to change her mind in this Technicolor picture of the South. With Marie Wilson, Sterling Hayden and Paul Hurst.

■ **THE ROUNDUP:** On the day of her marriage to Richard Dix, Pat Morison meets Preston Foster, her sweetheart who she had thought was dead, and finds herself unable to decide which one she loves. The story is played against an exciting background of Indian troubles and gun running.

■ **THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL:** Rod Cameron, scientist, implants the brain of a man into the body of a gorilla in this strange mystery drama. Ellen Drew, as the sister of the dead man whose brain the gorilla has, gives a compelling dramatic performance. The cast includes Paul Lukas and Robert Paige.

RKO

■ **MR. AND MRS. SMITH:** High-speed, sophisticated comedy with Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery as the happily married couple who discover that their marriage is illegal. Gene Raymond is Montgomery's partner who falls in love with Carole.

■ **A GIRL, A GUY, AND A GOB:** Producer Harold Lloyd packed this comedy with hilarious situations that revolve around Sailor George Murphy and Socialite Executive Edmund O'Brien who both fall in love with Secretary Lucille Ball. With Henry Travers and Marguerite Chapman.

■ **PLAY GIRL:** Kay Francis, who's lived by her wits all her life, finds herself broke in a fashionable hotel, so she tries to make money by grooming Mildred Coles for a wealthy marriage, but Jimmy Ellison complicates her mercenary plans. With Nigel Bruce.

20TH CENTURY-FOX

■ **GOLDEN HOOFS:** In this racing picture, Jane Withers trains trotting horses for Buddy Rogers, new owner of the stock farm, for whom Jane develops a case of puppy love although he is engaged to Katharine Aldridge. With Buddy Pepper, as her boy friend, and George Irving.

■ **MICHAEL SHANE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE:** Lloyd Nolan, detective, is hired to keep debutante Marjorie Weaver out of trouble, but they become involved in the murder of a gambler who has been loaning Marjorie money for her gambling losses. With Joan Valerie and Walter Abel.

UNIVERSAL

■ **SAN FRANCISCO DOCKS:** Burgess Meredith, longshoreman, is jailed for murder, but Irene Hervey, Raymond Walburn and Robert Armstrong are convinced of his innocence so they seek the real murderer. With Lewis Howard and Esther Ralston.

WARNER BROTHERS

■ **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT:** Humphrey Bogart is owner of a third-rate carnival company in this exciting picture with Sylvia Sydney as the outfit's fortune teller, Eddie Albert as the new lion tamer and Joan Leslie as Bogart's young sister whom he keeps away from the carnival.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ARIZONA"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Claude Binyon. Based upon the story by Clarence Buddington Kelland. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Cast: *Phoebe Titus*, Jean Arthur; *Peter Muncie*, William Holden; *Jefferson Carteret*, Warren William; *Lazarus Ward*, Porter Hall; *Solomon Warner*, Paul Harvey; *Haley*, George Chandler; *Pete Kitchen*, Byron Foulger; *Grant Oury*, Regis Toomey; *Estevan Ochoa*, Paul Lopez; *Bart Massey*, Colin Tapley; *Hilario Gallego*, Uvaldo Varela; *Judge Bogardus*, Edgar Buchanan; *Joe Briggs*, Earl Crawford; *Sam Hughes*, Griff Barnette; *Meyer*, Ludwig Hardt; *Terry*, Patrick Moriarty; *Joe*, Frank Darien; *Timmins*, Syd Saylor; *Longstreet*, Wade Crosby; *Mano*, Frank Hill; *Teresa*, Nina Campana; *Capt. Hunter*, Addison Richards.

"BEFORE I HANG"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Robert D. Andrews. Story by Karl Brown and Robert D. Andrews. Directed by Nick Grinde. Cast: *Dr. John Garth*, Boris Karloff; *Martha Garth*, Evelyn Keyes; *Dr. Paul Ames*, Bruce Bennett; *Dr. Ralph Howard*, Edward Van Sloan; *Warden Thompson*, Ben Taggart; *Victor Sondini*, Pedro de Cordoba; *George Wharton*, Wright Kramer; *Stephen Barclay*, Bertram Marburgh; *Capt. McGraw*, Don Beddoe; *District Attorney*, Robert Fiske; *Anson*, Kenneth MacDonald; *Otto Kron*, Frank Richards.

"BITTER SWEET"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Lesser Samuels. Original play, music and lyrics by Noel Coward. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Cast: *Sarah Millick*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Carl Linden*, Nelson Eddy; *Baron von Tranch*, George Sanders; *Lord Shayne*, Ian Hunter; *Max*, Felix Bressart; *Harry Davenport*, Edward Ashley; *Dolly*, Lynne Carver; *Jane*, Diana Lewis; *Ernst*, Curt Bois; *Mrs. Millick*, Fay Holden; *Herr Schlick*, Sig Rumann; *Lady Davenport*, Janet Beecher; *Herr Wyler*, Charles Judels; *Manon*, Veda Ann Borg; *Market Keeper*, Herman Bing; *Mama Luden*, Greta Meyer.

"DR. KILDARE'S CRISIS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Ruskin and Willis Goldbeck. Original story by Max Brand and Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Dr. James Kildare*, Lew Ayres; *Dr. Leonard Gillespie*, Lionel Barrymore; *Mary Lamont*, Laraine Day; *Douglas Lamont*, Robert Young; *Wayman*, Nat Pendleton; *Dr. Walter Carew*, Walter Kingsford; *Molly Byrd*, Alma Kruger; *Tommy*, Bobs Watson; *Nurse Parker*, Nell Craig; *Conover*, George Reed; *Mike*, Frank Orth; *Sally*, Marie Blake; *"Foghorn"*, Horace MacMahon.

"ELLERY QUEEN, MASTER DETECTIVE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Eric Taylor. Story by Ellery Queen. Directed by Kurt Neumann. Cast: *Ellery Queen*, Ralph Bellamy; *Nikki Porter*, Margaret Lindsay; *Inspector Queen*, Charley Grapewin; *Sergeant Velie*, James Burke; *Dr. James Rogers*, Michael Whalen; *Barbara Braun*, Marsha Hunt; *John Braun*, Fred Niblo; *Dr. Prouty*, Charles Lane; *Lydia Braun*, Ann Shoemaker; *Cornelia*, Marion Martin; *Rocky Taylor*, Douglas Fowley; *Zachary*, Morgan Wallace; *Amos*, Byron Foulger; *Valerie Norris*, Katherine De Mille.

"ESCAPE TO GLORY"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by P. J. Wolfson. Story by Sidney Biddell and Fredric Frank. Directed by John Brahm. Cast: *Mike Farrough*, Pat O'Brien; *Christine Blaine*, Constance Bennett; *John Morgan*, John Halliday; *Penney*, Melville Cooper; *Larry Perrin*, Alan Baxter; *Charles Atterbee*, Edgar Buchanan; *Mrs. Winslow*, Marjorie Gateson; *Professor Mudge*, Francis Pierlot; *Mrs. Mudge*, Jessie Busley; *Captain Hollister*, Stanley Logan; *Tommy Malone*, Frank Sully; *Dr. Behrens*, Erwin Kalser; *Chief Engineer*, Don Beddoe; *First Mate*, Leslie Denison.

"GALLANT SONS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by William R. Lipman and Marion Parsonnet. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: *Byron "By" Newbold*, Jackie Cooper; *Kate Pendleton*, Bonita Granville; *Johnny Davis*, Gene Reynolds; *Clare Pendleton*, Gail Patrick; *"Natural" Davis*, Ian Hunter; *Dolly Matson*, June Preisser; *"Doc" Reardon*, Leo Gorcey; *"Beefy" Monroe*, William Tracy; *Harwood "Woody" Hollister*, Tommy Kelly; *Al Posna*, Edward Ashley; *Olaf Larsen*, El Brendel; *Barton Newbold*, Minor Watson; *Madame Wachek*, Ferike Boros; *Estelle*, Charlotte Wynters; *Hackberry*, Donald Douglas; *Judge*, George Lessy.

"GIVE US WINGS"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Arthur T. Horman. Original story by Elliott Gibbons. Directed by Charles Lamont. Cast: *Tom*, Billy Halop; *Pig*, Huntz Hall; *Ape*, Bernard Punsly; *String*, Gabriel Dell; *Rap*, Bobby Jordan; *York*, Wallace Ford; *Carter*, Victor Jory; *Julie*, Anne Gwynne; *Tec*, Milburn Stone; *Whitey*, Shemp Howard.

"LADY WITH RED HAIR"—WARNER BROTHERS.—Screen Play by Charles Kenyon and Milton Krims. From the story by N. Brewster Morse and Norbert Faulkner. Based upon the Memoirs of Mrs. Leslie Carter. Directed by Kurt Bernhardt.

Cast: *Caroline Carter*, Miriam Hopkins; *David Belasco*, Claude Rains; *Lou Payne*, Richard Ainsley; *Mrs. Dudley*, Laura Hope Crews; *Mrs. Frazier*, Helen Westley; *Charles Bryant*, John Littel; *Mrs. Brooks*, Mona Barrie; *Mr. Clifton*, Victor Jory; *Mr. Chapman*, Cecil Kellaway; *Mr. Foster*, Fritz Leiber; *Dudley Carter*, Johnnie Russell; *Henry DeMille*, Selmer Jackson.

"LETTER, THE"—WARNER BROTHERS.—Screen play by Howard Koch. Based upon the story by W. Somerset Maugham. Directed by William Wyler. Cast: *Leslie Crosbie*, Bette Davis; *Robert Crosbie*, Herbert Marshall; *Howard Joyce*, James Stephenson; *Dorothy Joyce*, Frieda Inescourt; *Mrs. Hammond*, Gale Sondergaard; *John Withers*, Bruce Lester; *Adele Ainsworth*, Elizabeth Earl; *Prescott*, Cecil Kellaway; *Ong Chi Seng*, Sen Yung; *Mrs. Cooper*, Doris Lloyd; *Chung Hi*, Willie Fung; *Head Boy*, Tetsu Komai.

"LONE WOLF KEEPS A DATE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Story and screen play by Earl Felton and Sidney Salkow. Based upon a work by Louis Joseph Vance. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Michael Lanyard*, Warren William; *Patricia Lawrence*, Frances Robinson; *Scotty*, Bruce Bennett; *Jamison*, Eric Blore; *Inspector Crane*, Thurston Hall; *Captain Moon*, Jed Prouty; *Dickens*, Fred Kelsey; *Big Joe Brady*, Don Beddoe; *Mr. Lee*, Lester Matthews; *Chimp*, Edward Gargan; *Measles*, Eddie Laughton; *Mrs. Colby*, Mary Servoss.

"LITTLE NELLIE KELLY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Jack McGowan. Based upon the musical comedy written, composed and produced by George M. Cohan. Directed by Norman Taurog. Cast: *Nellie Kelly*, Little Nellie Kelly; *Judy Garland*, Jerry Kelly; *George Murphy*, Michael Noonan; *Charles Winninger*, Dennis Fogarty; *Douglas McPhail*, Timothy Fogarty; *Arthur Shields*, Mary Fogarty; *Rita Page*, Morarity; *Forrester Harvey*, Sergeant McGowan; *James Burke*, Keenan; *George Watts*.

"MARK OF ZORRO, THE"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by John Taintor Foote. Adaptation by Garrett Fort and Bess Meredith. Based on the story "The Curse of Capistrano" by Johnston McCulley. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Cast: *Diego*, Tyrone Power; *Lolita Quintero*, Linda Darnell; *Captain Esteban Pasquale*,

Basil Rathbone; *Inez Quintero*, Gale Sondergaard; *Fray Felipe*, Eugene Pallette; *Don Luis Quintero*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Don Alejandro Vega*, Montagu Love; *Senora Isabella Vega*, Janet Beecher; *Rodrigo*, Robert Lowery; *Turnkey*, Chris-Pin Martin; *Sergeant Gonzales*, George Regas; *Maria*, Belle Mitchell; *Pedro*, John Bleifer; *Proprietor*, Frank Puglia; *Officer of the Day*, Eugene Borden; *Don Miguel*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Don Jose*, Guy D'Ennery.

"NIGHT AT EARL CARROLL'S, A"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Lynn Starling. Directed by Kurt Neumann. Cast: *Barney Nelson*, Ken Murray; *Ramona Lisa*, Rose Hobart; *Steve Kalkus*, J. Carrol Naish; *Brenda Gusher*, Blanch Stewart; *Cobina Gusher*, Elvia Allman; *Lillian*, Lillian Cornell.

"ONE NIGHT IN THE TROPICS"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Charles Grayson. Based on "Love Insurance" by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. Cast: *Jim Moore*, Allan Jones; *Cynthia*, Nancy Kelly; *Abbott and Costello*, Themselves; *Steve Harper*, Robert Cummings; *Don Escobar*, Leo Carrillo; *Aunt Kitty*, Mary Boland; *Mickey*, Peggy Moran; *Thomson*, Barnett Parker; *Roscoe*, William Frawley; *Nina Orla*, Herself.

"PHILADELPHIA STORY, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Based on the play by Philip Barry. Directed by George Cukor. Cast: *C. K. Dexter Haven*, Cary Grant; *Tracy Lord*, Katharine Hepburn; *Macaulay Connor*, James Stewart; *Elizabeth Imbrie*, Ruth Hussey; *George Kittredge*, John Howard; *Uncle Willie*, Roland Young; *Seth Lord*, John Halliday; *Margaret Lord*, Mary Nash; *Dinah Lord*, Virginia Weidler; *Sidney Kidd*, Henry Daniell; *Edward*, Lionel Pape; *Thomas*, Rex Evans.

"REMEDY FOR RICHES"—RKO-RADIO.—Original screen play by Lee Loeb. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Cast: *Dr. Christian*, Jean Hersholt; *Judy Price*, Dorothy Lovett; *Roy Davis*, Robert Baldwin; *Tom Stewart*, Warren Hull; *George Browning*, Edgar Kennedy; *Clem*, Walter Catlett; *Emerson*, Jed Prouty; *Mrs. Hastings*, Maude Eburne; *Gertrude*, Margaret McWade; *Abby*, Hallene Hill; *Manning*, Barry Macollum; *Mrs. Gattle*, Renie Riano; *Jack*, Bill Telaak; *Prudence Penny*, Herself.

"SANDY GETS HER MAN"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Jane Storm and Sy Bartlett. Directed by Otis Garrett and Paul Gerard Smith. Cast: *Sandy*, Baby Sandy; *Bill Carey*, Stuart Erwin; *Nan Clark*, Una Merkel; *Captain O'Hara*, William Frawley; *Chief Galvin*, Edgar Kennedy; *Bagshaw*, Wally Vernon; *Junior*, Ed Brophy; *Tom Gerrity*, Jack Carson; *Councilman Clark*, William Davidson.

"SECOND CHORUS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Frank Cavett, Elaine Ryan and Ian Hunter. From an original story by Frank Cavett. Directed by Henry C. Potter. Cast: *Danny O'Neil*, Fred Astaire; *Ellen Miller*, Paulette Goddard; *Hank Taylor*, Burgess Meredith; *Mr. Chisholm*, Charles Butterworth; *Artie Shaw*, Himself; and *Artie Shaw's Band*.

"TIN PAN ALLEY"—TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Based on a story by Pamela Harris. Directed by Walter Lang. Cast: *Katie Blane*, Alice Faye; *Lily Blane*, Betty Grable; *Harry Calhoun*, Jack Oakie; *Skeets Harrigan*, John Payne; *Casey*, Allen Jenkins; *Nora Bayes*, Esther Ralston; *Dance Specialty*, Nicholas Brothers; *Boy*, Ben Carter; *Reggie Carstairs*, John Loder; *Joe Codd*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Harvey Raymond*, Fred Keating; *Sheik*, Billy Gilbert; *Telephone Operator*, Lillian Porter; *Specialties*, Princess Vanessa Ammon, Brian Sisters, Roberts Brothers; *Bert Melville*, Tyler Brooke; *Hotel Clerk*, Hal K. Dawson; *Hotel Manager*, William B. Davidson; *Lord Stanley*, Lionel Pape; *Stage Doorman*, Billy Bevan; *Dumb Guy*, Dewey Robinson; *Manager*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Announcer*, John Sheehan; *Mike Buckner*, George Watts.

"TRAIL OF THE VIGILANTES"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Harold Schumate. Directed by Allan Dwan. Cast: *Kansas*, Franchot Tone; *Mark Dawson*, Warren William; *Swanee*, Broderick Crawford; *Meadows*, Andy Devine; *Bolo*, Mischa Auer; *Sheriff Korley*, Porter Hall; *Barbara Thornton*, Peggy Moran; *John Thornton*, Charles Trowbridge.

"YOU'LL FIND OUT"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by James V. Kern. Story by David Butler and James V. Kern. Directed by David Butler. Cast: *Kay*, Kay Kyser; *Fenninger*, Peter Lorre; *Judge Mainwaring*, Boris Karloff; *Prince Saliano*, Bela Lugosi; *Janis*, Helen Parrish; *Chuck Deems*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Aunt Margo*, Alma Kruger; *Jurgen*, Joseph Eggenton; and *Kay Kyser's Band*, featuring Ginny Simms, Harry Babbitt, Ish Kabibble, Sully Mason.

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flower of
sweetest smell is shy"
...WORDSWORTH



Marie

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Karo

presents Marie
the
Quaint, Wistful
Quint

MARIE'S first portrait from real life reflects the shy, sweet reticence of the most demure of the Dionne Quintuplets. This charming character study is *third* in Karo's series, "The Quints as Individuals", painted by Willy Pogany, famous American artist. Yvonne was first, then came Annette. Now you see Marie. Watch for Emilie and Cecile. They're enchanting!

Marie isn't talkative, but she is a flattering listener. She takes a thoughtful, serious interest in all that is said, repeats conversations precisely. Her memory is remarkable. Marie's school marks equal her sisters', but her deportment record often heads the honor list. She is fond of animals, but prefers them yellow in color.

Tiniest of the Quints at birth, Marie has caught up to Yvonne, the biggest Quint at birth, in height and weight. The carefully supervised diet of Marie and the other Quints is in a large measure responsible for their amazing good health and vibrant energy.

EVERY DAY, women are finding delightful new ways for using America's Karo Syrup of Quality in cooking. Try one of them, see how Karo adds new zest to familiar foods.

Karo gives special zest to baked ham, baked potatoes, apples, bananas. Just try it on cakes, pies, puddings! It makes glorious, easy-to-cut icings, smooth frozen desserts.

new party dish: Top piping hot waffles with scoops of vanilla ice cream, and cover with lots of hot Karo Waffle Syrup. It's

wonderful! That *new* Karo Waffle Syrup has a flavor all its own. It makes pancakes and French toast exciting eating!

Every Karo treat is nutritious and energizing. For Karo is rich in maltose, dextrins and Dextrose food-energy sugar. Serve your children all the Karo they want — on bread, cereals, in fruit juices, as dessert sauces. Two teaspoons of Karo in a glass of milk — that's the way to sweeten milk deliciously *and* increase its energy value. All grocers sell Karo.

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ANNETTE

YVONNE



EMILIE

MARIE



CECILE

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